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POPE PIUS XI.

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

WHEN Ambogio Damiano Achille Ratti, fourth child of a silk spinner of Desio, near Milan, ended the celebration of his first Mass as Pope at the high altar over the tomb of St. Peter, above the crypt where he had said his first Mass as priest forty-three years before, and went to the outer *loggia* of the great basilica to bless the multitude awaiting him in the piazza since long before dawn, and to receive the unprecedented plaudits of the Roman people, he remarked to one who was near him: "After the hosannas come the scourgings."

Another anecdote of that tremendous moment may also be related. The Holy Father, surrounded by Cardinals and dignitaries, saw an English Benedictine standing aloof, and immediately beckoned him, and condoled with him on the death of his mother, and promised that he would pray for her soul at the altar.

Let it also be recalled that the Pope was dedicated to the Temple from early childhood, being conscious of his vocation

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at the age of ten. "Suffer the little children to come unto Me" are words that for him have always been literally and joyously obeyed. In the midst of his vast labors of erudition, sacred and secular, wherever he has been, whatever he has been doing, he has always personally labored for the instruction and nourishment of children in the Faith. One of his catechism classes was composed of neglected chimney sweeps. Nor have his deep and expert studies, in many languages, of palæography, art, Oriental literature, the sacred science of theology, and other abstruse subjects, ever kept him from an even deeper and more assiduous application to the science of sanctity. It is said that no fewer than five hours a day were devoted by him to mental prayer when he was librarian of the Vatican. The Cenacle knows well his promotion of the retreats for the laity movement. During his Alpine climbs, his prayer book was as constantly in hand as his alpenstock.

And, if a mere chronicler may venture to bear testimony concerning such high matters, the present writer, being one of those who knelt close to the high altar of St. Peter's during the Pope's Mass, at his coronation ceremony, knows well now what all the world will come to know, that, first of all and above all else, Pope Pius XI. is priest, servant of the servants of God. Over his bowed head, there fluttered downward black ashes of burnt flax from the brazier in which it had been consumed during the marvelous triumphal procession that had borne, in the *sedia gestatoria,* the Supreme Pontiff to his more than regal throne, while a cantor chanted, in Latin: "Holy Father, so passes the glory of this world!" But this the Holy Father already knew. It was not the weight of the gorgeous triple tiara under which he bent as, after the coronation, he passed on high, blessing his children, to the outer *loggia* of St. Peter's, where two hundred thousand people cheered themselves shrill, and the troops of Italy presented arms, and hundreds of newspaper correspondents scribbled notes to be sent to all the ends of the world about the political significance of the Pope's appearance outside the Vatican—it was the weight of the Cross. *"Tu es Petrus!"* "Thou art Peter!" the choir had chanted, and none could know better, and none, I dare say, so truly comprehended the meaning of those words, than Pope Pius XI., the priest whose

first Mass was said at the tomb of the martyred Apostle, and who now has come to give all his life to the service of that Church which is built upon that Rock.

The Holy Father was born at Desio, in the diocese of Milan, on May 30, 1857. His father, Francesco Ratti, a silk spinner, who became a moderately successful silk manufacturer, and his mother, Teresa Galli, of a good family of Saronno, also in the diocese of Milan, were the parents of six children, only three of whom survive, Achille, Fermo, a brother, and a sister, Camilla. The parents are now dead. The Ratti family is representative of the substantial, sturdy Italian middle class, from which so many Popes have sprung. F. Marion Crawford has written of this fact: "Peasant and prince have an equal chance of wearing the triple crown, but in history it will be found that it has been more often worn by peasants than by princes, and most often by men issuing from the middle classes."

Francesco Ratti, even when Achille was a child, was financially able to give his children a good education. To Achille there came, because of his endowment of high intelligence, an exceptionally favorable opportunity. For he received his first training in letters from a venerable priest, Don Giuseppe Volonteri, most favorably known in Desio, who, for forty-three years, carried on a private school of the Congregation of Charity at a time when the communal schools of Italy were not yet compulsory. Don Giuseppe made it a rule to accept pupils for one year only, and only consented to let them continue under his tuition when they showed unusual capacity, as in the case of Achille Ratti, who in later years, particularly after he returned to Milan as its Cardinal Archbishop, constantly spoke with gratitude and affection of his first teacher.

Not only did Don Giuseppe's training advance Achille Ratti's secular education, but, under the venerable priest, the child's vocation to the altar also came, at the age of ten, and from Don Giuseppe's elementary school he passed to the seminary of St. Peter the Martyr, where his progress was rapid. He next spent two years in the seminary of Monza and a third year at the college of San Carlo, in Milan. Three years more were passed at the Seminario Maggiore, whence, at the age of sixteen, by the special choice of the then Arch-

bishop of Milan, he was sent to the Eternal City as a pupil of the Collegio Lombardi, with a scholarship to continue his studies at the Gregorian University.

When he came to Rome in January, 1922, to take part, as Cardinal, in the conclave which was to elect him Pope, he stayed, as usual during his visits to Rome, at the Collegio Lombardi, taking his meals with the superiors in the common refectory until he went to the Vatican to be locked in with his brother Cardinals. He has always remembered his early days in Rome at this college with particular satisfaction, and because of his devotion to the college, the joy there, when the news of his election came, was a sight to be seen, and a sound also to be heard, for I am told that the good Sisters in the kitchen for once lost their religious gravity, and sang aloud their pleasure. They were the only ones in the college at the time. The students were among the crowd in the piazza of St. Peter's, in the steady rain, that saw the white smoke arise from the chimney of the Sistine chapel, and received their share of the blessing, "Of the City and the World," which Pope Pius XI., breaking the precedent established since 1870, gave from the outer *loggia* of the basilica. But the students soon came back, wild with joy, and rushed into the refectory, cheering again and again, and delivering speeches from the seat occupied the week before by Cardinal Ratti.

It was in 1879 that he was ordained, and celebrated, as stated above, his first Mass at the tomb of St. Peter. At the Gregorian University, he had obtained the triple Doctorate in philosophy, theology and canon law; and when he returned to his own diocese he became a teacher of theology for a time at the episcopal seminary, but in 1886 the late Monsignor Ceriani, the highly distinguished librarian of the Ambrosian Library in Milan, chose him for his assistant. His work was so successful and was so highly esteemed, that in 1907, when Monsignor Ceriani died, Father Ratti was chosen as his successor. He became a member of the Lombard Institute, and was a member of the committee of the famous Pinacotéca, or art gallery, of Milan. During this time, he contributed a very large number of brochures and special articles to the press, enlarged his very wide range of knowledge of ancient and modern languages, and achieved an expert's skill in all that

pertained to the preservation and restoration of old manuscripts.

He had an enormous capacity for work, and devoted much time daily to his multifarious interests. It is said of him that he rarely went to bed before one o'clock in the morning, and was up again at five, for prayer, Holy Mass and spiritual reading. Coffee was taken at eight, and only one other meal during the day. No less than four to five hours were given to prayer. He also acted as chaplain to the nuns of the Cenacle, and, in the Milan convent of the order, he would gather young people of many stations in life about him for instruction, paying special attention to a class of little chimney sweeps. "It was a spectacle which gave edification," writes a witness to this portion of the Holy Father's life in the London *Times*, "to see the learned Prefect of the Ambrosian Library spending the afternoons of feasts days in teaching catechism to the ragged urchins whom he brought together from all parts into the church of St. Sepulcro." He gave much time, and thought as well, to the organization of Catholic school teachers, and was a hearty supporter of the world-wide work of the Children of Mary. His generosity, then and later, was remarkable.

He became so favorably known as librarian of the Ambrosian, abroad as well as in Italy, that Pope Pius X. sent for him and wished him to become assistant to Dr. Ehrle, the librarian of the Vatican Library; and, in 1915, when Dr. Ehrle died, Benedict XV. insisted on his appointment to the head of the Vatican library. Father Ratti was loath to leave Milan, where he had many friends, and where he was in constant communication with his family, and, for a time, a compromise arrangement was put into effect, whereby he spent two months at the Vatican and two months at the Ambrosian in Milan, alternately, but, finally, after two years, he was persuaded to remain in Rome. The Pope gave him private apartments in the Vatican. He was permitted to celebrate Mass in his own room.

One of his great achievements at the Ambrosian Library had been the restoration and preservation of several thousands of letters of St. Charles Borromeo, the great Cardinal of Milan (and patron Saint, by the way, of Padre Junipero Serra's favorite Mission at Carmel, Monterey, in California),

and at the Vatican he evinced the same enthusiasm for the care of its treasures of manuscripts as he had displayed at Milan. He had a studio for restoration work in his private apartments, where he was constantly at work with his own hands.

But the days of scholarly labors among books and manuscripts and inscriptions drew to a close. Pope Benedict XV. had kept close watch of his erudite and pious librarian. A close friendship sprang up between the Holy Father and Dr. Ratti. The librarian had the right to enter the Papal apartments without formality, and frequently the Holy Father visited Dr. Ratti, and spent hours conferring with him. He saw in him qualities marking him for other works than those of scholarship and retired contemplation and priestly offices. Benedict XV.'s vast world-work was progressing rapidly. The cataclysm of the universal War increased the necessity for the work of those capable of representing the world interests of the Church in courts and chancelleries and in distant missionary fields. Suddenly, in April, 1918, Benedict XV. removed Dr. Ratti from his manuscripts and books, and dispatched him to Poland to labor in a field absolutely strange to the erudite bookman, whose only excursions away from church or library until then had been a trip to England, for research work at Oxford, or climbing trips in his beloved Italian Alps. When sent to Poland, he was not even a titular bishop, and he undertook his important and delicate mission as Apostolic Delegate as a simple priest. But Benedict XV. was no mean judge of men, and he had gauged the capacity of his librarian, of whom one of the Cardinals who elected him said, the other day: "He is a thinker above all; before he speaks or acts, he thinks." Also, he prays.

The World War was raging in all its devastating fury when the new Apostolic Delegate set forth for Poland. Germany and Austria had attained the peak of their success; the Russian Empire had crumbled, and its pieces seemed delivered into the hands of Germany with the signing of the Treaty of Brest Litovsk. Poland was occupied with German-Austrian troops. The Council of Regency that was supposed to govern Poland was anything but popular with the Polish people, who regarded it as an instrument in the hands of the German military control. Dr. Ratti kept aloof from all polit-

ical entanglements. He confined his work strictly to ecclesiastical fields. Though an Italian, whose own country was at war with Germany and Austria, Dr. Ratti succeeded in gaining the confidence and good will of both the factions. This accomplished, his work had only begun, and in its most difficult aspect, for the Holy See extended his mission to the whole of the occupied Russian territories. He was able to establish a regular ecclesiastical organization throughout the immense and devastated regions, where Catholic jurisdiction had never operated free from tyrannical interference by the government of the Tsar. Numerous Sees, abolished by the Russian authorities, were reëstablished by Dr. Ratti. When the Armistice came he was equally as successful in dealing with the intricate questions attending the partition of the great landed estates which now fell into the hands of free Poland. Calling the Bishops of Poland together, Dr. Ratti constituted an episcopal commission to deal with this problem; and came to an understanding with the lay authorities that the division of estates in which the Church was concerned, should not be done to the detriment of religion and the spiritual welfare of the Polish people.

It is to Dr. Ratti's influence, in the main, that political observers of the Polish restoration attribute the clauses in the Polish Constitution that provide, first, that the Catholic Church holds the first position in religion in Poland, and, second, that any measures regarding the Catholic Church are to be taken in accord with the Holy See.

Following these great results of his Apostolic Delegate's mission, Benedict XV. reëstablished the ancient Papal Nunciature in Warsaw, and appointed Dr. Ratti as its first Titular, promoting him at the same time, in the Consistory of July 3, 1919, to the Archiepiscopal See of Lepanto—name of such happy augury to Catholics.

Dr. Ratti was consecrated Archbishop on October 28, 1919, in the Cathedral of Warsaw, with the entire Polish hierarchy present, together with most of the new Constituent Assembly. It was an event unique and historic, being, so it is said, the first time that a Papal Nuncio was elevated to the Archiepiscopal dignity while still a simple priest, and in the country to which he was accredited.

Later on, Archbishop Ratti was obliged to deal with even

more vexatious problems than those of Poland, when he was appointed as Ecclesiastical High Commissioner for Upper Silesia, at the united request of Germany, Poland and the Inter-Allied Commission. Despite the severe attacks leveled against him by rabid partisans of various interests during the heat and burden of the wrangle in Silesia, the Archbishop's impartiality and enlightened judgment eventually won the recognition of all calm minds.

To the great mass of Poles, however, it was not so much the high statesmanship of their Nuncio that won their love and deep admiration, so much as his unwearying labors for the feeding of Polish children, the release of prisoners from the Bolsheviki, and, most of all, his heroic refusal to leave Warsaw when the Red Army drove to its gates and all other diplomatic officials and commissioners were forced to flee. Archbishop Ratti remained, and saw the almost miraculous defeat of the Reds before the Polish youths, hurriedly brought out against Trotzky's hordes, their priests at their head, crucifix in hand.

It was in recognition for his great works in Poland, Russia and Silesia that Pope Benedict XV., last year, elevated him to the Cardinalate and made him Archbishop of his native place of Milan.

And now, in his sixty-fourth year, strong, well-tried, a man who has seen the world, a man who reads and speaks six European languages, English included, though he reads the latter better than he speaks it at present; a priest of deep piety, a follower of the way of mental prayer, a lover of little children, a pilgrim of Lourdes and dedicated to Peace, Achille Ratti ascends the throne of the Fisherman. At his first public audience, he spoke to each one present, and held each one's hand in a firm, strong grip. "Ah, you are from Chicago?" he said to one. "I have good friends there." Or it was: "And you are from New York? There also I have friends." He recognized the Paulist priests who have charge of Santa Susanna, the first American Catholic Church in Rome, and received them most kindly. He told American newspaper correspondents, through Cardinal Dougherty, that he blessed the great charity of Americans, who had saved millions of Polish children; and through Cardinal O'Connell he sent his blessing to all Americans. He is, as scores of anecdotes

relate, most truly kind; he is dignified, yet without a trace of hauteur; it is the dignity of a priest, a man who walks with God, but knows that God walks with man. He takes up the work of Benedict XV. where that great Pontiff laid it down. From the outer wall of the Vatican, his first message was one of peace for all the world. In him there seems to unite the mystical piety of Pius X. and the world-wide vision of the Church militant of Benedict XV. When his voice rang out above the multitude in St. Peter's piazza, and at the close of the first prayer of the blessing, *"Urbi et Orbi,"* the multitude responded in a mighty *"Amen,"* it seemed to the writer as if that multitude must have been prepared, even rehearsed; so perfect was that supreme answer. And, perhaps, despite all the too apparent marks of indifference, of irreligion, of paganism, in the world today, there is ready, in the souls of the people, a willingness to respond to that message of Pius XI., and a willingness, perhaps an eagerness, to follow him on the path of Peace.

"ALL'S LOVE, YET ALL'S LAW." [1]

BY L. WHEATON.

A PROBLEM, troubling the minds of mothers and religious teachers, and accountable for the leakage in the ranks of even convent schoolgirls in America and England, is the modern novel. It is a problem that must be faced and dealt with, however difficult and elusive. The present writer was asked some time ago to make out a list of books for a convent magazine. This method may help in a measure, but for the type of girl who is her own mistress, keen minded and eager to keep up with the times, it is utterly inadequate. Later, a mother brought forward the same subject, with a petition for some definite writing on the matter. The following tentative article is a reply to both. The only possible way of meeting this grave difficulty is by offering not lists of books, but standards of judgments. Books vary with the times in tone and subject. Standards remain. A standard in this matter to be adequate, must be spiritual, that is to say, it must touch on the essential in life. Browning puts this essential into his line: "God and the soul stand sure." Whether a book may be casually interesting, or exciting, or recreating, it is bound to be real or unreal or merely negligible when judged by the standard of the one important reality, the relation of the soul to God.

It is not the aim of this article to deal with the conscience department; that differs according to the individual. It is understood at the outset that to read what is known to be directly against faith or morals, is to put oneself in the danger zone, which can only be safely explored by the qualified. Books especially that tamper with faith can cause untold misery, because destruction is cheap and easy, and construction requires real knowledge and theological equipment. The average reader lacks that equipment. Negations, easily dealt with by one who knows, can bring distress and even temporary

[1] Browning, *Saul*.

disaster to one who is not qualified for such refutation. This, however, is not the difficulty in question.

It often happens that one does not know what to think about a book, not academically, but spiritually. It is also true that in these unleisured days there are few mature readers to consult. Fiction does not receive adequate attention in our Catholic periodicals, and with fiction we are now chiefly concerned. The grievance of the Catholic girl, in search of mental recreation, is that fiction which is obviously religious, becomes the novel with a purpose, and, as such, an elaborate sort of tract. Yet it is difficult to find any work of fiction (except, perhaps, novels of mere craft, such as those of Jane Austen and, in a measure, of Henry James) without a purpose of some sort. A hobby is generally ridden into the book, if you look for it. Even the irresponsible story has a way of discovering the mental attitude of its narrator. Every one has some standards from which comparisons and contrasts are drawn: the social ideal, or the merely sentimental, or philosophical, or the protestant (as is the case even with that absolute artist, Jane Austen herself, whose work is, after all, a protest against Mrs. Radcliffe's false romanticism), or it may be manifestly spiritual. Theory presses itself on one's notice in a very short time, and is really the soul of the book; or, if not theory, problem. It is the age of the problem novel, and here, we are assured, is where the Catholic novelist fails. It is true. The colossal simplicity of the penny catechism kills all problems. Problems came in with the Reformation. Up to that time, the solution of life was to be found in Dante's immortal line:

In la sua volontade è nostra pace.

And that is the answer still, in the words of a modern Catholic poet, speaking of man's relation to God:

"Who wooes his will
To wedlock with His own, and does distil
To that drop's span
The attar of all rose-fields of all love."[2]

That last word leads us into the heart of things; for love is

[2] Coventry Patmore.

the motive power of life and lies at the root of all triumph or disaster in the average work of fiction.

God *is* Love. If once we get a firm grasp on that one great central fact, the "burning heart of the universe," things fall into their places, the tragedy of life explains itself, problem disappears, the true meaning of our existence is clear. Since God is Love and all love must have something of God in it, why do we find the pursuit of human love, as it is presented in the modern novel, so often disastrous? When we want a quick and sure answer to a question, we must fall back upon our poets, who give us what Victor Hugo calls, *"l'essence des choses."* Browning writes in *Saul:*

> "I report as a man may of God's work—all's love, yet all's law."

It is because love is so enticing that God puts His limitation to its human possession. "Of all the trees but this" after yielding the garden to man: thus far and no farther—the old Eden, the old serpent, the old desire, the old permission and the old restraint—these are part of the test of every soul.

The essence of an immoral novel is the reverse of Browning's line. The case is put with such plausible pathos, that it looks as if the Divine command were too great a strain upon the temperament of the person manifestly on trial. The average girl will not understand that there is a wide difference between an immoral book and one which is merely coarse (realistic is the term generally used). The former may be quite free from indelicate allusions and expressions, and yet may subtly insinuate the poisonous impression that virtue is dull and uninteresting and vice quite the opposite; that passion is overpowering, that love is *not* law, that, worst of all, there is no such thing as human love, but mere animal instinct.

The realistic type of novel is becoming more and more fashionable in England and America in proportion to the influence of French and Russian schools. Realism, however, is but the outside of reality, and valuable only as it relates to the true inside of life. It can be very unpleasant even in this relation. After all, there is no special object in accentuating what belongs to the reticence of human intercourse, unless the nature of the book obviously calls for such expression; but if

this sort of novel, however sordid in side issues, leads to something real in the end, and sticks to law and the true standard of right and wrong, it is not immoral, and indeed may reach and do good to those who find art in such literature.

Father Lucas, S.J., in some excellent serial articles in *The Month* of 1916, shows that the average novel deals with *temperament*, the Catholic novel, with *character*, which is temperament modified and educated. One presents the problem, the other, its only possible solution:

> By natural temperament [he writes] is meant the sum or aggregate of the aptitudes, and inclinations with which a man is endowed from birth, but which, throughout his life, is constantly subject, within limits, to modification. Now natural temperament may be modified in two distinct ways. It may be modified more or less passively by external influences of various kinds, home training, school and university life, the example of companions in whatever grade of society, the public opinion of one's own set, success or failure, kindness and encouragement or their contraries, and so forth, in so far as these influences produce their effects (as to so very large an extent they do) apart from any conscious effort on the part of the person concerned. Or, it may be modified actively by efforts of the individual will, exercised in self-control, self-discipline, self-conquest; or, again—negatively, but by no means passively—by the more or less deliberate refusal of the will to make such efforts. And the difference between character and temperament does not lie in this, that character is entirely independent of temperament, which it is not, but in that *character is temperament as modified by the action, positive or negative, of the will.* "Temperament you starts with," says Albert, the chauffeur, in Father Martindale's *Waters of Twilight*—"Temperament you starts with, character you builds up, if you know about it."[3]

Let me illustrate by the work of two women (whose names and whose families belong to literature), how bad and how good a book may be on the same theme. Mrs. Humphrey Ward was Matthew Arnold's sister; Mrs. Wilfrid Ward is a great-granddaughter of Sir Walter Scott and the daughter-in-law of "Ideal" Ward of the Oxford movement—one an agnos-

[3] "Character in Catholic Fiction," *The Month*, September, 1916.

tic, the other a Catholic belonging to the same social and intellectual class. *The Marriage of William Ashe* is a story of the line of least resistance. Although no Arnold ever possessed a grain of humor, the book is interesting, the characters attractive. The lady in the case runs away from a most delightful husband and joins an artist—eventually, she returns, and everyone is very sorry for her. She is unrepentant for her sins, but has changed her mind—it seems to be all right. Mrs. Wilfrid Ward has written a very good novel, *One Poor Scruple,* on more or less the same theme—of temptation—but in the case of the spiritual woman, in a very tragedy of inducement, there is development of soul, mastery of circumstance, in a word, character. One would like to say in passing that Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's books are not enough read by our young women.

There is also that type of fiction which is all the more real in proportion to its high ideals, where inspiration rises higher than law. This is the region where saints are fashioned. Indeed, the only complete romance, just as it is the only genuine biography, is the life of a saint, out for the great adventure and in love with Love itself. St. Francis is the most romantic figure in history. But it takes an artist to make such literature popularly interesting. Newman's *Callista* is one of the most fascinating women of fiction, with her swift moods, her heart hunger, her delicate pride, her passionate generosity, her waywardness and lonely charm. But few readers discover her, because, perhaps, the book is rather heavy apart from the girl herself. Public taste must be reckoned with. This throws us back on the fact that the popular modern novel is bound to be read by the Catholic girl; there is not enough of her own fiction to keep her going. But if she can hold fast to this greater truth: that God is love and that the soul can only fit itself for Love by keeping the Law, then, at least, the judgment will be trained to detect the false note in what may be superficially artistic or academic or interesting. If it does not lead to God, it leads nowhere; if it converts love into lawlessness, it is a lie; if it ignores the great realities, it cannot satisfy any diver in deep seas.

The time is ripe for Catholic art in this line, and pioneer work was already begun on a brilliant scale, by the gifted youngest son of the Archbishop of Canterbury, whose early

death was an irreparable loss to the reading world, both Catholic and Protestant. The seven penny edition of 1912 gave the priest-novelist the chance to teach the elements of mysticism to the man in the street—and mysticism is another name for simplicity and reality. Few will forget the dismay that followed the newsboys' cry through the streets of London: "Monsignor Benson is dead." That dismay permeated the English-speaking world, in America with special poignancy. It is the land of generous appreciation. R. H. Benson had that in common with Dante and Newman which, in gifted hands, makes the relation of the soul to God more interesting than any other subject—*None Other Gods* is the most purely romantic novel of the century. But R. H. Benson can be utilitarian also on Catholic grounds. The curious reader of the pathetic vulgarities of *Raymond* can find the truth about such dangerous experiments in *The Necromancers*.

It is not at all necessary to press a philosophy of life on the novel reader; books of pure artistic merit and irresponsible recreation have uses all their own; but where *essentials* are involved, ever so slightly, the basic principle about such fiction must be true: that life is a trial and a process in which the soul is tested for its real reward, the full experience of Love. One of the great factors in giving the mind its right poise and seasoning for weighing and judging literary values from a Catholic point of view, is a clear idea of the origin and significance of the Romantic Movement—that recoil from the unreal and conventional, and adventure for Reality. It began with Wordsworth; Shelley accentuated the note of desire; Carlyle was part of it in his growling discontent, where Macaulay missed it altogether. It reached a climax in John Henry Newman; it has affected art and letters throughout the nineteenth century and extended into the twentieth with new currents flowing into it as it draws nearer to the sea. It seems, during the Edwardine and early Georgian periods to be dividing itself into a delta whose separate currents lose themselves in marsh and waste land, but still the great main river flows straight towards the ocean. It can never stop till it is lost in the greater deep.[4]

From the beginning of its part in the Romantic Movement,

[4] A book of appreciations, called *The Moderns*, by J. Freeman, deals admirably with Shaw and Maeterlinck particularly.

Fiction became of importance, not only for entertainment, but for spiritual interest. Romantic Fiction does not include Jane Austen, the realist, nor the Brontës, of whom Emily, with all her genius, is of the Gothic type, while Charlotte and Anne are the emotionalists; nor Sir Walter Scott, except as he reverted to the ideals of the past. His Scottish work is his best artistically, and has a certain romantic realism, but most of his work belongs to the department of high imagination rather than of Romance. Dickens and Thackeray belong temperamentally to the eighteenth century, with a high purpose in their work. Thackeray's careless and tender cynicism is a crusade against worldliness—with perhaps no consciousness, on his part, of the fact. Dickens is out for social reforms, but his genius almost veils his conscious purpose. Both are sentimentalists of the very best type. Neither has the Romantic temper which began with Wordsworth and Shelley in poetry, and has not yet reached its goal—which is the Ultimate Love, the fullness of Life. The word Romance originally meant a story of some high adventure, written in one of the Latin tongues. In modern times, it has come to mean a reaction from the spirit of the conventional eighteenth century and a quest for what is real and affirmative in life.

In England, within the limitations of her spiritual atmosphere, the first romantic novelist is George Eliot. She searches deep in the human heart for the springs of *motive* and *desire*. She voices in more than one of her women the vague longings and aspirations, which are of a purely spiritual nature. Maggie Tulliver is the first great romantic type of the nineteenth century. Dinah Morris is religious, but she does not belong to regions of passionate desire. Read the chapter in *The Mill on the Floss*, called "A Voice from the Past," and think what a far cry is this from the sentimentality or emotionalism or realism of those who preceded her. In this, George Eliot is singular and important. But, although she starts her souls on a quest, it is plain to be seen she has nothing to offer them. Maggie is crying for lost faith and lost love; she drowns her wistfulness in the Floss. Her creator has no goal for her. I am not touching on academic values, but on the true spirit of romance. Longing comes only second to possession. It is a sign of life.

George Meredith and Thomas Hardy follow fast upon, and

indeed are, in a measure, contemporary with George Eliot. Meredith is supremely the artist, but he is one of the first of the avalanche of "problem" novelists: in *Richard Feverel, Rhoda Fleming* and *One of Our Conquerors.* (The last is curiously important, in spite of Meredith's evident detachment. It is society—the world—after all which punishes a breach of the Decalogue with more external severity than does the Church.) In faith, Meredith was frankly pantheistic. He said that "Nature" was the greatest visible blessing. Yet his optimism almost attains the virtue of hope. Chesterton says of these two (in his admirable little book, *Victorian Age in Literature*): "The God of Meredith is impersonal, but He is often more healthy and kindly than any of the persons. That of Hardy is almost made personal by the intense feeling that He is poisonous." On his spiritual side, Hardy is destructive. It is only when he deals naturally and artistically with the Wessex countryside and country folk that we feel the quiet charm of his narrative. But, in the background, there lurks something that would be evil if it were not so tragic. The man himself suffers as he writes. But he has begun a type of fiction which is not written by those who suffer. They only shrug their shoulders and mutter: "All's wrong with the world." Hardy's villager folk are the ultimate production of that loss of sacramental grace in the sixteenth century, which alone could keep spiritual ideals before the simple folk. Transfer the tragedy of Tess to pre-Reformation times, or to some Catholic village of our own, where the image of Our Lady or the familiar crucifix stands for the highest ideals of our humanity, where a child's First Communion is the great event, and something there would be to lift the heart towards eternity—something to go back to, some high memory to console and uplift and save the heart from breaking and the soul from being crushed, even under the same tragic conditions.

Wells and Bennet follow closely in a perfectly new development. Arnold Bennett, in his Five Towns' trilogy—in his *Old Wives' Tale*—belongs to the Romanticists in spite of the realism of the smoke and toil of the lower middle class atmosphere. Clayhanger has dreams, Hilda longs for something to which she gives no name; and the *Old Wives' Tale* has a moral tone of its own in the romantic figure of the draper's

daughter. But Bennett is evidently out for art. William de Morgan goes back to another age, when, in his sixtieth year, he begins his long, pleasant tales in the Dickens' manner, but without Dickens' purpose and deep religious feeling.

Kipling may be left out of the category as far as spiritual matters go. He is contented with England's natural characteristics of courage and honor and goes no deeper into the soul. Conrad, too, does not count in the deeper romantic sense except, perhaps, in *Lord Jim*. But, in Wells, the romantic temper reappears. His scientific extravaganzas do not belong to our subject. *Mr. Polly, Kipps, Love and Mr. Lewisham* are his three artistic books; they belong to his peculiar genius and to literature—and the note of romance is recognizable. In *Marriage*, he touches on a spiritual problem. It is not art, but it is interesting; then he begins to run down—then comes the War, with his fine *Mr. Britling*, and then, because he needs a God and has none, he invents one—and we are very much bored by Wells' God. *Joan and Peter* is cold and horrible. There is nothing for Wells but to try the mountains; he has exhausted the pits.

Monsignor Benson used to say that Wells would die a Catholic; he so obviously would never stop till he found all there was. He seems to have discovered the Jesuits, and approves of them in his audacious history. His quest is a labyrinthine one, but dissatisfaction has its points. One dreads the moment when Wells is satisfied. Ibsen and Shaw have already begun to permeate the atmosphere of fiction with their sex theories, and we have reached a chamber of horrors. I am reviewing briefly some of the big names of fictional literature in order to trace the evolution of that unpleasant and unnecessary reading, which is only too plentiful at present and which has nothing whatever to do with the great Romantic Age which, I think, cannot now die once it has begun. I think the *dramatists* started this worst kind of literature. "There will come in the latter day men without affection"—heartlessness is the root of this diseased obsession which is the natural outcome of *Man and Superman*. Ibsen and Shaw are the forefathers of what is worst in present day literature. They have no heart. There is, in the English writers, a visible misery—they regret while they despair. In Shaw, an Irish atheist, the most terrible anomaly in human

nature, there is a sort of devilment in the horrible blasphemies of his introductions and prefaces. Yet because he is Irish, even though un-Christian, he evidently hates the worst kind of immorality and, if one looks deeper, such plays as those he has named "unpleasant," are obviously meant for reform. The devil must have his due. I don't see how anyone as outrageous and irresponsible as Shaw, can have any effect upon a seasoned mind; but how few minds are seasoned? The worst effect of his performances is the irreverence they generate and the interests they stimulate by his Puckish humor.

Galsworthy wrote some good socialist novels at first, but his *Saint's Progress* is poor and unpleasant stuff, and most of his plays, although swift in dialogue and well put together, are almost as pessimistic in spirit as Hardy's novels. The Forsyte Saga simply asserts that the Commandments do not matter—passion, in fact, is justified by itself; nature must have her way. The study of the sense of possession in his trilogy is, however, very powerful and interesting. He is at his best in his purely socialist drama.

There is a later school, of which Compton Mackenzie is the type which, while dealing largely with the demi-monde, has the imprint of Oxford experience and manner; and, in spite of its Bohemianism, a real strain of romanticism runs through it. Sinister Street has a soul; there is orientation and spiritual pursuit of reality in all his earlier works. For Romanticism to be Romanticism must aspire or seek. There is now pouring into the book market a torrent of fiction evolved from the influences we have noticed. It is an extreme and violent evolution. There is likely, thank God, to be a reaction. The leading ideas cannot be permanent. The sex novel is bound to disappear; it is fundamentally uninteresting, relatively speaking—bodies are not as interesting as souls, and the soul will eventually come out on top in fiction. In the meantime, however, our precious youth are fed on this kind of stuff, and what is far worse, because our girls do not really like nastiness, the subtle novel of a far more interesting type, because more human, is the book which leaves the impression that passion is too strong to resist: the heart must have its way. It is this denial of the Decalogue, of the action of grace on the soul, of the spiritual help we can make ours by prayer

and the Sacraments, that is the real poison of present day fiction.

The American novel (if it may be generalized) has a character of its own significant of a country still in the making, and interesting because of that fact. The Eastern novel is more sophisticated and analytic. The West offers more material for adventure of one kind, and probably the first really great Romance will come from there—the true romantic book, which must contain spiritual suggestion. Frank Norris was reaching out in that direction when he was untimely killed. *The Pit* and *The Octopus* were important books. *The Magnetic North* of Elizabeth Robbins has the purely romantic note, so has *Miss Lulu Brett.* A real Lulu would offer great spiritual possibilities. Mrs. Wharton's position among Americans has been long assured. It is, in a sense, unique, because, like Henry James, of whose school she evidently is, she has a certain European flavor. But she has, also in common with Henry James, a background of a high, ethical, colonial, pioneer tradition. This is emphasized in her most powerful book, *The House of Mirth*—a New York *Vanity Fair* with the modern touch and note of deeper distress. But Mrs. Wharton, like Henry James, is not a Romanticist. There is a forlorn romantic note in *Main Street,* but, again, there is no goal for the quest, and the result is a commonplace tragedy. Yet, put a little tin Catholic church in each of the Main Streets of this sad old world and, to one who knows, the misery of haunting longing and distaste disappears. Life is always just round the corner, if only we can find it. This book has had an immense vogue just because it touches the mood of the many. It is interesting to wonder what, for instance, Dante would have thought of it. Such idle speculation has its uses. This is one of the most mournful effects of the Reformation, that the pining soul does not know the Sacramental Presence in the midst of the world's nostalgia. There is tragedy in Ireland, but never pessimism.

It remains, then, for mothers and teachers, by appealing to both reason and imagination, to make our precious youth realize that God *does* count in the world He made; that this life is a trial ground, not an ultimate possession; that in the mixture of joy and sorrow, which is its atmosphere, we must prove ourselves fit for the final examination for Love.

If this standard and intelligence prevail in a girl's education and philosophy of life, the taint of the immorality and irreverence of the modern novel cannot spoil her. She will see what they amount to. We can forbid, up to a certain point, but *right standards* are more important to the girl who will be so soon independent. Discernment is her salvation. In the meantime, let us try to make it fashionable to read the older classic work. *The Scarlet Letter, Adam Bede, The Heart of Midlothian* can do a girl no harm, and may cure her of further curiosity by realizing, healthily, the wages of sin.

Fortunately, books by Dickens, Scott and Thackeray are often required for college entrance examinations. Otherwise, they might never be read. That one introduction may train the taste of the girl for more of that fine Victorian literature, which is an illustration of the right standards of, at least, morality. How Thackeray punishes, in *The Virginians,* the beautiful and bad Beatrice of *Henry Esmond*—and yet with his own wise tenderness! In the matter of mere recreative fiction, what a minor blessing it would be to the jaded toiler if Conan Doyle would give up his present cult and go back to the thrilling Holmes or finish out *The Mystery of Edwin Drood.*

The yearly meetings and retreats of Catholic alumnæ do much to recall and keep alive the old principles that make for sound judgment, while renewal of affectionate ties stimulate the heart and will; but we cannot rely too much on incidental help when the character of everyday social life among the leisured classes tends to blunt the edge of right perception. The poor are far better taken care of than the rich. They are more effectively reached by Catholic influence, they live in more Catholic atmosphere. The collegiate movement among Catholic women, however, has begun just in time to produce the qualified teacher of literature and the educated mother to meet the college girl on her own ground with competent criticism that is never complete unless also spiritual.

TERESIAN POETS.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

IN discussing the influence of St. Teresa upon the poetry of her race there comes a realization that to confine this poetry to poetesses, would not do justice to its holy protagonist; that some of the greatest of the Teresian singers were men: that in Teresa herself there had been a power usually possessed by men alone.

Among the very earliest Spanish poets, as among the first poets of every Christian land, there were religious singers like Gonzalo de Berceo (1180-1246), the Benedictine monk, who wrote "The Miracles of Our Lady" in the pious, realistic style that makes the old chronicles so fascinating; and Juan Ruiz, the Archpriest of Hita (fourteenth century), whose *Book of Noble Love* with its rough, graphic power is a disappointment to readers seeking out the scandals of the past. It is not until the days of Fray Iñigo de Mendoza (about 1482) that we hear in Spanish poetry the accents of love and joy which we associate with the school of St. Teresa. This Franciscan friar, a relative of the Marquis de Santillana, begins his "Chant Sung by the Ninth Order of Seraphim:"

Joy is everywhere on earth,
  Gladness throughout Limbo waking;
Feasts in honor of the birth
Of Maria they are making.
Sorrow can no corner find
  In the noon no clouds attended;
For today a maiden kind
  Bears the Son of God descended,
Human body to assume
  Our salvation to restore,
Wiping out the stains and gloom
  With the power of love once more.

A question that here arises, causing some confusion in Spanish literary history, is how much influence the spirit of Teresa can have had over that of Fray Luis de León, the incomparable master of the devotional lyric? He has himself declared that his poems were written in his younger years, and we know of a certainty that the papers of the Mother of Avila came into his hands only toward the latter part of his life. Fray Luis (1528-1591) was an Augustinian professor at Salamanca. What is, internally, the earlier part of his poetry is in the classic, intellectual vein; on his release from prison, if we can give with security so late a date to any of his verse, we find an added intensity of spirit, a resignation and abandonment to the consolation of God's love, that were part of the blessings he acknowledged he had received through his trials before the Inquisition. Were they also part of the inspiration, he had, meanwhile, chanced to gather from the scattered verses in manuscripts of the holy nun of Avila? We can merely pose the question, and pass on to a review of the most Teresian moments in his poetry.

The pure mystical rapture of Fray Luis is well illustrated in his little ode "To the Ascension," which lends itself to complete quotation:

And wouldst Thou, Holy Shepherd, leave
  Thy flock within this dismal vale of woe
And solitude to pine and grieve,
  Whilst Thou through ambient skies aglow
  Ascendst where death and sorrow cannot go?
But they—so blesséd in the past
  Yet now whose hearts are so afflicted sore—
Thy bosom's little ones, outcast,
  Bereft of Thee, their guide of yore—
  Whither shall turn they when Thou leadst no more?
What now remains to glad the eyes
  That once Thy brows of comeliness have known?
What other treasure can they prize?
  What voices but discordant grown
  To ears that hearkened to Thy loving tone?
The waves of yon perturbéd deep
  Whose hand is strong to curb?—Who now assuage
The angry winds and bid them sleep?—
  In Thine eclipse, what star presage
  For our benighted bark the harborage?

Alas!—swift cloud unpitying
That bidst our fleeting joys no more endure,
Whither upon thy silvery wing?—
How rich in bliss art thou secure!—
How beggared dost thou leave us, how obscure!

We can supplement these verses only with some stanzas from Fray Luis' lovely "Heavenly Pastoral." They show a spirit almost Portuguese, and are surely among the finest lines in all Spanish poetry:

He leads, and happy sheep o'erflow
Around Him in a loving feud
Where the immortal roses blow
And verdure ever is renewed,
Howe'er the flock may graze, in plenitude.
And now upon the mountain ways
Of Bliss He guides; now by the stream
To bathe them in His grace He stays;
Now grants them banqueting agleam—
Himself, the Giver and the Gift Supreme.

* * * * *

Ah, where Thou lingerest at noon,
Sweet Spouse, ah, would my spirit knew!
That breaking from this prison swoon,
Forever Thy far flocks in view,
'Twould stray no more save paths Thou leadest through![1]

Then there is the great Saint of the Teresian poets, Juan de Yepes, St. John of the Cross (1549-1591), "The Ecstatic Doctor," whom the master critic of Spain, Menendez y Pelayo, places outside of literary comparisons as an inspired angel among poets with a quill from a seraph's wing. The story of his part in the Carmelite reforms is easy of access, and many of the finest translators have tried to reproduce the few, but deathlessly beautiful, songs that celebrate his mystical union with the Holy Spirit. The versions of Arthur Symonds seem to us the most artistic and closest renderings in English. San Juan de la Cruz was the right arm of the Mother Teresa in all her undertakings, and it is interesting to note how, in

[1] Translation by Thomas Walsh.

his poems and hers, in spite of marked differences in their character, there is a real conflagration of divine love—love of which he sings:

O burn that burns to heal!
O more than pleasant wound!
And O soft hand, O touch most delicate
That dost new life reveal,
That dost in grace abound,
And, slaying, dost from death to life translate!
O lamps of fire that shined
With so intense a light
That those deep caverns where the senses live,
Which were obscure and blind,
Now with strange glories bright
Both heat and light to His belovéd give!

Again, in his "*Noche Obscura,*" which is the apocalyptic gospel of Spanish Teresian mysticism, we find the telling lines:

By night, secure from sight,
And by the secret stair, disguisedly,
(O hapless-happy plight!)
By night and privily,
Forth from my house where all things quiet be.
Blest night of wandering,
In secret, where by none I might be spied,
Nor I see anything;
Without a light or guide,
Save that which in my heart burnt in my side,
That light did lead me on,
More surely than the shining of noontide,
Where well I knew that One
Did for my coming bide;
Where He abode, might none but Him abide!

Next among the Teresians is to be counted that harsh, singing soldier-poet, who, nevertheless, had dreams noble and lofty as are not infrequently found in military breasts. Francisco de Aldana (1550-1578), a gallant figure, about whom we unfortunately, can discover little in the historians, fell among the gorgeous banners and golden armor that marked the ruin, defeat and death of the chivalrous Dom Sebastian of Portugal

at the hands of the African Moors in 1578. His contemporary Spaniards called him "The Divine Francisco," and it is a pleasure to find among the translations of our own supreme translator, Longfellow, a version of his "Image of God:"

> O Lord, Who seest from yon starry height,
> Centred in one the future and the past,
> Fashioned in Thine own image, see how fast
> The world obscures in me what once was bright!
> Eternal Sun! the warmth which Thou hast given
> To cheer life's flowery April, fast decays;
> Yet, in the hoary winter of my days,
> Forever green shall be my trust in heaven.
> Celestial King! oh, let Thy presence pass
> Before my spirit, and an image fair
> Shall meet that look of mercy from on high,
> As the reflected image in a glass
> Doth meet the look of him who seeks it there,
> And owes its being to the gazer's eye.

The devotional poetry that circulates anonymously in Spanish-speaking countries is very fertile and superior in general quality to such poetry in other tongues. The Teresian spirit lent itself very readily to such hidden authorship, either through modesty or a desire to avoid the responsibilities of a reputation. Hence it is that some of the finest of the Teresian poems are without accredited authorship, and others have been ascribed to definite hands without real proofs; among them is the sonnet, "To Christ Crucified," which is pure Teresian prayer, as well as poetry; it has been attributed, without warrant, to St. Ignatius Loyola, St. Francis Xavier, to Pedro de los Reyes and St. Teresa herself. Many translators have vainly endeavored to render it in English; the easy, natural version of one of our own Western poets may take its place among the best we know:

> I do not love You, Lord, because of heaven—
> The eternity of joy within Your gift;
> Still less through fear of hell should I have left
> One sinful pleasure that the earth has given.
> It is for You, for You, the Crucified,
> The Word made Flesh and human in its pain,
> The tortured body, the wounds, the bloody stain,

The life You lived, the shameful death You died.
Because You had loved me, You drew me near You.
Were there no heaven I should love You still,
And if there were no hell, I still should fear You.
You owe me nothing, that in love I bow!
And though in me my every hope You kill,
I shall love You always as I love You now![2]

In the same category are to be found the *"Canción a Cristo Crucificado"* of Miguel Sanchez (*circa* 1609), a devotional, didactic hymn, which ends dramatically with the cry:

Song, let us chant no more,
For tears succeed
In place of the sad words we need
Such sorrows to deplore!
Song, then thy silence keep—
For see, the earth, the sea, the heavens weep!

In the *"Estímulo del Divino Amor"* ("The Urge of Love Divine"), sometimes attributed to Fray Luis de León, we have another of these prayerful Teresian poems. The *"Estímulo"* is rather theological in its qualities, as may be seen in the few lines we have translated:

And if thou canst raise thine eyes
To that other primal sphere
Formal of creation here,
Oh, what glories shall surprise!
Other beauty shall appear
In proportions new surrounded,
Everything in service bounded
By the Godhead shining clear.
There within His deathless mind
All of being shalt behold
In perfection final stoled,
Infinite in count and kind.

There is a long list of Teresa's brethren whom we can only indicate by name: Ambrosio Montesino, Juan López de Ubeda, Archangel de Alarcon, Alonso de Bonilla, El Divino Ledesma and Pedro de Padilla. There is "the King of

2 Translation by Muna Lee.

Preachers and the Preacher of Kings," Philip III. and Philip IV., Fray Hortensio Paravicino (1580-1636), author of the forceful sonnet on "The Divine Passion," with its lines:

> Pierced are Thy feet, O Lord, pierced are Thy hands;
> Thy head a shaggy grove of bitter thorn;
> Thou hangest on the shameful tree of scorn;
> Thy woe my feeble sense half understands.

There are also the Jesuit poets, Baltasar Gracia (1601-1658) and Malón de Chaide, whose lovely, although somewhat rhetorical, prose work, the *"Conversión de la Magdalena,"* contains stanzas like the following:

> Encircling Thee, Thy holy brides
> With loveliest of garlands crowned
> In rose and jasmine's glowing prides,
> Amid the measured chanting's sound,
> O Gentle Shepherd, on Thy way are bound.
> And when at midday by the streams
> Thou seekest Thy siesta fair
> Where cooling waters purl and gleam,
> Impatient of the love they bear
> They linger round the fountains in their care.
> Thou journeyest with them where they throng
> In saintly radiance agleam,
> A sun the blinded stars among;
> And higher as the mountains teem
> Thou lightst the peaks with Thine eternal beam.

There was also José de Valdivielso (1560-1638), author of a famous *"Romancero Espiritual,"* and Lope de Vega (1562-1635) who, in his purer moments, produced some devotional poetry of a very superior order and, in later times, the inspired Jesuit poet of Colombia, South America, Juan Manuel García Tejada (1774-1845), whose sonnet, "To Jesus on the Cross," is in the finest Teresian style:

> To you, I hurrying come, O sacred arms
> That stretch so wide upon the lifted Cross,
> As though to cherish me for all my loss,
> Nailed all too fast to cause my guilt alarms!
> To you, O eyes divine eclipsed in night
> So filled with tears and blood you can but gaze

Confused in pardon on my sinful ways
And yet to shame me have so little sight!
To you, poor feet so nailed you cannot spurn;
To you, bowed head that whispers low my name;
To you, O blood outpoured my grace to earn;
To you, O piercéd breast where mine would turn;
To you, O priceless nails, whose bonds I claim
In rigid union with Him sweet and stern![3]

In closing our Teresian review, we must, at least, mention the name of the mystical Gabriel García y Tassara (1817-1875), author of the *"Meditación Religiosa;"* and that of a modern Teresian spirit, the Catalan, Jacinto Verdaguer (1845-1902), whose *"Idílios y Cantos Místicos"* have been called a precious collection by no less an authority than Menendez y Pelayo. No doubt, there are other followers in the Teresian furrows, for the literature of devotion in Spanish is very fertile. But having noticed principal figures, we leave the living poets to their future biographers.

[3] Translation by Thomas Walsh.

SORROW'S HOUSE.

BY ELEANORE MYERS JEWETT.

I WILL build my sorrow a house
With friendly gables and eaves,
A soft, gray, shingled, homey house,
Grown over with ivy leaves;

A door with a welcoming look,
Windows curtained and gay,
A house that smiles at the folk who pass
In a warm, contented way.

It will look like a happy house
Where love and laughter have been,
And only God and I will know
The emptiness within.

CATHOLIC SOCIAL WORK IN CHILE.

BY LUIS R. RAMIREZ.

WITHOUT exaggeration it may be said that no other republic in South America has so strong a Catholic organization as Chile. Racially and by national development the Chileans are a proud people and are distinct from the other peoples of South America. The original Spanish stock came from the Basque or Celtic provinces of Spain which are distinguished by the distinct purity of their faith; and the only Indian race intermingled or associated with this stock is the Araucanian, the indomitable race that resisted every Spanish attempt at assimilation.

The physical configuration of the country has had a strong influence in developing the national character. Only about one hundred miles in average width, this country stretches for more than two thousand miles between the high peaks of the Andes and the rough-hewn coast of the Pacific. In this splendid isolation the Chilean pioneer built up a civilization quite distinct from that of the rest of South America, and developed a Catholic culture which today finds its high centre in the Catholic University of Santiago, founded many years ago by the great Archbishop of Santiago, Don Mariano Casanova, and his friends, Joachim Larrain, Cifuentes, Jara and others. This institution, which now numbers more than one thousand students in its various departments, is one of the most thorough universities of South America, and is noted besides for its splendid results in caring for the spiritual welfare of its students.

The effective organization of the Catholics began under the leadership of the late Archbishop, González Eyzaguirre. Realizing the need for an effective distribution of forces, he called together dependable leaders and organized a group of societies to cover different phases of Catholic activities. To this first movement belong *La Sociedad Periodistica de Chile* (the Catholic Press Association); *La Union Nacional* (The National Union), for both men and women; *La Liga de Damas*

Catolicas (the League of Catholic Women); *La Federación de Estudiantes* (the Catholic Students' Federation); the Workingmen's Society of St. Joseph and the Syndicates.

La Liga de Damas Catolicas follows in many respects the organization perfected in Uruguay,[1] and is one of the most interesting societies in Chile. It has a strong organization for women's relief, and has collected a good library to counteract the evil influence of the socialistic literature which circulates freely among the working people. Socialistic propaganda is also offset by lectures and conferences on Morals and Apologetics organized in different sections of the city.

La Union Nacional works along the lines laid down by the *Popular Union* in Italy and in Germany. It functions through local parish committees headed by the pastors, and its special work is to stay the ravages of Socialism among the lower class. This organization has shown special zeal in the districts like Iquique, Concepción, Santiago and Valparaiso, where Socialism has a strong hold. This struggle has developed striking qualities of leadership in the bishops of Iquique and Concepción. The former, Bishop Caro, has made a special study of social questions, and in his long travels through Europe and Canada has studied practical applications of Pope Leo XIII.'s Encyclical, *Rerum Novarum*. He has brought intelligence and holiness to his work, and his letters and pamphlets on social questions have spread his influence far beyond his own diocese. He and Bishop Fuenzalida of Concepción have had remarkable success in their organizations during the last five years.

The Catholic Congress convoked by Archbishop González Eyzaguirre, in 1910, gave a new impetus to Catholic social organizations. Perhaps the most important of these is the *Centro Cristiano* (Christian Association), which conducts schools, particularly commercial colleges, for both boys and girls, in many parts of the Republic. The Federation of Catholic Students has shown great zeal in the organization of night schools for workingmen. The medical students support the workingmen's hospital. The association now numbers about six thousand members.

La Sociedad Periodistica has purchased and supports Catholic papers in the principal cities, such as Santiago, Val-

1 See THE CATHOLIC WORLD, May, 1921, p. 217.

paraiso, Concepción, Valdivia. *El Diario Illustrado*, of Santiago, and *La Unión*, of Valparaiso, are splendid newspapers, with cable news and correspondence from all over the world in their daily editions of twenty or more pages.

La Buena Prensa (Good Press) supplements the work of the *Sociedad Periodistica* by issuing thousands of pamphlets against Socialism. The chaplains of this society preach in different churches on the Sundays throughout the year, and collections are taken up for the support of this work. *La Buena Prensa* publishes a Catholic Almanac every year, with a circulation of six thousand copies.

Without doubt, one of the most remarkable associations is that of the *Damas Catequistas* (Lady Catechists). This society was founded in Spain, and Pope Pius X., in granting it his Apostolic benediction, hailed it as the salvation of the day against the indifferentism of the Feminist movement in Latin countries. Through it women would become the apostles of Our Lord among people corrupted by radical theories against the Church, the Government and Catholic institutions.

The proverbial charity of the Catholic society women of Chile explains the success of this movement. The work started among the poor, where centres were established for conferences, which were directed particularly against Socialism and Communism. Several thousand people have attended these lectures, which have been very fruitful in conversions from radicalism. The four centres established in Santiago hold meetings for both men and women, look after the families of the poor, provide for the Catholic marriage of poor persons, and lose no chance to spread the Kingdom of Christ upon earth.

I speak from experience in testifying to the good work done by these noble women. They have reached people whose only knowledge of the Church was gleaned from writings dictated by malice and bigotry, and by their Christian charity have won over those who could not be reached in any other way. They have gone into places where a priest could not go and have dispelled ignorance, bigotry and suspicion.

The moving spirit in this institution is Señorita Argüelles. Prominently associated with her are some of the most prominent society women of Santiago, among them the Señoritas Errázuriz and Hunneus, and the distinguished authoress,

Señora Prat Bello. These women have shown striking originality in their methods, and have never hesitated to go wherever they have felt there was need for their services. During the most recent visit of the Prince of Bourbon, the cousin of King Alfonso, the *Damas Catequistas* arranged an original sort of reception. They gathered into the magnificent opera house three thousand workingmen and a delegation of the aristocracy, and honored this representative of the most democratic of the Catholic kings with a programme marked by simplicity and elegance.

The chief sources from which recruits are drawn for Catholic social work in Chile are the Catholic educational institutions. Besides the University and the Seminary in Santiago, there are excellent colleges conducted by the Jesuits, the "French Fathers" (the Congregation of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary), the Fathers of the Divine Word, the Mercedarians and others, and numerous elementary schools for the people of the middle class. Among institutions of this latter class, special mention should be made of the *Patronatos,* or community centres.

The Catholic community centre has reached an important stage of development in Chile. A description of one of these institutions will suffice to give an idea of the scope of the work. The institution chosen is the *Patronato de Santa Filomena, l*ocated at the foot of *San Cristobal,* the magnificent mountain which rises above the city of Santiago.[2] The *Patronato de Santa Filomena* consists of numerous buildings, a chapel, a theatre, a playroom, an athletic field and a laboratory for the students of electricity. It contains a grade school and a secondary vocational school with courses in Commerce and Electricity. There are more than five hundred boys in the various classes. On Sundays, the students and their families attend Mass in the community chapel, and there are always a great number of Communions at these Masses.

The present chaplain, Don Carlos Casanueva,[3] is the life of the centre. Although he is Rector of the Catholic University

2 The Cerro de San Cristobal has, in recent years, been crowned by a majestic statue of the Blessed Virgin, modeled after the one in the Piazza di Spagna in Rome. This statue is visible from all parts of the city, and at night the illuminated crown seems to send a ray of benediction over all the surrounding country.

3 It might be added in passing that this distinguished priest is a grandson of Don Andrés Bello, who is looked upon by many as the greatest literary genius which South America has as yet produced.

and one of the most important ecclesiastical figures of the Republic, he makes it a point to visit the centre every day, and directs personally, with the assistance of a confraternity composed of university students, all the activities of the community centre.

The Mass is followed by the meetings of the St. Vincent de Paul Conference and the Society of St. John of God, which looks after the sick. The playrooms and the athletic field are always crowded on Sundays, and it is a very hopeful sign in aristocratic Chile to see the university students and the priests playing football or billiards with the sons of workingmen. The children come in for their share of attention in the afternoon. About six hundred of them are instructed in Catechism every Sunday, and this instruction is followed by a moving picture show. The films for these entertainments are selected with great care by the Catholic Federation.

In recent years, the *Patronatos* have developed their social activities considerably along the lines of mutual benefit societies and workingmen's syndicates. The organization of this work has proceeded on the belief that some sort of community life for young men is the best safeguard for moral principles and Christian life.

Each of the *Patronatos* conducts a weekly publication. The best of these reviews is one in charge of Father Correa, S.J., who, within the past year, has organized a very important association of young men of the middle class. The *Centro Cristiano,* with a view of encouraging the athletic development of these young men, has given them a splendid stadium at Nunoa at the foot of the Andes, with ample fields for football, tennis, polo and other games. The Archbishop of Santiago officiated at the inauguration of this stadium last year. The athletic feature of this event was an international track and field meet participated in by representatives of Argentina, Uruguay and Chile.

The spiritual effects of the education given in these colleges are most noticeable in the month of the Blessed Virgin, which, in South America, is solemnized in November, the most beautiful of the spring months in the Southern Hemisphere. Devotion to the Blessed Virgin is proverbial in Chile, and the hundreds of daily Communions during this month are a beautiful testimony that this devotion has not lagged in modern times.

The *Patronato de Santa Filomena* is located in the midst of the *Población León XIII.* This unique institution was founded more than forty years ago by a stalwart Catholic, Don Melchor Concha y Toro. The *Población León XIII.* is a practical housing plan, which has had wonderful results. Its founder purchased a large tract of land in one district of the city, and began there the construction of model houses with from four to seven rooms each, which were rented to workingmen at moderate rates.

Candidates for admission into the *Población* must be Catholics approved by the governing board, and residents can be dismissed for unsatisfactory conduct. At the end of a term of years, the tenant becomes the owner of the house he has rented, and the rent he has paid in is used for keeping up the property and constructing new houses. The community is largely independent of the rest of the city in that it has its own shops, dispensary, printing office, clubrooms and athletic field. It also has a church of its own, the chaplain of which is at present Don Samuel Diaz Ossa, a young and brilliant Professor of Sociology at the Catholic University. This institution has gained magnificently since its first organization, and the district now has a population of more than three thousand. It is a model community, where vice is unknown and the reigning spirit is that of a large, happy family.

It is interesting to note that the Catholic Congress of Brussels, several years ago, awarded to Chile the prize for the model law for a workingmen's housing plan. Another bill for a model social organization is now before the Chilean Congress. It provides for the organization of labor syndicates, and its author is the leader of Catholic social work in Chile, Don Juan Enrique Concha Subercaseaux, a son of the founder of the *Población León XIII.* Senator Concha was formerly Professor of Political Economy at the Catholic University of Santiago, and to his profound knowledge of Sociology he has added a broad experience in dealing with labor questions. He is frequently called upon to settle labor disputes, and his decisions have the respect of both labor and capital. His position as one of the largest landed proprietors of Chile, places him in the capitalistic class, while his broad sympathy for labor, manifested on countless occasions, inspires the workingmen with a confidence that they feel towards no other po-

litical leader in Chile. His present bill is very broad in its scope and is based, like the other Catholic social works in Chile, on the Encyclical, *Rerum Novarum*. It lays the basis of justice for relations between employer and employee, and covers such important matters as the basic wage and the labor of women and children.

In connection with Senator Concha, mention should be made of another beautiful charity in the city of Santiago founded by his mother, Doña Emiliana Subercaseaux, one of the most esteemed members of the Chilean aristocracy. Some twenty-seven years ago, Mrs. Subercaseaux had her attention attracted by a newspaper item disclosing a sad story of neglect, which appeared in the police courts. The story was of four children who were forced into the street by their parents to beg and steal. Doña Emiliana sought a practical remedy for this condition. She appealed to the court, and received the custody of the children, whom she placed in the care of the Sisters of Providence at their orphanage in Santiago until provision could be made for a separate institution. Before long, a separate house was secured and plans were made for the construction of a building large enough to care for all children of this class. The institution was endowed by Mrs. Subercaseaux and, in time, an annual grant secured from the State to aid in the support of the institution. It has grown to such an extent that it now occupies three city blocks in Santiago, and last year it cared for eight hundred and thirty-four children. Both boys and girls are trained in separate departments, and are taught useful arts that will enable them to make a decent livelihood as soon as they leave the institution. This beautiful charity has attracted international attention. One of the benefactors is Mr. George Duval of New York. Don Jorge, as he is called by his friends in Chile, has built a beautiful shrine to our Lady of Lourdes in the gardens of the home.

No account of Catholicism in Chile would be complete without reference to a striking incident, which featured a recent session of the Chamber of Deputies. The proposal was made to suppress the Catholic oath of office, which forms a part of the inauguration of new deputies, and an atheist deputy made this the occasion for a violent and blasphemous discourse. Señor Gumucio, a Catholic deputy, rose in the

name of his Catholic colleagues, and in a beautiful and Christian reply made a solemn profession of faith and love of God, which caused a profound impression in the assembly. At the conclusion of his speech, even liberal deputies arose to congratulate him and to protest against the outrage committed by their colleague. The result was that, by a round vote of disapproval, they rejected the proposed suppression of the oath.

The Catholic deputies, who at present number twenty-six, have always distinguished themselves by their support of measures for the relief and betterment of the laboring class, and the force of this will not be lost upon the people. At present, there is a strong anti-Catholic movement in Chile, headed by President Allessandri, who was elected last year by a small majority, on a platform which promised socialistic measures for the relief of the poor. There is no prospect that any of these radical measures will become effective, and there is every hope that, with the failure of these schemes, there will come a strong reaction in favor of the Church.

BEHOLD YOUR KING!

BY EMILY HICKEY.

Behold your King!
Oh, sorrow of this thing!
His face from shame and spitting He doth not hide;
Suffers His eyes to be blinded, His hands to be tied;
On His shoulders the slavedom's loathly gallows will let them lay,
Will carry it, fall with it, rise again, fall again, on through the Sorrowful Way.

Behold your King!
Oh, the uncomely thing!
Oh, the most blessed thing,
Thus to behold our King.
To look on One
On Whose back the plowers have plowed those furrows of theirs;
Who standeth in silence wrapt, nor answereth
By the word of immortal life to the question of mortal death.

Purple, in sooth, He wears,
And that is a crown He bears;
And what is the purple but cloak that a soldier has worn?
And what is the crown but spikes of the platted thorn?
And what is the sceptre, indeed,
But a reed?
Robed and crowned and sceptred, where His throne?
Even the cross of the wicked to hang upon.

Behold your King!
Oh, wondrous joyful thing!
Here in His immortality,
No more to die.
Our King of might,
Our King of love,
In garments dight
By glory wove.
Our King with hands that show
Marks jewel-bright where the dark nails did go;
Whose glorious feet are doubly glorified
By the red gems that were love's wounds; whose side
Displays the ruby of great price, where flowed
Water and blood.

We who beheld our King
In shame and anguishing
Look on Him now,
As the black thorns that pierced His brow
We know for rays of light,
Quenchless and infinite.
See Him ascend,
Our King, our God, our Friend,
Up to the supreme heights where love has part,
Who knew the very core of suffering's heart.

And see Him, as we kneel before Him thus,
Stoop from His glory to abide with us.

THE ARCHIEPISCOPAL PALLIUM.

BY D. B. ZEMA, S.J.

LAST December the Rt. Rev. Bishop Caruana, the newly consecrated Ordinary of Porto Rico, arrived in Baltimore on an errand of state. Journeying from the Eternal City, he brought from the Throne of the Fisherman a garment of lamb's wool which, ever since it was blessed on the Vigil of SS. Peter and Paul, had lain on the Tomb of the Prince of the Apostles. To the eye, the garment is severely humble: only a narrow band of cloth encircling the shoulders, with weighted lappets in front and in back; its sole ornamentation are braided crosses, six in number, that stud the four points of the circle and the end of the pendants. But to the mind, it is an august robe—a robe betokening the love of the Shepherd and the fullness of his power; while to the flock of the Metropolitan See of Baltimore, it is a royal warrant that their new Pastor, Archbishop Curley, holds divine commission from the Vicar of Christ—the Keeper of the Gates.

In view of the investiture of Archbishop Curley with the sacred garment, an inquiry into the history and meaning of the Metropolitan's Pallium seems eminently opportune. It is pertinent to note at the very outset, that we are not busied with a mere ornament, properly belonging to Christian æsthetics, nor with a matter of minor rubrics, but with a symbol of high dogmatic import recommended to observance by the laws of Councils and Popes, and honored by the usage of ages and magnificence of ritual. The Archiepiscopal Pallium has yet another claim to our interest, namely, its apologetic bearing, if we are able, as we are confident that we shall be, to trace its history in a line running visible and unbroken through the centuries straight to the person of St. Peter himself.

It is the will of an all-provident Maker that, during our mortal existence, mind should speak in terms of matter and the invisible in terms of the visible. Thus, in obedience to His own law, Jehovah spoke in types to the people of the Old

Dispensation, and Christ in parables to those of the New. The Church, in the furtherance of the Kingdom, has ever, with true instinct, abided by the same law, teaching the Gospel to every creature both by word and by symbol. Catholic symbolism is as varied as it is beautiful and as significant as it is sublime. In the hierarchy of sacred emblems, the Pallium fills a place of unsurpassed honor, typifying nothing less than the dogma of the plenitude of Apostolic Power. It is the equivalent symbol of that Rock which gives the Church of Christ her strength, her poise and her perpetual youth. This meaning of the Pallium runs in a solemn undercurrent, through the whole range of historical allusion, through ritual and decretals of Popes and Councils, back into ages forgotten.

What the sarcophagi of the catacombs declare in sculptured figure, what the voice of tradition carries down from generation to generation by instruction and practice, what the Great Gregory, with such instancy, repeats in his charges to bishops, what the Eighth Ecumenical Council decreed in A. D. 870, Innocent III. in 1202 and Benedict XIV. in 1748, is brought to a sharp focus in the liturgy of the *Roman Pontifical* and in five trenchant canons of the Modern Code.

It would be going far beyond the limits of this article to review, even in broad outline, the Church's legislation of the past fifteen hundred years, bearing upon the use of the Pallium. From A. D. 400 onward, the Pallium has such a clearly defined and amply documented history that, in contrast to the shreds of evidence surviving for the earlier periods, there is more danger of drowning than of drought. We shall, then, do no more than briefly pause at the milestones of canonical legislation and, overleaping long periods, come directly to a consideration of the five canons of recent enactment.

As far as we can gather from records at hand, the Pallium, as emblematic of fullness of authority, was at first the exclusive prerogative of the Popes. Yet we also find that very early the Sovereign Pontiffs granted the use of it to the higher ranks of the Hierarchy, both in the East and the West. We have it on record that Pope Marcus conceded the Pallium to the Bishop of Ostia as early as the year A. D. 336, and Pope Symmachus to the Bishop of Arles in the year A. D. 500. In A. D. 601 Gregory the Great sent the Pallium to St. Augustine

of Canterbury and to the Archbishop of York,[1] and, at various times during his pontificate, to many others;[2] nor does he fail to impress upon them in every instance that by the Pallium they are made the Vicars of the Apostolic Office. Thus we see that in the course of time the Pallium received an extension of meaning as well as of use: in the person of the Supreme Pontiff it signified plenitude of jurisdiction; but in other recipients of it, only participated and limited power.

Both the ancient and the modern law on the subject of the Pallium agree in requiring that within three months of his consecration, or of his canonical promotion, if he be already a bishop, the Metropolitan-elect must either in person or by proxy petition the Pallium from the Roman Pontiff. In our own days this is done at an opportune session of the Consistory. Thus, in the present instance, it was at the sitting of November 21st last that the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Charles A. O'Hern, D.D., Rector of the American College, acting in the name of Archbishop Curley, postulated for him the sacred vesture, "*instanter . . . instantius . . . instantissime,*" in the form of the Ritual. This is the provision of Canon 275 of the New Code. The same matter was couched in more energetic language in the first Canon of the Council of Ravenna, held in A. D. 871. It ordained that on failure to ask the Pallium from Rome within three months of his consecration, the negligent Metropolitan should be shorn of his dignity and forbidden the exercise of his office. Not long afterwards,[3] Pope John VIII. addressed two vigorous letters[4] to Rostaing, his Vicar at Arles, reminding him how gravely irregular and audacious was the action of some of the bishops of Gaul, who set authority so far at naught as to consecrate other bishops without having themselves first received the Pallium from Rome.

All the force of this ancient ruling is compressed in Canon 276. This Canon decrees that apart from special indult, all acts of Metropolitan jurisdiction and also of Episcopal Orders, which an archbishop performs wearing the Pallium, must be considered illicit before investiture with the juridical symbol.

We may here observe that pending the reception of the

1 Bede, *Hist. Eccles.* i. 29: Migne, *Patrologiæ Latinæ*, 95: 69.
2 *Epistles of St. Gregory:* Migne, *Patrologiæ Latinæ*, 77. 3 A. D. 878.
4 *Epist.* 123, 124: Migne, *Patrologiæ Latinæ*, 126: 775, *et seq.*

Pallium, the ordinance of Canon 276 withholds from an archbishop-elect the exercise of certain acts of Episcopal Orders, such as the ordination of priests, the consecration of bishops, the dedication of churches, the consecration of altars and of the holy chrism.[5] While a simple bishop may perform these functions without a Pallium, an archbishop cannot do so except with the sacred insignia. Yet we should also point out, on the one hand, that in case of urgent need the prelate-elect may request another bishop to do duty in his own stead, while he himself, on the other hand, can do episcopal ministrations outside the limits of his own Province, like any bishop.

It is the Pope's special prerogative to wear the Pallium at all times and at all places. As regards other prelates, however, Canon 277 restricts the use of it both in time and in place. Hence, they may never wear the Pallium except (1) inside the sacred edifice and within the territory of their Province; and (2) then only during the solemn celebration of Mass on some thirty feast days specified in the *Pontifical*, and in the performance of functions connected with the Holy Sacrifice. When, very late in the sixth century, Pope Gregory the Great heard that the Archbishop of Ravenna had contravened the matter of this Canon by wearing the Pallium outside of the holy place, that vigilant Pontiff addressed to him a lashing rebuke,[6] such as can leave no doubt how much weight was placed on Canonical discipline, and how severely infractions were frowned upon.

In remoter times, when the Metropolis or Mother See was the centre of more distinct ecclesiastical units, the power of Metropolitans had wider range than it has now. In the course of changing times, however, the government of the Church has operated centrewards, and the Roman Primates have recalled to themselves much of the authority which, in a more disjointed world, they had deposited with Apostolic Vicars in far-off regions. The present juridical status of the Metropolitan is defined in Canons 272, 273 and 274 of the New Code.

In addition to the powers that belong to him as a simple bishop, Canon 274 condenses in eight sections the powers that are his precisely as a Metropolitan. It will serve our purpose sufficiently well merely to sum these up in few words. As

[5] *Pontificale Romanum.*

[6] *Epist.*, lib. V., 15: Migne, *Patrologiæ Latinæ*, 77: 735.

far as Canon 274 applies to the United States, it is incumbent on the Metropolitan (1) to keep watch over the purity of Faith and the integrity of morals throughout the Province, to supply deficiencies and report abuses; (2) to hear appeals from suffragan courts, and (3) to make the Canonical Visitation of the dioceses for reasons which must first receive the approval of the Holy See. The powers which a Metropolitan may exercise during the Canonical Visitation of a suffragan diocese are very ample. Besides the right to preach and to hear confessions, he may absolve from cases reserved to the bishop of the diocese; he may inquire into the life and conduct of the clergy; denounce to the bishop for punishment those of notorious name, and bring to ecclesiastical justice, even with censure, anyone guilty of injury against himself or his subjects. But, as we recall, he can exercise none of these powers before he has received the Pallium.

Nothing stands out in bolder relief from Canons 278 and 279 than the personal character of the Pallium; while nothing is more salient in the liturgy that surrounds it than its sacredness. The injunction that it may neither be lent, nor borrowed nor transferred; that at death it must be buried with the defunct, and that, if the sepulture of the body is impossible, it must be interred alone or burnt, make it emphatically clear how closely the mantle of authority clings to the person of the pastor. So much is this the case, that in the event of a Metropolitan's transfer to another See, he is obliged to petition another Pallium, which again must also be buried with him at his death.

From time immemorial, the Pallium has been associated with the body of St. Peter. In the sacred liturgy, it is described as "*pallium de corpore Sancti Petri.*" It is still blessed on the Vigil of his Martyrdom, and this, in the very crypt where lie the remains of the Chief Apostle. After they are blessed, the Pallia are put in a silver casket and left as close as possible to the sacred ashes until needed for use. Thus there is literal truth in the words of the Ritual: "*Tradimus tibi Pallium de corpore beati Petri sumptum*—we confer upon thee the Pallium taken from the body of Blessed Peter."

The moment we touch the question of the origin of the Pallium, we enter on disputed ground. The problem of working backwards from tatters of evidence to genuine origins has

found solutions too numerous to be all true. Yet, in view of the accumulated findings of Christian archæology, we cannot but feel that the scrutiny of them has yet been partial at best, and that not all of the facts have been laid to contribution in this matter.

We shall begin by courteously dismissing from consideration four or five opinions on the origin of the Pallium that have not yet found a hearing. But the view of de Marca, Thomassin[7] and the Abbé Duchesne,[8] writing respectively in the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, has found sufficiently wide vogue to claim more deference.

The most popular exponent of the opinion of this group is the Abbé Duchesne. He argues thus from two sets of facts: (1) from the striking likeness that exists between the scarf-like "*lorus*" of the consular insignia, on the one hand, and the Pallium of bishops on the other, as seen in carvings and mosaics of the fourth and fifth centuries, he infers that the form of the Pallium must be an evolution of the imperial "*lorus*." (2) From a number of passages of contemporary documents attesting that very frequently the granting of the episcopal Pallium depended on the good will of the Emperor, Duchesne concludes that the conferring of this emblem in the first instance must be ascribed to the Emperor Constantine who, on his conversion, thus wished to honor the Pope. Hence, it is further argued that it was in imitation of this act that the Popes, in their turn, adopted the practice of decorating bishops with the Pallium. Such is his view, and we have omitted no substantial detail.

It is at once obvious that if this explanation of the matter be the true one, it is idle for us to venture very far beyond the fourth century in search of the first Pallium. We must come to a dead halt at about A. D. 336. But immediately a swarm of questions arise which we cannot solve from Duchesne's conclusion. Why did not the Pallium, for instance, like most other sacred vestments, retain the name of its prototype or parent insignia, the "*lorus?*" And this the more so in order to distinguish it from the other contemporary "pallium" of more ancient and common use. Or again, how will a purely civil ensign give sufficient reason to the highly spiritual sig-

[7] *Ecclesiæ Disciplina*, II., cc. lili., *et seq.* (1787.)
[8] *Origines du Culte Chrétien.*

nificance of a vesture which, from the very time of its alleged origin, stood for the plenitude of the Power of the Keys, while the more ancient garment, called the "pallium," was already rich in religious and spiritual association? It is only by forcing disparate ideas into strained fellowship that the *"lorus"* of the fourth century can be made to underlie such allusions of the Liturgy as *"de corpore beati Petri sumptum," "representant (pallia) Pastoralis officii plenitudinem, atque excellentiam," "quicumque ea gestaverit intelligat se ovium tuarum Pastorem."*

Apart from these observations, we cannot easily allow that the fact of the Emperors having anything to say in the granting of the Pallium affords even a probability, and much less a proof, of the Imperial origin of the sacred emblem. The historical context of those times belies such a conclusion. For are we not but too familiar with the trespassings of the Byzantine rulers in matters of dogma, let alone discipline? The buffeting which Pope Vigilius received at the hands of Justinian, the deposition of the Patriarch Eutyches (not the heresiarch) by the same autocrat, and other such acts render very feeble the theory that the Pallium, with its wealth of mystical and dogmatic meaning was a creation of very human emperors. On the other hand, it was not very many years after the Edict of Milan (A. D. 313) that the bishops were intrusted with civil charges. Justinian's Codex associated the bishop with the count in the administration of cities and provinces. To him, it gave exclusive oversight of morals, management of public works and prisons, and in that capacity was subject to the Emperor. What more natural, then, that before a bishop received a commission (and the Pallium) from the Pope to a post in which the civil head had coincident interest, the latter should ask to ratify the choice? But how does this prove that the sacred symbol originated in the Emperor?

But there is more plausibility in Duchesne's opinion on the origin of the Pallium than we have thus far conceded. It is quite probable that Pope Sylvester was honored with the imperial *"lorus"* by Constantine, and that other Pontiffs may have been similarly decorated, but this cannot have been the prototype of the Metropolitan's Pallium. It is quite admissible, too, that in order to add distinction to the Pallium of

more ancient form, its shape was modified so as to resemble the "*lorus*." This would have had the special advantage of associating in the popular mind, the Head of the State with the Head of the Church.

We now pass on to a more acceptable account of the genesis of the Pallium. It is to be anticipated that the farther we advance into dim origins, the more scanty and fragmentary do tangible records become. None of these have been proof against the corroding tooth of time. We know, too, that Christianity lived its youth before it thought of committing it to written history. Yet for all that, Providence has not left us without a compensating endowment. In reason and reconstructive imagination, we have instruments which, rightly used, can span the broken arches of human record and link into flawless continuity the scattered remains of monumental art, literature and tradition. To this task we now turn.

From time out of mind before Christ blessed this earth with His presence, the mantle, or the "pallium," was always a most common article of dress among Greeks, Romans and Hebrews. The simplicity of this blanket-shaped garment allowed of its being put to the greatest variety of uses; and we have it from Ovid,[9] Pliny,[10] Cicero[11] and others, that the Romans also used it when offering sacrifices and in performing other acts of religion.

The masters of the schools of philosophy honored it, and their disciples took pride in adopting the dress as well as the thoughts of their masters. More than this, it was by handing to another his own mantle that the genius of a School designated him his legitimate successor. It is Horace and Diogenes Laertes[12] that tell us how Diogenes, the Cynic, slept and died in the pallium of his master, Antisthenes.

In a disquisition on the mantle, "De Pallio," Tertullian,[13] whose life straddled the year A. D. 200 by four decades on either side, gives us to know that even in Northern Africa, the pallium had become a dress distinctive of men pursuing serious study. He closes his reflections with this suggestive apostrophe to the mantle: "Joy, Mantle, and exult! A better

9 *Met.*, I., 382, 398. 10 *Hist. Nat.*, XXXIV., chap. xi. 11 *Orat.* 22.
12 *Lives of Philosophers*, VI., chap. xiii.
13 *De Pallio:* Migne, *Patrologiæ Latinæ*, 2: 1,083.

philosophy has now deigned to honor thee, ever since thou hast begun to be a Christian's vesture!"

But it is in Old Testament history that we first meet the spiritual conception of the mantle. From the Third[14] and the Fourth[15] Books of Kings, representing a time nine centuries removed from the birth of Christ, we learn that the mantle was then the recognized badge of a prophet of Jehovah. With the mantle, prophetic virtue passed from Elias to Eliseus; for when the Lord bade Elias to anoint Eliseus prophet in his place, the Prophet forthwith cast his mantle upon Eliseus, saying: "*quod meum erat feci tibi*[16]—for that which was my part, I have done to thee." And when Elias was caught up into Heaven, Eliseus took up the mantle, "*levavit pallium*," and, invested with it, went forth and wrought mighty works.

Now, it is an elementary fact in the history of the early Church that her worship in externals was susceptible to the influence of two currents of tradition: Jewish and Pagan; and that in each body of tradition the prophet's mantle, on the one hand, and the classic pallium on the other, were both regarded with the pious esteem due to an object of lofty significance. And while every fact of Christian history stands firm against the assumption that any vital element of Christianity was drawn from Paganism, yet it can be readily granted that some forms of external worship were taken over into Christianity, rebaptized, as it were, and invested with a newer and higher meaning. Orpheus painted in the chapels of the catacombs,[17] as an emblem of Christ, Who, by the sweet sounds of the Gospel, was to tame the human passions and draw to Himself men of every nation, is an apt illustration of this.

This, and much more, might be said by way of showing how well grounded is the antecedent probability that the archiepiscopal Pallium may have an origin as ancient as the very foundation of the Roman See.

Now let us turn to more direct evidence. Libertus, Deacon of the Church of Carthage, writing of the Nestorian and Eutychian heresies, touches upon the intrusion of Theodosius into the See of Alexandria, in A. D. 535, and says: "It is the

14 3 Kings xix. 13, *et seq.* 15 4 Kings ii. 6, 9, 13, *et seq.*

16 3 Kings xix. 20.

17 Lanciani, *Pagan and Christian Rome*, p. 23. Giov. Marangoni, *Delle Cose gentilesche trasportate ad uso delle Chiese* (Rome, 1744).

custom at Alexandria *(consuetudo quidem est Alexandriæ)* for him who succeeds to the dead bishop to keep vigil by the body of the departed, to lay the dead man's right hand upon his own head . . . to take the Pallium of St. Mark and to place it on his own neck; after which he is held legitimately to occupy his place *(legitime sedere)*."[18]

This testimony of Libertus receives cumulative cogency both from the Acts of Peter, the Martyr,[19] Bishop of Alexandria, which, before the year A. D. 311, describe the observance of the same ceremony, and again from a letter of Isidore of Pelusium (Egypt) written to Cyril of Alexandria early in the fifth century. In this letter, Isidore protests his allegiance to St. Cyril, saying: ". . . *ut potius persuasum habeo, filius tuus sum, quippe qui magni illius Marci speciem atque habitum præferas*," etc;[20] he acknowledges himself the Patriarch's devoted son precisely because Cyril represents the image of St. Mark's authority, as shown by the Pallium he wears.

Nothing is clearer from this triple testimony than that the mantle or Pallium of St. Mark was religiously handed on from one successor to another in the See of Alexandria according to ancient custom. But what was the origin of this custom? This interests us much. A letter of Pope St. Leo to Dioscorus, newly-appointed Patriarch of the same See, in A. D. 444, enlightens us on this point. St. Leo lucidly declares: "Since the Blessed Peter received the Apostolic Primacy from the Lord, it is impious *(nefas est)* to believe that His holy disciple, Mark, who was the first that governed the Church of Alexandria, formed decrees by the rules of his own traditions; since from the same source of grace, the spirit of the disciple and of his master was one; neither could the ordained deliver other than that which he received from him who ordained him."[21] Apart from this, the records of antiquity are unanimous in telling us that the Apostolic Church of Alexandria was founded by the Chief of Apostles himself, through St. Mark and, consequently, whatever points of sacred discipline he there instituted, Mark must have received from Peter.

Here we pause a moment to observe that before any Christian emperor ever assumed the diadem or the *"lorus,"*

[18] Migne, *Patrologiæ Latinæ*, 68: 964, chap. xx.
[19] Migne, *Patrologiæ Græcæ*, 18: 450, *et seq.* [20] *Ibid.*, 78: 391 (*Epist.* 370).
[21] Migne, *Patrologiæ Latinæ*, 54: 624. (*Epist.* ix.)

very reliable testimony assures us that the Pallium was passed on from Patriarch to Patriarch in the See of Alexandria, and yet more than this, that the Alexandrian Church received its first traditions and discipline from the Apostle Peter.

At this point of our inquiry another ancient witness strikes at the heart of the matter and welds for us the last link. In a sermon on the Epiphany, whose authorship is in some dispute, some attributing it to Eusebius of Cæsarèa, but whose authenticity in other respects there is no reason to doubt, we read: *"Nihil antiquius veste illa sacerdotali archipræsulis . . . nostri . . . qua in signum plenissimæ potestatis primus Linus amictus est, cui et typum dedit et nomen, ut a veteribus accepimus scriptoribus, quam appellavit et pallium."*[22] This document should be placed in time, before the year A. D. 340. Taken with the rest of the evidence, it carries convincing force. Even directly, it says much, but it implies vastly more than it expresses. For, surely, it has not escaped us that the witnesses thus far brought forward do not speak alone: The phrases, *"consuetudo quidem est Alexandriæ"* of Liberatus, the *"nihil antiquius"* and *"ut a veteribus accepimus scriptoribus"* of the Epiphany Sermon, the *"qui magni illius Marci habitum præferas"* of Isidore, all tell the story of an ancient and unbroken tradition that does not stop short of that first solemn incident when the *"primus Linus,"* the immediate successor of Peter, *"amictus est,"* was invested with the mantle of the Confirmer of his brethren. Now, if two men living to the age of four-score may carry a tradition at least one hundred and thirty years, and three long lives span a period of more than two centuries, why need we look for abundance of document where the past was still recent in the memories of men?

The eight hundred and fifty and more letters of Pope Gregory the Great, covering, as they do, almost every political, religious and social interest of his time, tell us much that we are curious to know concerning the character, significance and use of the Pallium, but touching the origin of the sacred symbol, he never tires of appealing to tradition: whether it be to Bishop Virgilius of Arles,[23] or to St. Leander of Seville,[24]

22 *De Sacri Pallii Origine*, Phil. Vespasiani (Rome, 1856).
23 *Epist.* LIII.: Migne, *Patrologiæ Latinæ*, 77: 782.
24 *Epist.* L., IX., 121: *Patrologiæ Latinæ*, 77: 1,050.

that he writes; whether it be to King Childebert[25] or to Queen Brunhilda,[26] it is always back to primitive usage he harks: *"Juxta antiquum morem," "antiquæ parere consuetudini," "maxime quia et prisca consuetudo obtinuit,"* etc.

It is now time to interrogate Archæology on the source of the Pallium. The monuments that bear directly on our subject, are the sculptures of four Roman sarcophagi belonging to the third, fourth or fifth centuries. One of these now lies in the Vatican Basilica, beneath the altar of Our Lady of the Column, and keeps the ashes of the Leos II., III. and IV. The remaining three are part of the treasure of the Lateran Museum. The sculptured scene common to them all is the taking up of the Prophet Elias. But instead of Elias, Christ Himself stands in the fiery chariot, and in place of Eliseus it is Peter who receives the mantle of the double spirit.

These sculptures are mute records; yet how honest and how eloquent is the story they tell of the primitive truth! In the simple, spiritual conception of the infant Church, the Spirit of Christ descended upon Peter even as the spirit of Elias passed to Eliseus. The mantle was the symbol of the great transfer, and the immemorial assumption of the Pallium from the body of the Blessed Peter, has ever been a visible token that that same Spirit shall rest upon the successors of Peter, the Rock, until the Gates of Hell shall have shattered against it.

To one who has a sense of the vitality of history and an honest curiosity into beginnings, a study of the Pallium will make the past present and bring the distant near. The true Church stands at the convergence of all lines of consistent proof, like a city upon a hill. Some travel to it along the highways of evidence, others prefer to follow the slender trail of curious research. Perhaps no two seekers of the Truth ever approach the City of God by exactly the same path of reasoning. We trust some wandering soul may pick up the trail of the Pallium and follow it to its source. We are sanguine it will lead him to the historic fountain-head—the Keeper of the Gates.

[25] *Epist.* L., V., 55: *Patrologiæ Latinæ*, 77: 787.
[26] *Epist.* L., IX., 11: *Patrologiæ Latinæ*, 77: 951.

THE LITERARY FORM OF HOLY SCRIPTURE.

BY CUTHBERT LATTEY, S.J.

THERE is a certain mystery in the relation of mind and matter, which may be called with many a sacramental relation, provided we do not read a strictly theological meaning into the term. It is not altogether an unhappy one, for it indicates that particular need of human nature which, in actual fact, though not by antecedent necessity, the sacraments satisfy, and not the sacraments merely, but the whole dispensation of the Incarnation. We see a material table, and we are conscious of the immaterial idea of "table" in our minds; but for all the big words we use, we understand but little of the process that is the link between them. And not merely does our mind represent such an object, but matter in general is full of still further æsthetic and ethical and intellectual significance for mind. The Roman basilica speaks to us of sure faith, the Gothic arch of soaring hope, in the Moorish architecture there is, surely, a touch of the unclean; in music, likewise, we discern the sublime and the meretricious. Matter is symbolic *to* mind, because it is symbolic *of* mind. Everywhere Almighty God expresses Himself in His works, never completely, for that is impossible, but with varying degrees of fullness; and man also expresses himself through matter, not merely in his art, but in all his works, even in his handwriting, his own body, his very countenance. We cannot be impersonal in our lives, scarcely indeed can we exclude the stamp of our personality, even where we would most wish to do so.

But, in language, we have to reckon not merely with the sound, but with the sense; the former is chiefly an affair of rhythm, the latter of content, yet there is, in various ways, a certain mutual influence, and both are in part responsible for the connotation of words or phrases. The party that favors compulsory military service will speak of a "citizen army," the opposing party of "conscripts;" it is one of the main tricks of the politician to find words of right connotation, wherewith to recommend insensibly his own designs and brand his foe's

proposals. Or, to take a more Biblical illustration, in itself it was a small thing for Tyndale to substitute "congregation" for "church" in his translation of the New Testament, but by implication the whole change from Catholic to Protestant lay there. Any dictionary of synonyms, for example, Roget's classic, *Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases,* furnishes valuable illustrations of the difference in connotation of words apparently equivalent.

And language varies much from language. Like much else that is human, language may be considered either historically or dynamically, that is, with primary reference either to the evolution of individual and group as such, or to the *forces* acting upon individual and group, these forces being due, in large part, to the nature of man as such. Thus, *historically,* we can trace early and later stages in the development of Latin and Hebrew; but meanwhile the student of phonetics will remark that, *dynamically,* the imperfect of the Hebrew *Niphal* and such Latin words as *illatum* show the same elimination of the consonant *n,* a weak sound of its very nature, because of the very way in which it is formed by the human organ. For us, the historical aspect of human speech is the more important. The versatile Greek, with his exquisite sense of proportion, evolved a language which, as an instrument of thought, has never been rivaled. At a bound, he seems to attain perfection in every branch of literature. Epic and lyric, tragedy and comedy, history and philosophy, geometry and medicine, all find consummate expression in this plastic tongue, to be hallowed above all as the record of the New Covenant, and to burst thereafter into fresh glories of oratory in a Chrysostom and other great Fathers of the Church.

We cannot understand how steeped in hellenistic culture was the Apostle, St. Paul, for all his strict training in the Law, until we realize how he strains the resources even of the supple Greek idiom in his efforts to record the swift and sensitive movement of his thought. Hebrew could never have served his purpose, or indeed have trained his mind with such effect; this, perhaps, we shall understand better if we compare his epistles with the gospels, wherein Greek is, to a large extent, a channel for thought expressed in Aramaic and suited thereto. Aramaic was the speech of the Jews at the time of

Our Lord, and is closely akin to Hebrew. Both, as languages, are very defective, having lost many forms that can be traced by comparative philology. If we liken Greek to a fair statue of exquisite proportion standing forth in the clear light, Hebrew is rather the stormy heaven, dark and thundery, lit up from time to time by a blinding flash, whereby the earth also is illumined.

So much for language as the essential vehicle of thought, the form in which it is of necessity conveyed. But of literary form in the stricter sense there are many varieties, and several of them are to be found in Holy Writ. Almighty God has not confined Himself to one stereotyped mode of expression, but employs an ample richness of style in conveying to us His meaning. In general, it may be said that no literary form should be ruled out of Scripture *a priori*, unless it can be shown that it is unworthy of God. On the other hand, because a literary form is not ruled out of Scripture *a priori*, it does not follow that it is actually to be found there. Given the books of the Old Testament, such as we know them, it may be quite evident that some literary form is absent, or, again, theological reasons may tell against some interpretation of a book which otherwise might prove more or less tempting. Thus, although a certain dramatic element may be traced in Job and the Canticle of Canticles, and even in the prophet, Malachy, still we may say that real drama, as a literary form, is absent from Holy Writ. It is, at least, a question whether it was bound to be absent, but as to the fact there can be no doubt. On the other hand, against the view, so common outside the Church, that the early chapters of Genesis present us with a merely legendary account of early human history, we have explicit decrees of the Biblical Commission (June 30, 1909), based upon strong sayings of the Fathers; some important extracts will be found in Pesch, *De Inspiratione*.[1]

As an illustration of the general principle, however, that Almighty God is free to use what literary form He chooses, apart from forms unworthy of Him, it may be to the point to reflect upon the versatile activity of the late Monsignor Benson. His best work appears to have been done in the sphere of historical fiction, in which, it may be noted, one of his books is pseudonymous, that is to say, it is a story told by

1 Pages 528-538.

an imaginary character in the first person, dealing with the reign of Charles II. But he also wrote character studies in the guise of novels, and further, mystical fiction, sermons, mystery plays, apocalypses, an autobiographical work, and even rhymes upon the saints for the nursery. It has been said, and not without some reason, that through all his writings there runs a suppressed, yet passionate, apologetic, a purpose, therefore, which we can hardly doubt was in the main of God. If, then, as we may well suppose—at all events, such a hypothesis may serve to bring the possibilities of the case home to us—Almighty God wished so to use him, even without inspiration, then in like manner we could suppose Almighty God to express His mind with a like variety of literary form in what He actually does inspire.

And we must estimate the truth of a production according to its literary form. It is not imputed as a lie to Monsignor Benson that *Oddsfish* is narrated in the first person; we are accustomed to pseudonymous novels, and merely put such a feature down to literary form. Where is the truth of such a work to be found? Not in the facts as they stand, for nobody supposes they are anything but fiction. Yet we expect a certain background of historical truth, partly as being the very background, and partly as supplying certain elements in the story. The picture of the times should be correct, and any historical character that is introduced should behave in a way in keeping with what is known of that character, and so of other features in the story. We must endeavor to penetrate the author's meaning, to consider what he wishes to portray or assert, and then consider whether portrayal or assertion be true.

So it is with Monsignor Benson's character sketches, even when couched in the form of novels; they embody an attempt to set forth a definite type of character or conduct, together with the judgment to be passed thereupon. Not, indeed, that it is essential that the representation should be truly typical; it has often been remarked that Monsignor Benson shows a tendency to draw a repulsive picture of the parish priest, but this is merely to bring out all the better what is implied in his office. The shadows are drawn deep, in order to focus the attention upon what really matters. It is there that the reader recognizes the lesson which Monsignor Benson is pressing

home, a strong assertion that no amount of fiction in the form can disguise.

We might now pass on to consider some literary forms in the concrete; but, before doing so, it may be useful to touch upon what, in reality, is a species of difficulty rather than of literary form, and yet compels a more attentive consideration of that latter. Various questions are raised with regard to the morality of Holy Writ, which of themselves make for a rather larger view as to what Almighty God can, if He so please, inspire; and the answer to some of them turns upon this question of literary form. At the outset, three general principles may be laid down.

In the first place, the morality of the action in question must be carefully investigated. Secondly, it must be noted that Almighty God cannot be said to approve of everything which we find narrated or uttered in Holy Writ. The approbation must not be taken for granted without solid reason. The sacred writers of the Old Testament are not afraid of showing us the dark side of the chosen people and their ancestors, for example, the bad conduct of Jacob's sons in regard of Joseph. That such things should be recorded was the will of God, whose human instruments the writers were; but the history of the chosen people is not all intended for our imitation, but rather is summed up in the Parable of the Laborers in the Vineyard.[2] Thirdly, we have to remember that in the Old Testament the outpouring of grace was less abundant, so that Almighty God may be said to have been satisfied with less. This seems to be implied in many passages in the New Testament, in which mention is made of the truth and grace brought by Christ, with evident meaning that there was not so much before. Not merely was Divine revelation the appanage of a single people, but much was unknown to them, or only partially understood, no less in matter of morals than in matter of faith. The evangelical counsels, for example, were scarcely dreamed of, and some of the greatest characters of the Old Testament practised polygamy. We must, therefore, be prepared to find that much was tolerated by Almighty God, even in His chosen ones.

The Book of Judges is a fruitful source of such difficulties, inasmuch as it tells of a period of civil and religious disin-

[2] Matt. xxi., Mark xii., Luke xx.

tegration, consequent upon the separation of the tribes to occupy their several territories. One example may suffice. In the eleventh chapter, we find Jephte vowing that, if he return victorious, he will offer in sacrifice whosoever shall first come out of his house to meet him. In the event, it is his only daughter, and she is sacrificed. The best view to take of the matter seems to be that of St. Thomas, following St. Jerome; the sacrifice was an impious one.[3] But other issues are raised by the opening words of the prophet Osee. Father Knabenbauer, in his edition of the minor prophets for the *Cursus Scripturæ Sacræ,* follows what appears to be the commoner view among Catholics in what he calls a "famous and ancient controversy," and takes the verses literally, with full explanations. Canon van Hoonacker, on the other hand, Professor at Louvain, in his work, *Les Douze Petits Prophètes,*[4] argues at length, both in his commentary on the passage and at the end of the third chapter, in favor of a purely allegorical or parabolical interpretation, and he appeals, among other passages, to Jeremias xxv. 15-26 and Ezechiel iv. to show that this interpretation must sometimes be applied even where at first sight the prophet would seem to be relating historical fact.

It is not the purpose of this article to resolve such discussions among Catholics, but rather to indicate the present state of the question, as far as it bears upon the matter in hand; and it may be enough to say that in so difficult a question it would appear unwise to rule either contention out of court. It is scarcely necessary to point out, in conclusion, that Holy Writ is apt to follow the less squeamish ways of ancient writers in its mode of expression; nor, indeed, is it at all clear that modern primness in such matters makes for a higher level of morality. Such plain speaking must not be confounded, to take an obvious example, with the coarse obscenity of a Luther, whose pretence to a divine mission can, in very truth, be confuted out of his own mouth. The Spirit of God never spoke in that fashion.

To speak now more in detail of some literary forms. Poetry is largely the expression of subjective emotion, which as such is not to be attributed directly to the Holy Ghost. We may take as instances Psalm xli. *(Quemadmodum desid-*

[3] *Summa,* II.-II. 88. 2. ad. 2.

[4] Paris: Gabalda. 1908.

erat), wherein the Psalmist declares that his tears have been his food day and night, and other such things; or Psalm l. *(Miserere)*, wherein sorrow is expressed for sin committed. In such cases, it is evident that the Divine Author is testifying to the subjective condition of His human instrument rather than to His own. And the same is true wherever doubt or ignorance is expressed in Holy Writ, as in 1 Corinthians i. 16: 2 Corinthians xii. 2. But the Biblical Commission has laid it down, June 18th (1915), that in this latter case the view may not be held that the sacred writer shows a leaning towards what is, as a matter of fact, the wrong side, in matters about which he is in doubt or ignorant, since otherwise the Holy Ghost would be inspiring error. The present writer has explained these decrees in the later appendix to the Epistles to the Thessalonians, in the *Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures.*

Another feature especially common in poetry is called the sympathy of nature. Thus in Psalm cxiii. *(In Exitu Israel)*, we are told that when Israel went forth from Egypt "the mountains skipped like rams;" and the Psalmist even turns to ask them with emphasis what ailed them, that they should thus be skipping! And, in Acts ii. 20, St. Peter proclaims that what has come to pass was prophesied by Joel, whom he quotes as saying, among other things, that "the sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood," although we do not gather that these phenomena were actually taking place. The significance of an event appears to be put into more vivid relief by being interpreted in terms of natural phenomena. Père Lagrange, O.P., in his *Messianisme*,[5] treating of the uncanonical Jewish apocalypses, illustrates this mode of literary expression by various parallels, some of which are not without their humor: "That day was a calamity: it was a day of misery and oppression, a day of darkness and obscurity, a day of mist and fog, a day when the heavens and the luminaries thereof were darkened, when they were arrayed in sackcloth. The stars went into mourning; the hills bowed, all Israel was afraid."

"If there be not question here of the Last Judgment," asks Père Lagrange, "have we not at least an allusion to the destruction of Jerusalem? Not at all; this is the funerary

[5]Paris: Gabalda. 1909. P. 49.

inscription of Rabbi Isaac Alfasi, who died on May 12, 1103, and the epitaph is in prose."

Allegory is represented in English literature by two classic works, Spenser's *Faerie Queen,* conceived on a vast and intricate plan, which quite baffled the author, and Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress.* In the Scriptures, it is represented by the Canticle of Canticles. "With the Fathers and nearly all Catholic interpreters we say that the theme of the Canticle is the mystic wedlock of Christ and the Church." So writes Father Cornely in his treatment of the work in the large *Introductio,*[6] and, of course, goes on to speak of this interpretation as allegorical,[7] warning us at the same time that there is much in the Canticle that serves the purpose of poetical ornament, and that it were "idle, and even full of dangers, to look for mysteries in every single sentence, description or word."

Pseudepigraphy is not of itself, strictly speaking, a form of literary composition, but rather a literary adjunct, which may accompany any form; still, it is convenient to consider it apart before coming to Apocalyptic, especially as the most probable example of it in Holy Writ is not in point of fact an apocalypse. Pseudepigraphy occurs when the text itself of a work verbally indicates as author one who did not really compose it. The work may be written either in the first or third person. This literary artifice may be employed with deliberate intent to deceive, and is then unworthy of Almighty God; but it may also belong to the mere literary form, and, of its own nature, not be such as to deceive the reader, at all events a reader of some literary experience and sound judgment. It is a common device today, though indeed there are a few writers who find that it lends interest to their story, not to let the device be too apparent, and so they cannot always be wholly acquitted of a readiness to beguile the reader. But of pseudepigraphy, frank and simple, we may find an example in Monsignor Benson's *Oddsfish,* to which we have already alluded. Who would call Monsignor Benson a liar for couching his excellent story in this literary form? No one is taken in, and we should treat such a childish accusation with the contempt it deserves.

We must not be in a hurry, therefore, to deny any com-

[6] Vol. II., Part II., p. 191. [7] Page 193.

position of this kind to Almighty God; on the contrary, it appears to be much more likely that we have such a work in the Book of Wisdom. That it is written in the person or character of Solomon is beyond reasonable doubt; it is especially clear in Wisdom ix. 7, 8, 12:

> Thou hast chosen me to be king of Thy people . . . and hast commanded me to build a temple on Thy holy mount, and an altar in the city of Thy dwelling place . . . So shall my works be acceptable, and I shall govern Thy people justly, and shall be worthy of the throne of my father.

St. Jerome, in his "Preface to the Books of Solomon," prefixed to our Vulgates, roundly asserts that this work is pseudepigraphic, and adds that "the style itself smacks of Greek eloquence," and that some look upon the Jew, Philo, as the author (which, it may be said at once, he certainly is not). In the same way, St. Augustine remarks that "the more learned have no doubt that the work is not his," *i. e.*, Solomon's.[8] Vigouroux, in fact, in his *Manuel Biblique*, so widely used in the French seminaries, concludes the section on the authorship of this book with these words: "Modern scholars universally recognize that all attempts to discover the unknown author of Wisdom have been fruitless." He recognizes that "he who wrote it has expressed himself by a fiction, as though he were the son of David." Vigouroux himself holds that the work was written at Alexandria, probably about 150-130 B. C.[9]

Pseudepigraphy is especially common in apocalyptic, of which we may find an example in Monsignor Benson's *Lord of the World*, though this particular style of apocalypse would not be on all fours with the old Jewish apocalypses. These latter exhibit a clearly defined literary form, more familiar to us nowadays from the many editions that have been published. An excellent study of this literary form may be found in the first volume of *Bibliotheca Apocrypha*, by Professor Székely of Budapest,[10] already well known as the author of a good introduction to Holy Scripture.[11] I translate two pas-

[8] *De Civitate Dei*, xvii., 20.

[9] *Manuel Biblique*, ed. 13, vol. ii., pp. 544-547. Paris: Roger et Chernoirz. 1914.

[10] St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. 1913.

[11] *Hermeneutica biblica generalis secundum principia catholica.* St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. 1902.

sages, where it would be a pleasure to translate many, in the first place, the description of an apocalypse:

"In the strict sense, it is a didactic poem in the guise *(formam præseferens)* of a revelation; a poem consisting of visions (mostly symbolic and represented dramatically), which sets forth the secrets of history, of the physical world and of things outside the world (heaven and hell). The revelation is ascribed to men renowned in the Bible or in sacred history, who receive it in the form of visions (sometimes direct, but often symbolic), and not uncommonly narrate it in the first person. The revelation or the visions are more often given through angels, who are sometimes mistaken for God."[12]

The other passage indicates the usual contents of a historical apocalypse:

"In a historical apocalypse a part of the visions usually describes events prior to the author in the light of the actual facts. Then a vision is narrated of contemporary events, referring to the time of the author; it is this which betrays the date of composition and is, as it were, the key to the work. Then follows a vision of events to take place after the author, which are only vaguely and obscurely outlined. They are put together in the light of the writer's foresight into the immediate future and of his expectations, and conclude with the Messiah's coming and kingdom, or in the end of the world and the last judgment. Where authors try to foretell the future more accurately, they are often at fault. Some historical apocalypses, however, are purely political, or purely eschatological. The chief characters in eschatological apocalypses are Antichrist and the Messiah; the secondary characters are Elias and his companion, Gog and Magog, the ten tribes about to return," etc.[13]

As regards the pseudonymous character of these works, after what has been said above, it may be enough to add that Dr. Székely does not think that deception of the readers was always intended; it was mere literary form, often understood to be such by the first readers, or at least by the literary among them.[14] His exposition has all the greater value because he is not concerned directly with the Biblical apocalypses (using the term in a neutral sense), but is giving the results of a

[12] *Ibid.*, p. 23. [13] *Ibid.*, p. 24. [14] *Ibid.*, p. 20.

careful induction from the uncanonical Jewish apocalypses. The question arises, is it possible that a work of this kind should have found its way into the canon of Holy Scripture? Non-Catholic writers are practically unanimous in holding the Book of Daniel to be such a book; and not a few Catholic writers do not, to say the least, oppose an unqualified denial to the hypothesis. If we take the view in its fully developed shape, it runs somewhat as follows. Daniel, it is said, was a famous character of ancient days,[15] but he had nothing to do with the writing of the book before us; the real author wrote in the stress of Antiochus' persecution, about 165 B. C. The history up to that point (related in the guise of prophecy) is clear and precise: it is there that the interest manifestly culminates; and what is predicted for the period following is vague, and, as some would say, inaccurate. The Book of Daniel would thus begin the series of Jewish apocalypses, which continues from this time till a century or so after Christ. The alternative is, of course, to accept the mentions of Daniel in the first person, not as mere literary form, but as historical fact, and therefore to date the work from the sixth century B. C.

Taking the question entirely in the abstract, could a work of this sort have found its way into the canon? In the light of what has been said above, it does not appear safe to return a negative answer to this question, since it does not appear necessary to impute formal error or a purpose of deceit to the literary form as such. It would further be necessary to exclude them from every part of the work, so that the writer should never swerve from the truth, whether representing past, present or future. With regard to the question of the Book of Daniel in the concrete, however, this newer exposition is a drastic readjustment (if the word be strong enough) of the traditional standpoint, too revolutionary to be regarded with anything but disfavor. It does not appear to be clearly and absolutely opposed to the Catholic faith as such; that is the most that can be said for it, and we may leave it at that.

As an example of Jewish apocalyptic, one may cite the *Assumption of Moses*, which presents itself as a prophecy by Moses to Josue, a summary of all that is to befall down to the time of the writer (probably A. D. 7-30), when a divine inter-

[15] Witness Ezechiel xiv. 14, 20; xxviii. 3.

vention is to be expected shortly. As an example of *midrash* (to use a convenient Jewish term) or historical fiction, the last of the literary forms that call urgently for notice, we might turn to the *Book of Jubilees,* called also the Little Genesis, written, perhaps, in the second half of the second century, B. C. It interweaves the story of Genesis with much that is fictitious, and sometimes even fantastic. Monsignor Benson's historical novels, such as *By What Authority?* or that already mentioned, *Oddsfish,* might be taken as a modern parallel. The precise proportion of fiction to history can, and does, vary in this literary form, but, in general, the latter may be said to supply the background.

May Scripture contain such a literary form? Once again, it would be difficult to exclude it *a priori:* and, indeed, this time we have an answer of the Biblical Commission (June 23, 1905) to show that the feat should not be attempted. The question propounded is: "Whether that view can be admitted as a principle of sound exegesis, which holds that the books of Sacred Scripture, which are considered historical, either throughout or in part, sometimes do not relate history properly so-called and objectively true, but merely present the appearance of history in order to signify something foreign to the strictly literal or historical meaning of the words?" And to this the answer given is in the negative, "excepting, however, the case, not easily or rashly to be admitted, in which, where the sense of the Church is not to the contrary, and without prejudice to her right of judgment, it be proved by solid arguments that the sacred writer did not wish to set forth history properly so-called and true, but under the appearance and form of history propounds a parable, an allegory or some sense distinct from the strictly literal or historical meaning of the words." Thus the literary form as such is not unconditionally rejected, but it is "not easily or rashly to be admitted."

It is not the purpose of the present article to advocate special solutions, but rather to indicate the general nature and bearing of the questions that arise; still, it may be permissible to cite as at least a careful and scholarly weighing of problems the two articles *Jonas* and *Judith* in the *Dictionnaire Apologétique de la Foi Catholique,* written by Père Condamin, S.J. They will serve as a concrete application of the prin-

ciples laid down by the Biblical Commission. It may be said, in general, that there is need of caution in dealing with questions of literary form; nevertheless, that we must take some account of them—that the style of the Psalms, for example, is not that of the Books of Kings—that the Old Testament is not the work of scholastic, journalist or scientist—these facts are no more than truisms, and to neglect them would be to put the truth of Holy Writ in jeopardy, not to defend it. A proper attention to literary form serves to bring home to the reader, not merely the truth, but also the incomparable beauty of Holy Writ:

> How sweet are thy words to my palate,
> Yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth![16]
>
> [16] Psalm cxviii. 103.

TO JOHN AUGUSTINE ZAHM.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

> *"Vidi anche per li gradi scender giuso*
> *Tanti splendor, ch'io pensai ch'ogni lume*
> *Che par nel ciel quindi fosse diffuso."*
> (*Paradiso*, Canto xxi. 31-33.)

Now could I beat against the door of fate,
With angry hands, did I not know the Light,
Who made you to the Image of his Might,
Had mercifully closed the mystic gate;
Behind it stood your Dante, swift, elate,
To clasp your hand within the splendid sight
Of that eternal day which knows no night
And where the seraphim, adoring, wait:

O, you of simple heart and godlike brain,
Pride of philosophers, a friend of friends;
Lover of children, whom the Little One
Loved, led and taught, and never taught in vain;
Augustine was your patron; he extends
The crown of amaranth so bravely won.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

BY THEODORE MAYNARD.

MR. MASEFIELD has produced a larger and more varied body of work than has any other modern poet, and this fact prohibits even a slight amount of detailed criticism being given to him unless I limit the field of argument in some way; and as, in my opinion, his plays though they include such fine performances as *Good Friday, The Tragedy of Nan* and *Pompey, the Great,* are the least considerable portion of his work, I propose not to treat of them here. We are still left with half a dozen volumes of lyrics and as many "verse-novels" upon our hands, which are, in consequence, as full as they conveniently can be.

At the outset, I would like to remark that John Masefield is, by a long way, the most popular of modern poets, though there are several of his contemporaries whose sales are by no means small. And though some disgruntled persons (remembering John Oxenham's disposal of a million copies of his effusions) believe that poetic success is in inverse proportion to its merit, it is probably safe enough to say that Mr. Masefield is not always admired for what is most admirable in him.

On the other hand, many critics exalt the books of lyrics for the purpose of setting off their depreciation of Mr. Masefield's later and more characteristic work. It is very difficult to give a true value to such stories as *The Everlasting Mercy, The Widow in the Bye Street, The Daffodil Fields* and *Dauber,* but it would be begging the question to talk volubly and at length on *Ballads and Poems* so as to avoid facing the problem presented by the extraordinary narrative pieces upon which John Masefield's vogue rests. Accordingly, I shall merely observe, in passing, that lyrics such as "Beauty" and "Twilight" have a charm that belongs peculiarly to their author, but that neither they nor any other similar things in the early books, nor the ballad, "Christmas at Sea," which I am about to quote as an example, would be able, splendid as

they are, to bring, of themselves alone, this poet into his position of extraordinary prominence:

A wind is nestling "south and soft"
  Cooing a quiet country tune,
The calm sea sighs, and far aloft
  The sails are ghostly in the moon.

Unquiet ripples lisp and purr,
  A block there pipes and chirps i' the sheave,
The wheel-ropes jar, the reef-points stir
  Faintly—and it is Christmas Eve.

The hushed sea seems to hold her breath,
  And o'er the giddy swaying spars,
Silent and excellent as Death,
  The dim blue skies are bright with stars.

Dear God, they shone in Palestine
  Like this, and yon pale moon serene
Looked down among the lowing kine:
  On Mary and the Nazarene.

The angels called from deep to deep,
  The burning heavens felt the thrill,
Startling the flocks of silly sheep,
  And lonely shepherds on the hill.

Tonight beneath the dripping bows,
  Where flashing bubbles burst and throng,
The bow-wash murmurs and sighs and soughs
  A message from the angels' song.

The moon goes nodding down the west,
  The drowsy helmsman strikes the bell;
Rex Judæorum natus est:
  I charge you, brothers, sing Nowell,
Rex Judæorum natus est.

Before leaving Mr. Masefield's lyric poetry, I must point out that its dominant note is a hunger for beauty. No one else mentions the word "beauty" so often as John Masefield. In good poems and bad, it is continually cropping up, like King Charles' head. It is the incessant, wistful preoccupation

of the singer, who seeks for it not with passion, but with a heart-broken gentleness. He came, in his maturity, to dabble his hands in pools of blood, but in these early poems he lived and moved and had his being in nothing nearer to murder than the turn of a twilight road or the smile of a child.

This is an important point to remember, for it will help us to understand the terrible tales that followed this first phase. Amid the grimmest scenes of lust or hate, the poet looks up every now and then to the quiet woods among the silent hills. Beauty haunts him and, conscience-stricken, the artist catches hold of it violently to introduce it into his thieves' kitchen. The result is, of course, that his beautiful passages have the appearance of being merely decorative, of being stuck on. Unkind people suppose that Mr. Masefield, in the middle of a description of revolting horrors, suddenly cries out, "God bless my soul! I haven't written any poetry for at least two pages. Come, I'd better drop in a few stars or water lilies!" The fact may be more truly stated by saying that Mr. Masefield cannot help being a poet, and that he cannot escape his first-love of beauty. This is also the probable explanation of his predilection for weak endings. This is why he sends the mother of the executed boy in *The Widow in the Bye Street* into the fields of clover to plait basil into her hair—because it would relieve, not her feelings, but the poet's.

To begin with the more obvious, because the more mechanical, qualities of John Masefield's work, we must note that, though in his first verse novel, *The Everlasting Mercy*, as in his last, *Reynard, the Fox*, rhyming couplets are used throughout, his favorite form is that stanza which Chaucer adopted in the Prioress' Tale and elsewhere. In *The Daffodil Fields* this is varied by a twelve-syllable final line; but, normally, Mr. Masefield's stanza is strictly Chaucerian. His skill in this form is immense; and the form has the advantage of giving ample opportunity for padding. Having selected his rhyme scheme, he can introduce practically any remark between the first and the last of the seven lines, whose purpose is to hold the internal five lines rigidly together. This is the method of structure:

> So there was bacon then, at night, for supper
> In Bye Street there, where he and mother stay;
> And boots they had, not leaky in the upper,

And room rent ready on the settling day;
And beer for poor old mother, worn and grey,
And fire in frost; and in the widow's eyes
It seemed the Lord had made earth paradise.

In *Dauber*, Mr. Masefield puts an effect of the sea rolling and washing into the tale by a cunning metrical device:

They stood there by the rail while the swift ship
Tore on out of the tropics, straining her sheets,
Whitening her trackway to a milky strip,
Dim with green bubbles and twisted water meets,
Her clacking tackle tugged at pins and cleats,
Her great sails bellied stiff, her great masts leaned:
They watched how the seas struck and burst and greened.

It is true that he forgets to keep up this rolling effect, but he comes back to it at intervals—for, though Mr. Masefield is a careless, he is a consummate writer. He does not feel the least scruple in making his verb the colloquial "stay" instead of "stayed" in the first of the two stanzas I have just cited. For the sake of a rhyme, he will perpetrate any literary crime; even where rhymes are not at stake, he will fill up a line with so slovenly a repetition as "Grinning, the barmaids grinned above the window grating;" he will take any liberty wherever he pleases; but, also, whenever he pleases, he can show himself a master of technique.

Mr. Masefield, moreover, seems to go out of his way to be coarse—I am not alluding to his habit of profanity—but simply to such unnecessary passages as:

From three long hours of gin and smokes,
And two girls' breaths and fifteen blokes',
A warmish night, and windows shut,
The room stank like a fox's gut.

This leads me to say that though Masefield's realism is extraordinarily vivid, it is extraordinarily unreal. He sees everything with startling distinctness—and just as startling a distortion. I venture to say that in his use of the adjective "bloody," of which he is inordinately fond, almost invariably it appears in the wrong place.

The trouble with Mr. Masefield is his complete lack of

humor. He observes everything and remembers everything that he observed. He is full of strange, unexpected detail. He gets hold of all the sticks in the world, but he gets hold of a great many at the wrong end. He has no sense of proportion, no faculty for satire, no sense of the ridiculous. This is highly readable:

> A dozen more were in their glories
> With laughs and smokes and smutty stories;
> And Jimmy joked and took his sup
> And sang his song of "Up, come up."
> Jane brought the bowl of stewing gin
> And poured the egg and lemon in,
> And whisked it up and served it out
> While bawdy questions went about.
> Jack chucked her chin, and Jim accost her
> With bits out of the "Maid of Gloster."
> And fifteen arms went round her waist.
> (And then men ask, are Barmaids chaste?)

but it sends everyone with a sense of fun into shouts of merriment that the poet never intended to provoke. And this is a comparatively mild instance of Mr. Masefield's innocence of irony. I could have chosen far more outrageous examples had I dared.

This atrophy has its own compensations, and is part of his power in other directions; for, in solemn unconsciousness of peril, he ventures to descend into the abyss of bathos without losing his head or breaking his neck, as he must infallibily do had he any perception of the ludicrous. When, however, John Masefield lets his rich imagination have its head as in *The Daffodil Fields* or writes of what he knows to the bone, the sea, his other gifts compensate many times over for his lack of humor, as this passage, telling of the spreading of the storm canvas in the *Dauber,* makes evident:

> Cursing they came; one, kicking out behind,
> Kicked Dauber in the mouth, and one below
> Punched at his calves; the futtock-shrouds inclined,
> It was a perilous path for one to go.
> "Up, Dauber, up!" A curse followed a blow.
> He reached the top and gasped, then on, then on.
> And one voice yelled "Let go!" and one "All gone!"

Fierce clamberers, some in oilskins, some in rags,
Hustling and hurrying up, up the steep stairs.
Before the windless sails were blown to flags,
And whirled like dirty birds athwart great airs,
Ten men in all, to get this mast of theirs
Snugged to the gale in time. "Up, damn you, run!"
The mizen topmast head was safely won.

"Lay out!" the Bosun yelled. The Dauber laid
Out on the yard, gripping the yard, and feeling
Sick at the mighty space of air displayed
Below his feet, where mewing birds were wheeling.
A giddy fear was on him; he was reeling.
He bit his lip half through, clutching the jack.
A cold sweat glued the shirt upon his back.

The yard was shaking, for a brace was loose.
He felt that he would fall; he clutched, he bent,
Clammy with natural terror to the shoes
While idiotic promptings came and went.
Snow fluttered on a wind-flaw and was spent;
He saw the water darken. Someone yelled,
"Frap it; don't stay to furl! Hold on!" He held.

Darkness came down—half darkness—in a whirl;
The sky went out, the waters disappeared.
He felt a shocking pressure of blowing hurl
The ship upon her side. The darkness speared
At her with wind; she staggered, she careered,
Then down she lay. The Dauber felt her go;
He saw his yard tilt downwards. Then the snow

Whirled all about—dense, multitudious, cold—
Mixed with the wind's one devilish thrust and shriek,
Which whiffled out men's tears, deafened, took hold,
Flattening the flying drift against the cheek.
The yards buckled and bent, man could not speak,
The ship lay on her broadside; the wind's sound
Had devilish malice at having got her downed.

I have dealt with Mr. Masefield's literary methods, and have indicated what seems to me to be their most notable marks. What of the hidden philosophy of which these are the manifestation? I am sorry to say that John Masefield is

(without knowing it) a Calvinist. The Japanese interested him enough to make him write *The Faithful,* because of their heathen fatalism. *Pompey, the Great* attracted him because of Roman stocism. And the crucifixion is depicted in *Good Friday* as a horrible murder, which was the inevitable result of a blind and bitter determination. Fate, for Mr. Masefield, not Providence, rules the world; though, like all Calvinists, he confuses Providence with Fate. He comments in *The Everlasting Mercy:*

> Our Fates are strange and no one knows his;
> Our lovely Saviour Christ disposes.

The sage prophecies of the boy in *Rosas:*

> "But this bright child is fated to such crime
> As will make mark a bloody smear on time."

The dying father in *The Daffodil Fields* cried:

> "Our secret sins take body in our sons,
> To haunt our age with what we put aside.
> I was a devil for the women once.
> He is as I was. Beauty like the sun's;
> Within all water; minded like the moon.
> Go now. I sinned. I die. I shall be punished soon."

And the story of *The Widow in the Bye Street* hung on the chance decision of whether an old woman should go into a public house for a glass of beer or pass it by and walk into a field. But the element of chance in her action is denied. And she cannot make a choice. It is Fate that moves her will:

> She turned and left the inn, and took the path
> And "Brother Life, you lose," said Brother Death,
> "Even as the Lord of all appointed hath
> In this great miracle of blood and breath."
> He doeth all things well as the book saith,
> He bids the changing stars fulfill their turn,
> His hand is on us when we least discern.

It is not without significance that the scenes of Mr. Masefield's stories are laid in the lands by the Welsh Border. I

do not know if Mr. Masefield's blood is Welsh; his spirit belongs to that strange people whose very Methodists are Calvinistic Methodists. From this clear and cruel creed comes the philosophy which can make an artist, who is, by nature, a mild and melancholy man, identify the devil with God; for these evil tales of lust and murder and sin working out in the bone receive the comment: "It is Fate; it is the will of God."

The English are coarse, but they are not coarse in the way that Mr. Masefield's Englishmen are coarse. They are profane, if by profanity is meant the simple and symbolic use of the word "bloody;" but they are not profane in the Masefieldian manner. They are not cruel; and if, in justice to John Masefield, we admit that he does not depict them as cruel, he cannot be acquitted from depicting them as held in the hand of a determinism, which his cruel religion will not allow him to call cruel.

A qualification must be allowed in the case of *Reynard, the Fox.* It goes by in a breathless gallop from start to finish; and its pictures of the country, its brilliant portrait sketches of the people taking part in the hunt and its account of the run make it the most English of all Mr. Masefield's poems. It is, like all Mr. Masefield's stories, astonishingly vivid and well sustained. Unlike the other stories, it approximates to England . . . but John Masefield is, I sadly suspect, a Welshman who has wandered across the border.[1]

[1] *Right Royal* is as English, but is much inferior, as a poem, to *Reynard, the Fox.*

IRELAND AND THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

BY RICHARD J. PURCELL, PH.D.

IRELAND'S case has ever challenged American attention. This is as true today, as it has been during our entire national existence. Always hostile to England, Irish policies and leanings have been intensely French and American.

Aroused by the revolt of the Thirteen Colonies, Ireland awoke from her political lethargy. The Dublin press rang with their praises. The populace stormed the mansion of the Lord Lieutenant, who thereafter "had no illusions about the strength of American feeling in Ireland." The demonstrations in Phoenix Park expressed disapproval of the embarkation of troops for America. Catholics were disarmed. Yet the Presbyterians of Ulster, suffering under the colonial policy, navigation acts and restrictive measures, were as pro-American as their Catholic countrymen; for to them the Revolution was an insurrection of exiled Scotch-Irish.

Henry Grattan, in the Anglo-Irish Parliament, 1775, described the Colonies, "as the only hope of Ireland and the only refuge of the liberties of mankind." Another member, Barry Yelverton declared: "No slavery could be more perfect than where men were taxed without being represented . . . and that once the Ministry had cut off the rights of the Thirteen Colonies, that Ireland would be next, and then when Liberty had but one neck, that, too, would be lopped off at one stroke." George Ogle exclaimed: "We shall not send men to cut the throats of the Americans. . . . If men must be sent . . . let them send their foreign mercenaries, not the brave sons of Ireland." Earl Chatham believed that Ireland, to a man, was against the war. While Connolly contended in the British Parliament that, "if the French landed in the South of Ireland every man there will join them, and if the Americans land in the North, they will be just as gladly received there." Burke counseled against Irish enlistments in the British forces, until the war to stamp out liberty was over. Horace Walpole wrote: "All Ireland is America mad."

Franklin and Silas Deane, our representatives in France and Holland, noted this attitude, quite as appreciatively as American privateers, who found shelter, supplies and often men in Irish ports. The patriots of 1776 understood; and, when successful, they were guilty of no ingratitude.

The rebels of 1776 recognized the similiarity between their rebellion and the Grattan Volunteers, just as, before its excesses, they had sympathized in full with the French Revolution. Only the reactionary Federalists failed to support the United Irishmen in their essentially Protestant revolt, or to grieve for the unfortunate fate of Robert Emmet. The anti-Federalist, Jeffersonian faction was in hearty accord with the rebellion of '98, as part of a universal demand for Democracy, born in America and schooled in France. The refugees of 1798, Catholic or Presbyterian, were welcomed by all but the narrowest Federalists. Intellectuals, these exiles became teachers and, not infrequently, editors, whose caustic pens aided in forming the Republican-Jeffersonian organization and in contributing to its success in the election upheaval of 1800.

This was the party that waged the War of 1812 as a second war of liberation. To its programme, Federalism refused adherence; New England orthodoxy was disloyal and sectional. But the Irish in America, a growing number, aligned themselves with Republicans, non-conformists and frontiersmen in the grapple with England. Their glory in Andrew Jackson and New Orleans was quite as great as that of the frontiersmen across the Alleghanies. America, after 1815, became the promised land; and the British immigration rapidly became preponderantly Irish.

America of this national era felt her strength. Americans of the second generation, who remembered no English mother-country, thought in terms of their own land. All true democrats, as a first principle, conceived of America's mission as a crusading call to liberalize Europe. It may have been politics in part, but few statesmen, as sons of the Revolutionary fathers, failed to express keen interest in Greek liberation, in the sweep of continental revolutions in 1830 and in 1848, or in the agitation of O'Connell and the military attempt of the Young Irlanders. Foreigners were not always well received, for, as immigration assumed huge proportions, there

were those who honestly dreaded it as a menace. But as individual revolutionists, political refugees were of heroic figure to native Americans of the "roaring forties." Failure to sympathize could only indicate disloyalty to popular government and to the principles of democracy.

The cause of Ireland, the whole seven centuries of her sufferings, Americans comprehended. Irishmen were coming in tremendous numbers, and when were there such emissaries? So vivid was their relation of Ireland's martyrdom, that it was as impressed upon the American mind as the causes of the Revolution, causes, which, then, no orator or writer dared minimize. Thus was forged the link between Ireland and America, the older "hands across the sea" policy.

The Civil War broke out. Save the hope that England would play the part France did in 1778, the South might have delayed. Theoretically, Ireland as a nation of rebels with a chronicle of rebellions should have been pro-Southern, just as England, ever quelling uprisings within the Empire, should have favored the North. However, England, for reasons of state, has usually loved all rebels but her own. Ireland, though, had traditional and practical reasons for supporting the North.

In the first place, Ireland witnessed an intense outburst of anti-American feeling in England almost from the moment of the firing on Fort Sumter. The Crown was not unfriendly, but the Ministry with its Neutrality Proclamation recognizing Southern belligerency was only officially neutral. The English members of Parliament, save a few Liberals and a couple of lords, were overwhelmingly anti-Northern. The ruling class, that is, the voting population, the press, the clubs, the universities, the city and its bankers and the Anglican clergy were for the South. As a class, manufacturers were against the negro, for they wanted cotton regardless of the embargo, cheap cotton and a low American tariff. Hence, English capital encouraged the secessionists. A few leaders of thought, a goodly share of dissenting parsons and the laboring masses aside from the peasantry, were with the North. Yet unrepresented, their voices were weak, for the England of 1860 was governed by an upper class, not by a democratic electorate.

American foreign relations of the war period have been

minutely studied, England's dishonest neutrality, Lord Palmerston's opportunism, the imminent danger of intervention on behalf of the South, the intrigues with Napoleon III., the *Alabama* affair and, later, Genevan award, and the ironclad rams controversy. Even English apologists have been unable to gloss over this record of England's anti-American position. Discerning such an attitude, Ireland naturally stood with the opposition, just as in the Crimean War, and even in the Sepoy Mutiny.

Hate alone did not inspire Ireland. Rather, it was her love of the land in the West and her maternal affection for expatriated sons. The English ruling class, aside from economic motives, gazed fondly upon the Confederates, whom as landed, slave-holding, manorial proprietors, they held more honorable than Yankee traders and yeoman freeholders. Furthermore, as descendants of the Cavaliers, at least so genteel Englishmen erroneously argued, were they not of bluer blood than the descendants of Roundheads, the Cromwellian Puritans, who in New England were consorting with hordes of mongrel foreigners? If a slender tradition influenced the British classes, how much more solid was Ireland's racial plea for giving its heart to the North?

Millions of Irishmen had emigrated to the States, and of these only a small percentage had found homes below the Maryland line. In the South, the immigrant faced, save in Louisiana, religious persecution and competition with slave labor. In fact, Irish and German labor was employed only in the more dangerous occupations, as constructing levees, where wealthy planters did not wish to risk the health of high-priced negroes. In the North, labor was free and not regarded as dishonorable. There was a ready labor market in the large cities, in the factories, shipping and construction work. Canals were being dug, railroads built and western lands developed. Opportunities were good, wages relatively high, religious toleration legally guaranteed and, in a general way, practised, and local political power was not concentrated in the hands of an inter-married, land-holding oligarchy. Therefore, the immigrant remained in the North.

Every Northern city had its foreign section, its Irish enclave; and not a few Irishmen were scattered throughout the old Northwest. Scarcely was there a family in the old coun-

try, but had its representative somewhere in the States, as it were, in Ireland's frontier. Little wonder was it, that the Irish looked toward the New World, where they were taught that the number of their "exiled brethren" fast approached the total island population. And, the Irish did look toward America. It was their chief hope. Freedom, toleration and prosperity were there. America represented an ideal, and one unshattered, especially for those who did not emigrate.

John Bright, one of the few English statesmen of vision sufficiently broad to correctly gauge American politics, observed this when he declared in a Dublin address: "You will recollect that when the ancient Hebrew prophet prayed in his captivity, he prayed with his window open to Jerusalem. You know that the followers of Mohammed, when they pray, turn their faces toward Mecca. When the Irish peasant asks for food, and freedom, and blessing, his eye follows the setting sun; the aspirations of his heart reach beyond the wide Atlantic, and in spirit he grasps hands with the great Republic of the West."

Again, England refused to view the American struggle, save as a desperate attempt to perpetuate the Union, a republic, which her aristocracy would gladly see fail as a dangerous experiment in democracy. England was spiritually blind. Ireland, on the contrary, read in the Civil War the liberation of an enslaved race, not solely the enforcement of an unwelcome political system on the South. This was due to the acumen of the Irish leaders, who guided aright on the slavery issue.

Daniel O'Connell was more than a political liberator. Entering Parliament on winning Catholic Emancipation, he had been approached by the English West Indian slave interest with the offer of their twenty-seven votes on every Irish issue, providing that the Irish delegation would, at least, refrain from voting against slavery. If merely a politician, and no more, he would have "let the negro slide." As a moralist, according to Wendell Phillips, the famous American orator, O'Connell refused: "God knows that I am come here to plead the cause of the saddest subjects that the King has; but may my right hand forget its cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if, to serve Ireland, even Ireland—I forget the negro for a single hour."

Slavery, if not peonage in all forms, abolished within the Empire, O'Connell was urged to pronounce on the question of American slavery. Abolitionists desired this, because the American Irish as members of the Democratic Party were, for partisan reasons, likely to vote a neutral, if not a pro-slave ticket. O'Connell spoke out. He did not temporize. On the eve of Texan annexation, February 4, 1845, writing that, in his abhorance of slavery and increased contempt for slave owners and advocates, he would immediately avail himself of the first chance, "to express my indignation on the subject, so as to give my sentiments circulation in America." Of his influence, at least an occasional Southern statesmen was aware, for the same year George D. Phillips, of Georgia, in a letter to the fire-eating secessionist, Howell Cobb, relative to a possibility of a war with England over the Oregon question, feared that "the Catholic fanatics of Ireland would forget repeal to join the crusade against slavery." When American abolitionists held a demonstration in Dublin, the meeting was presided over by O'Connell's son, John, a member of Parliament.

O'Connell, at his monster repeal mass meetings, so frequently alluded, in an unpleasant manner, to our peculiar institution of slavery, that our minister at the Court of St. James, Andrew Stevenson, was driven to the rescue. As a climax, O'Connell issued an anti-slavery address to the Irish in America. To this appeal was lent the hearty support of Father Theobald Matthew, whose advocacy of temperance had made him well known to all classes and creeds in the United States. What effect this may have had on the Irish vote, one can only speculate, but in Ireland, where later *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was to be read with avidity, O'Connell's denouncement of slavery was final.

Politically, too, the molders of Irish opinion interpreted wisely. Smith O'Brien, leader of the abortive revolt of 1848, an exile in Paris, was intensely pro-Northern, arguing the Northern case with John Mitchel, another '48 rebel, and about the only consequential figure who went for the South, serving with his wonted complete sacrifice. O'Brien's views, as he was an intimate of Marshal McMahon, indubitably were known to the Emperor, whether or not they served to temper the latter's deceptive policy of possible recognition of the

South. At all events, Smith O'Brien still had a following in Ireland, who respected his views.

F. G. Maguire, a political character of moment, was of more pronounced Northern adherence. The O'Donoghue of Tipperary, the most popular clansmen of the sixties, head of an ancient family, eloquent, generous and dashingly courageous made a picturesque figure. Assuredly, the States had no partisan more vigorous.

The moderate *Nation* and the Fenian organ, *The Irish People,* agreed on America, regardless of their pronounced differences on an Irish policy. The Fenians, James Stephens, John O'Leary, Charles Kickman, T. C. Luby and O'Donovan Rossa, were as stoutly pro-Northern, as the members of their brotherhood who, as volunteers, were fighting as officers or in the ranks of Lincoln's armies.

The Irish people, despite a censorship and officially edited news, were not ignorant of affairs in America. British journals would be interpreted negatively. They were aware, for letters reached home by devious routes, that some 160,000 men of Irish birth, and countless sons of the refugees of older rebellions and the famine, were enrolled in the Northern levies. They were told of the Irish Brigade, largely Fenian, led by General Thomas Francis Meagher, a man of '48 and of the Australian penal colony. General-Senator Shields was its sponsor. A worthy successor, it was adjudged of the historic Irish Brigades of France, Spain and Austria, which battled with headlong valor, unfortunately sometimes against each other, in dynastic wars of no moment to Ireland and as little to civilization. Yet, a fighting race treasured the fame of the Brigades, whose proud story was now retold—with memories of the shattered fortunes of the Stuarts, Limerick and Patrick Sarsfield.

The Sixty-ninth, with Stars and Stripes entwined with the green emblem, thrilled its followers in Ireland, quite as much as its kin of New York. Colonel Corcoran was a marked man for his refusal to allow that Irish regiment to parade on the eve of the Civil War in honor of the visiting Prince of Wales. And not unsung were the deeds of the Phoenix Brigade, Wilson's Zouaves, the Tammany regiment, and the Thirty-seventh Irish Rifles. Then there were the Irish regiments and characteristically named companies, Emmet Rifles, Hibernian

Rifles, Sarsfield Guards, in divisions and brigades from New England, Pennsylvania, Illinois and the Pacific slope. Into many a regiment volunteers had concentrated, for thereby they were assured chaplains and that racial companionship which an Irishman needs. Of Sheridan, the Irish read with the same pride, with which a decade later they counted the fortunes of Marshal McMahon. Names signify much to a race, still loyal clansmen at heart. Prayerfully, therefore, did they follow the careers of the fighting Gaelic men.

Again, through their religious directors, the Irish people were not unaware of the stand taken by the Catholic Hierarchy of the North. Indeed, one of the bishops returned to the land of his birth to appeal for the land of his adoption. This was Archbishop John Hughes, confidential friend of Secretary Seward, who commissioned him as one of the unofficial envoys like the Episcopalian Bishop MacIllvaine, Thurlow Weed, Andrew D. White and Harriet Beecher Stowe, to counteract the growing danger of the French and English intervention. Arriving at Liverpool for an address, he journeyed to Paris, where he was entertained by the Archbishop, interviewed by the Ministry and, finally, given an audience by Napoleon. Hughes not only urged against non-intervention, but suggested to the Emperor that he mediate to prevent British interference. Continuing to Rome, he laid the American cause before the Pope and Curia. Returning, Hughes preached in Dublin at the laying of the corner-stone for the National University.

Approached by a committee of the Brotherhood, the Archbishop was advised that, "with the attack of the English papers upon the great American Republic, which are echoed by one or two pseudo-liberal papers here in Dublin, the Irish people have no sympathy." To which Hughes replied: "I believe that; but there is an element here called gentility, which follows the English teaching. But I can assure you that these English papers are filled with constant falsehoods respecting this American War." In answer to a hope that peace would soon prevail, he remarked: "If we do not finish it soon enough, we will send over for 20,000 more of you to fight under our flag, and, please God, we may end the quarrel soon." The Archbishop was naturally denounced by the English press as a Northern recruiting agent.

Addressing the Catholic Young Men's Society, July 22, 1862, Archbishop Hughes denied the assertions of English and French journals, that the Civil War was waged at the expense of Irish and German emigrants, as he maintained, that American stock was still the backbone of the levies. Dramatically, he pictured America as the friend of the Irish, recalled the unstinted charity of the States in the famine years of the late forties, urged the reception given to emigrants from the land of desolation, and exultingly told of his people's prosperity in the free Republic. Continuing, he is quoted: "The Irish, besides discharging what they consider their own duty to their own legitimate government—and they are ever loyal if you give them the opportunity—besides that, the Irish have, in many instances, as I have the strongest reasons for knowing, entered into this war partly to make themselves apprentices, students as it were, finishing their education in the first opportunity afforded them of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the implements of war." That this was not an unusual interpretation, Meagher's writings would attest, as well as the careers of veterans of the Civil War, who were associated with the Fenian projects of 1867.

An opportunity to express their Northern sympathies was given to the Irish in Ireland, and a chance to demonstrate their love for the old land was given to the Irish in America by the funeral obsequies of Terence Bellew McManus. McManus was a rebel of 1848, who had been transported to Van Diemen's Land, but had made his way to San Francisco, where he died in 1861. His remains were carried in state across the continent to New York. In every Irish centre, through which the funeral cortège passed, there were gatherings to honor the unsuccessful revolutionist. At St. Patrick's Cathedral, Mass was celebrated, and a sermon was preached by Archbishop Hughes upon the career of his fellow County Monoghan man. In Dublin, there was a public funeral second only to that of O'Connell, although Archbishop Cullen, because of his opposition of Fenianism, as a secret society, would permit no other religious services than a priest's blessing at the grave. Fifty thousand were said to have marched and two hundred thousand from all parts of Ireland were sorrowful spectators, as the procession passed the Castle, the Green and the places made memorable by Lord Edward, Wolfe Tone and Emmet

on the way to Glasnevin. Fenianism was given an impetus; and the American cause a rousing support in the huge Rotunda meeting convened after the ceremonies.

This mass meeting was called to order by The O'Donohue. England at the time was preparing for war unless the Lincoln administration accepted her dictum, and gave up Mason and Slidell of the *Trent*. Troops were being sent to Canada. At such a time, the Rotunda was placarded: "War between America and England—Sympathy with America. Ireland's opportunity." P. G. Smyth, sneering at British politics, uttered a panegyric on America, "the one, the best friend of Ireland and the other her inveterate enemy." In case of war, he predicted that Irishmen in Northern and Southern ranks would join to fight the old foe. Resolutions were passed, which *The Nation* reported: "That the population of the Great Republic, from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific shores, being largely composed of men of Irish birth or blood, it would be unnatural to suppose that Ireland could remain an indifferent spectatress of a struggle between England and America." *The Irishman* suggested, editorially, that: "A war between England and America would necessarily be a war against the Irish race upon that continent."

Meetings of protest were being held throughout Ireland by Colonel Michael Doheny, a Fenian from America. But the Rotunda assemblage was the greatest and attracted the widest attention, for it was made the subject of a heated Parliamentary discussion. Sir Robert Peel termed O'Donohue a "mannikin traitor," for which he was immediately challenged to a duel. Solicitor Denison, however, advised Lord Palmerston, that Peel's acceptance would be a breach of privilege. Thereupon, Major Gavin, who had brought the challenge, demanded consideration, as he, too, had taken part in the demonstration. Peel refused, but the Ministry was greatly perturbed over the affair.

The strength of Fenianism was a matter of doubt. Yet, it was recognized as a real danger, because of its influence among the sea-sundered Irish in America and in the British Colonies. Fenians in the Queen's Army were supposed to number 15,000. The Government, at all events, was aware that the Irish regiments and the Celtic fringe of many an Eng-

lish division was affected by Fenianism. Irish enlistments were becoming insignificant, despite the pressure of rising prices and a hard year, so fearful were Irishmen that they would be led in a fratricidal struggle against America.

Few were the pro-Northern meetings in England, yet the large Irish colony in London did not hesitate to assemble under the auspices of the Brotherhood of St. Patrick. George F. Train, the orator of the occasion, was an Australian merchant and an ardent Nationalist prior to settlement in America. Loud exclamations followed the mention of the Irish in the Northern armies in Australia, and of the names of Meagher, Corcoran and Gavan Duffy. Cheers were given for "the Republic of Canada, the first President, the Irish rebel, Thomas D'Arcy McGee." Train believed with Archbishop Hughes that, "the Irish soldiers are only drilling in America and that they do not intend to lay down their belts." He longed to see Meagher of '48 with veteran American campaigners back in Dublin ready to reëstablish an Irish nation, Catholic and Protestant united. Before adjourning, it was resolved: "That we, the Irish residents of London, in public meeting assembled, do hereby tender our sincere and heartfelt thanks to the citizens of the United States for the generous aid and sympathy which they have always displayed toward oppressed Ireland.

Irish enlistments in the American army, on the other hand, were a subject of vigorous debate in Parliament. It was argued that the impression of a rupture between Washington and the Court of St. James, "was sedulously encouraged in the Northern States and in Ireland as an incentive to the Irish to join Federal regiments." Some intimated that Secretary of State Seward, long an advocate of Irish liberation, had as good as promised certain Irish leaders that, after the war, a victorious North would settle with England. To spur the Ministry to take a high tone with the Federal Government in demanding a cessation of illicit recruiting, it was stated that, "a continuous stream of young, active and able bodied men were pouring into the Federal ranks."

Answering a member, Mr. Whiteside, Sir Robert Peel admitted that, "it was a sad thing to find men induced to leave their country upon false pretences and upon reaching America obliged to enlist in the Federal army." Here was occasion for

histrionic affect! Mr. Roebuck, a most active intriguer with France on behalf of intervention, demanded that enlistments be stopped. Lord Palmerston, in a compromising tone, advised that prevention would be difficult as the recruiting was evasive, being done under the color of soliciting emigrants with no suggestion of military service until arrival at the port of New York. Palmerston was not entirely in error. Recruiting agents did meet immigrants at Castle Garden, tempting them with bounties of five hundred dollars or more.

Bright, in debate, marveled that any Irishmen "should remain in blighted and unhappy Ireland." Every passenger ship, according to Edward Lord Howard's understanding, had Northern agents aboard, who inveigled men into their toils. Marquis Clanricarde counseled a spirited protest to Washington, for he was informed that some five thousand men were sailing each week from Cork. Speaking for the Government, Lord Russell declared that, as such recruiting was directly in contravention of the foreign enlistments act, men convicted would be severely punished. He further notified the House of Commons that he had complained of this violation to Charles Francis Adams, the American Ambassador, who indignantly had denied it, requesting specific proofs, which could not be produced because of the clandestine methods employed.

The years of the Civil War did witness a large Irish immigration, amounting to 117,000 in 1863 and 114,000 in 1864, according to the official report of Sir Robert Peel, Secretary for Ireland. While English authorities ascribed this immigration to the unscrupulous efforts of American recruiting agents and bounty brokers with their hundred pounds sterling in hand, actually, it was due to the distressing economic conditions, the old goad which has ever driven Catholic Irishmen to don the uniforms of royal regiments.

Truly, Ireland was in an unhappy state. That is why Fenianism prospered just as radical third parties have risen and prospered in our own West in times of agrarian depression. The harvests were poor in the years 1861 and 1862. The amount of money sent to the "old people at home" had dropped from its average of a million pounds annually to about three hundred thousand. The cotton embargo closed the Lancashire factories, which had offered employment to Irish labor. Coal mining in the Newcastle region was low.

Irish representatives in Parliament, Scully, Brady, Long and Lord Fermoy, bore testimony to unusual suffering even in a land habitually desolate, ever crucified. Louis Blanc, the French socialist, who, in semi-exile, was an interested spectator of British affairs, portrayed in his letters an Ireland far more wretched than industrial England, even with its half million factory operatives receiving poor relief in December, 1862, and a fairly large emigration. This dire distress, he wrote, was "adding to that store of bitter resentment accumulating through centuries in Irish hearts," continuing that: "It might be affirmed without exaggeration that ever since her forced union with England, Ireland has not ceased to be in trouble for food, for clothing and for shelter, for Ireland is the classic land of hunger." This testimony, too, from a pen of pronounced anti-clericalism. These were the conditions that forced immigration, along with the splendid labor opportunities in the United States, with its man power in the field and its factories and farms offering war-wages and jobs in plenty.

This was the harassing economic situation of Ireland during the Civil War between the States. Support of the Government and the British ruling and capitalistic class on the American issue of intervention would have been industrially advantageous to Ireland, but the Irish have ever refused to be urged by materialistic motives. To a nation of idealists, the North appealed, as the section of free men, free labor, a purer democracy and as the section which gave refuge and prosperity to the exiled sons of the oppressed peoples of Europe. Ireland's moral support was a distinct aid, a diplomatic asset, to the North.

Lincoln appreciated this quite as much as British statesmen in the days of trying diplomacy, before Gettysburg and Vicksburg taught England and France that the South could not win. It was in that time when England, anticipating Southern success, watchfully waited for its assurance, that a rebellious Ireland made her hesitate. Hence, France, too, remained aloof. Delay was all the North needed, for time would bring her victory, if men and resources and a moral principle and sheer weight counted.

FRA INNOCENZO'S CRUCIFIX.

BY BERNARD J. MCNAMARA.

HERE I was back again in dear old Assisi. The little Umbrian town, that St. Francis and St. Clare have made famous, never fails to draw the ardent lover of things Franciscan. It was one of many visits. And, as usual, on my trips to the home of the *Poverello,* my steps led me to the little church that might be called the birthplace of Franciscanism: the Church of San Damiano. Here, where St. Francis received the inspiration to commence his wonderful work; where St. Clare started her Order on its great career for God and mankind, I loved to pay my first visit to God whenever I came to Assisi.

I pushed aside the leathern curtain that serves as a door and entered the dimly-lighted interior. I could distinguish a few persons praying before the numerous shrines. Instinctively, almost unconsciously, I went direct to the Chapel of the Most Holy Crucifix, also the chapel in which the Blessed Sacrament was reserved. I knelt in prayer for some time, and then arose. I stood gazing at the crucifix, and allowing my imagination to wander into fields afar, back to the year 1206, when St. Francis, kneeling here, praying before the crucifix, heard a voice coming from the cross: "Francis, go and repair My house, which thou seest falling." The church was old, and Francis naturally thought Our Lord commanded him to repair it. So he tried to secure the means for the work. He did not yet understand it was not the repairing of one material church, but the repairing of the whole Church, sore beset by internal and external enemies, that Our Lord commanded. But the *Poverello* hearkened to the Voice, and found courage and strength at the foot of the crucifix to do a mighty work for God.

My thoughts returning to present things, I began to notice the persons who prayed before the altar of the crucifixion: old women, who had evidently lost their sons in battle and were finding sweet consolation at the foot of the cross; young

women, whose deep mourning indicated the loss of a sweetheart or a brother in the War for justice and right; little children, who had been brought here to pray, in innocence of heart and purity of intention, for the peace that the Holy Father craved for the war-torn world. One and all seemed to find there the peace of soul that comes when we lay our burdens at the feet of Christ Crucified—all, excepting one. A glance showed the restlessness of soul that possessed the young soldier who knelt a short distance away from me. He knelt in prayer, but a prayer that was evidently half-hearted. When he arose and passed me, I recognized him as an American. I followed him from the little church, and made bold to address him. I was delighted, and so was he, to meet a fellow-countryman. We were the only Americans in the little town. Chatting together outside the church door, I learned his story.

He was a lieutenant in the French army (which he had entered at the beginning of the War), and had come to Italy with the one hundred and sixty thousand French and English soldiers sent to help the Italians after the terrific attack by the Germans, and the disastrous defeat of the Italians on the Isonzo. He had seen much service in the trenches in France and was enthusiastic for the cause of the Allies and their final success. Seeing me glance at his right arm, which he carried in a sling, he told me that, in the first day's fighting on the Isonzo—in which the French and English did noble work in stopping the onrush of the Huns—he had his arm badly torn by a piece of shrapnel. He had been given a furlough and was using it visiting some of the famous places of Italy. He found it rather lonesome to travel alone, but he was anxious to see something of Italy, as he had never been there before. I knew he was a Catholic, as I had seen him praying in the little chapel, so I made bold to ask him about his former religious associations, and he was very frank in answering me.

He told me that he had been baptized a Catholic, and had learned his prayers at the knee of his dear and intensely Catholic mother. Those prayers he had never forgotten, and he was saying them when I first discovered him in the church. He had been taught something of the Catholic Faith, but there was a great deal that he did not know. His father and mother had died when he was eight, and he had practically lived in

colleges until his graduation three years before. Then, in search of adventure, he had come to France to take part in the Great War. He had gone unscathed until the battle on the Isonzo. His name, he told me, was Kerrigan, an old Irish, Catholic name, but the Protestant relatives who took charge of him as a youngster, cared neither for the Irish nor Catholic part of his name. He had never really given up the Catholic faith; said the prayers his mother had taught him every morning and night, but his faith was not such as St. Paul tells us "comes from hearing." He could not understand why God permitted this terrible war and why He allowed the Huns so much success. The question was now a personal one, inasmuch as he could not see why he must suffer so much pain and agony (from his splintered arm) when he had entered the War to help justice and right triumph over injustice and might. It is a question that has troubled many another, and the answer was to be found only in one place.

I rather liked the young fellow, and decided to help him solve his difficulty. I knew Assisi like a book, and so I counted on something near at hand to assist me in the solution. I said a silent prayer that I might be able to convince him. I asked him if he noticed anything peculiar about the crucifix before which he had prayed, and he replied that it seemed the same as any other to him. I then informed him that it was very different, a most remarkable portrayal of the crucifixion. He started to reënter the church and remarked that he would like to know the story. I stopped him as he raised the curtain, saying the story had best be told here, and then he could appreciate better this extraordinary work of art:

"In the early part of the seventeenth century, there lived a very pious old lay brother of the Franciscan Order, named Fra Innocenzo da Palermo. Fra Innocenzo had a special aptitude for wood-carving, and evidences of his handiwork (his particular fondness was for crucifixes) may be found in Palermo, in Naples, in Rome and in other places in Italy. But he seems to have reserved all the cunning of his hand, the best work of his head and of his heart to put into the crucifix at San Damiano.

"As a devout follower of St. Francis, whose ardent devotion to Our Lord on the cross merited that he receive in his own body the marks of the tragedy of Calvary, Fra Innocenzo,

after much prayer and labor, presented to San Damiano the wonderful crucifix that now holds the central position in the Chapel of the Crucifixion. It is made of poplar wood and was given to the church in 1637.

"The remarkable feature is the head of Christ, which presents a three-fold aspect when viewed from three different points. Look at it from one side and you will see a distinct picture of Christ in His agony. It brings one back to Calvary and shows in some manner what must have been Our Lord's terrible sufferings during the three hours. There is no imagination about it at all. The naked eye sees a reality of agony that seems almost more than human. Then gaze from the other side, and see the Christ in the very act of dying. There, the last few minutes of Calvary before death, are depicted in all their pathos and majesty: the eyes are slowly closing, the mouth is drooping and Our Lord is about to give Himself into the hands of His Heavenly Father. Then move to the front and stand directly facing the crucifix, and you will see the "It is consummated" of Calvary in all its glory and triumph. This view gives you the picture of Christ dead: the head has dropped upon the caved-in chest and the eyes are closed entirely.

"Christ's agony, His dying moments and His death clearly standing forth in one magnificent work of art. It is, indeed, a wonderful combination. As a certain writer and lover of Assisi said with truth: 'Majesty supreme and abandon complete, Divinity triumphant and Humanity suffering make in the crucifix of San Damiano a beautiful and ideal harmony.' It is not a trick of the imagination nor subterfuge of any kind. Hundreds have thought so, but they have gone away mystified and impressed. The Assisians will tell you there is a legend that the head of the crucifix is of angelic origin. But that is unfounded. What is the explanation? Perhaps, it lies in this, that Christ rewarded the love that guided the pious hand of the good, old monk, and allowed him to bring out most prominently the threefold aspect of His Passion that cannot but impress both the sinner and saint, and bring all closer to God. In times of distress and sorrow, the people have come, and are coming, to the crucifix of Fra Innocenzo, and the benefits they have derived have been many. Remarkable graces, cessation of epidemics and liberation from

many other calamities through the instrumentality of this crucifix have naturally rendered it very popular so that, continually, more people come here in pilgrimage to find the rest and consolation that others have found. Of itself, of course, the crucifix has no power, but just as Our Lord uses other secondary agents and means to reach men's hearts and souls, so he uses this crucifix: through the visible He draws us to the invisible.

"Is it any wonder, therefore, that at the foot of this crucifix, many have laid aside the trivial and frivolous things of life and have caught from those tear-stained eyes, veiled in sorrow, the lesson that St. Francis learned so well, and that St. Teresa expressed so happily in her heroic appeal to Our Lord: 'Either to suffer or to die. Not to die, but to suffer for you, O Jesus Christ.'"

I saw Kerrigan was growing impatient. So I cut short my story, saying:

"My friend, since only seeing is believing with most Americans, you can now see and believe." We raised the curtain and passed into the interior of the church.

"I know that you are a doubting Thomas," I whispered to him, "but, like the Thomas of old, you will soon have to admit that it is true."

We were now in front of the chapel, and I showed him the three positions in which to stand so as to get the threefold aspect of Our Lord's Passion to the best advantage. I stepped back a few paces to observe him the better. He moved from one position to another. Several times, he approached very close to the altar. I could see the several emotions of surprise, wonder, astonishment and mystification pass in succession across his face as he discovered for himself the truth of what I had related to him. This did not surprise me; I was concerned with the spiritual effect on him. For a long time he gazed and then, suddenly, knelt and prayed. I knelt with him and prayed for him. I knew he was praying for the faith of the doubting Apostle, St. Thomas. I knew he wanted to cry from the bottom of his heart: "My Lord and my God."

I followed him silently from the church, and on the way back to our hotel—for we were stopping at the same place—he was silent. I did not break in upon his thoughts. He

beckoned me into his room and, motioning me to a chair, sank wearily into one himself.

"It is almost too wonderful to believe," he exclaimed excitedly.

"Oh, I have heard the same thing often," I replied. "Some say that it is wonderful. Others that it is astounding. Still others say, how can it be? A goodly number say that it is miraculous. You can take your choice of the expressions, and yet the explanation baffles you."

"But there must be some explanation," he shot back at me.

"Yes, there is the explanation of faith that I have already given you. God uses the lowly things to bring us to the higher. So he has used Fra Innocenzo and his handiwork for the good of many," I said.

"The explanation is not a mechanical one, then," he questioned.

"No, hardly, or it would have been discovered before this," I rejoined. "But, tell me, did you see what so many see? No, I do not mean the threefold aspect of Our Lord's Passion—everyone who keeps his eyes open can see that. I refer to the things that are seen only with spiritual sight—the things that men of faith always have seen when before the crucifix, wherever they may be, but which should be especially easy to discern when the external helps are so great. To see such things is to possess the key to the difficulties that are bothering you. At the foot of the Cross, the great Cardinal Mercier has found the solution for all of Belgium's calamities and trials? Listen to his words:

> A disaster has visited the world and our beloved Belgium, a nation so faithful in the great mass of her population to God, so upright in her patriotism, so noble in her King and Government, is the first sufferer. She bleeds; her sons are stricken down within her fortresses and upon her fields in defence of her rights and of her territory . . . Why all this sorrow, my God? Lord, Lord, hast Thou forsaken us? Then I looked upon the crucifix. I looked upon Jesus, most gentle and humble Lamb of God, crushed, clothed in His blood as in a garment, and I thought I heard from His own mouth the words which the Psalmist uttered in His name: "O God, My God, look upon Me; why hast Thou forsaken Me? O My God, I shall cry and Thou wilt

> not hear." And forthwith the murmur died upon my lips and I remembered what Our Divine Saviour said in His Gospel: "The disciple is not above the master nor the servant above his lord." The Christian is the servant of a God Who became man in order to suffer and to die. To rebel against pain, to revolt against Providence, because it permits grief and bereavement, is to forget whence we came, the school in which we have been taught, the example that each of us carries graven in the name of a Christian, which each of us honors at his hearth, contemplates at the altar of his prayers and of which he desires that his tomb, the place of his last sleep, shall bear the sign.

"Burning words these, and from the heart of one of the world's intellectual lights, who is honored and respected by all because of his wonderful and courageous work as the Father of stricken Belgium. The only place where he could find consolation in the midst of suffering was at the feet of the bleeding, agonizing, crowned and crucified God-Man, and there, too, he found in his sufferings the solution of all suffering."

I saw that the events of the day and the pain of his arm were undoubtedly telling on poor Kerrigan.

"I am afraid that I have tired you," I said. "Perhaps, you, too, will find rest for your soul where so many have found it. Good-night, and pleasant dreams to you."

"I hope so," he answered, "good-night to you, and thank you."

Before retiring, in my breviary and my night prayers, I made a special recommendation of Kerrigan to God, for light for his conversion. I was sure he was doing the same for himself in his own room. The next morning saw me at the Church of San Damiano bright and early for my Mass. I was agreeably surprised to see Kerrigan ahead of me, kneeling at the altar of the crucifix. He did not see me as I passed him on my way to the sacristy. His eyes were fixed on the figure, and especially the head, on the cross. I said Mass at that altar, and for Kerrigan. Quite a few persons went to Holy Communion at my Mass. I glanced at Kerrigan as I passed along the altar rail and caught his gaze fixed on me. He seemed to have a look of envy on his face for those who

were receiving Our Lord's Body and Blood. That look gave me hope.

I saw a good deal of Kerrigan during that week at Assisi. He was often at San Damiano in the afternoon, and almost invariably before Fra Innocenzo's crucifix. I introduced him to an old friend of mine, a charming Irish Franciscan, who had been stationed at St. Mary's of the Angels for a number of years. I knew that he would take him in hand and help him. The young soldier decided to stay on at Assisi after I left, and I thought that he would fare well under the care of my old friend.

The night before my departure from Assisi, I was sitting in the lobby of the hotel. I was depressed. I loved to come to Assisi, but I always hated to leave it. I was to go early the next morning. I was musing and wondering, as travelers do, if I would ever see Assisi again. There was no Fountain of Trevi, as at Rome, where the departing tourist might drop a penny to insure his return some day, or I might have been willing to try my luck.

Just then Kerrigan approached. "Father, I do not know how to thank you for your great kindness to me," he said. "You started the thing and now God and Father Patrizio, my old Franciscan friend, have finished it. Yes, I am a real Catholic now. I was only a half-sort before. That crucifix is wonderful, isn't it? I shall never forget it. It, or rather God through it, has taught me many things. I am not going to murmur any more. I see now what the great Cardinal meant when he told the Belgian nation to place its troubles at the foot of the crucifix. Father, I shall never forget you and Fra Innocenzo's crucifix and Assisi, because they mean the best thing in life—faith in God, myself and mankind. Good-bye and good luck to you. I will come to see you when I get back to the United States. My arm feels better already, and I will soon be back in the trenches fighting God's battles."

"Good-bye and God bless you," I answered. It was all I could trust myself to say.

But when I got to my room, I took my notebook and marked down Jack Kerrigan's name as one more victim—happy, peaceful, contented victims they all were—that I had personally known to be made by Fra Innocenzo's crucifix.

CHURCH SONG IN ITS RELATION TO CHURCH LIFE.

BY F. JOSEPH KELLY, MUS.D.

RHYTHMICAL song is the instinctive utterance of all strong emotion. "Music is the bridge from the sense to the soul." If you were to hear the American Indian bewail his dead, or excite himself to furious hate against his adversary, you would hear a rude recitative, a wail or a muttering, clothing the imaginative language of a natural poetry. Song, indeed, is the language of nature itself, from the lark, that "blithe spirit,"

> That from heaven, or near it,
> Pours its full heart
> In profuse strains of unpremeditated art—

to the archangel that stands nearest the throne, and leads the mighty praise of heaven. Every pure and noble thing that God has made, shows forth its joy in song:

> In every burst of sympathy,
> In every voice of love.

Like light, song is the gladness of all things: the whispering forest has its music, and the rippling brook its melody; the great sea utters its unresting praise, and the vast temple of nature is full of the song of the viewless winds. And who shall say that it is imagination only that speaks of the "music of the spheres?" Is it other than our ignorance which sings:

> What though in solemn silence, all
> Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
> What though no real voice nor sound,
> Amidst their radiant orbs he found;
> In reason's ear they all rejoice,
> And utter forth a glorious voice;
> For ever singing as they shine,
> The hand that made us is divine.

Is not Shakespeare a better divine than Addison?

There's not the smallest orb that thou behold'st
But in his motion, like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims.

It is in religious life, that music and singing has exerted the greatest influence. Singing seems inseparable from eminent religious life; wherever there are religious earnestness and joy, there will be religious song. For praise is the very highest exercise of our spiritual life. More effectually than any other thing it appeals to the holiest feelings and touches the profoundest sympathies. Preaching is merely the address of one man to another; prayer is the interested approach to God of a needy suppliant; but praise is the worship of a self-forgetful adoration. And it is God's blessed order of things that we are benefited the most when, in loving self-forgetfulness, we praise Him; we are elevated by the thought which fills us, transfigured by the glory upon which we gaze; so like mercy, praise is

. . . twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes;

and, like charity, "it never faileth," for praise is the religion of heaven. The grace that comes from God, streams into loving, self-forgetful souls; it is the blessing, not of what we get, but of what we become; not of a thing put into our hands, but of a transformation wrought in our hearts. In prayer, we receive, in praise, we become, and it is greater to become than to receive.

And it is beautiful to observe how the appointments of God's service harmonize with natural laws. In preaching, we speak; that which has to be explained and argued and urged, must be spoken. In prayer, we plead, use the language and the tone of precation. But in praise we sing, mold our thoughts to poetry and our tones to music. Poetic song is the natural expression of praise, the spontaneous form of adoration, thanksgiving and joy. Just where the other forms of speech are the most inadequate, especially with our sublime Catholic Liturgy, song is the most sublimely strong.

It is impossible to exaggerate the practical importance of the rich and cultured liturgical music of the Catholic Church. It is true that we worship a spiritual God, Who requires of us

a spiritual service; but it is true, also, that we who worship are sensuous, as well as spiritual, beings, and that we are largely dependent upon our sensuous nature for the excitement of spiritual feeling. If we read the Bible, we are greatly influenced by the beauty of David's poetry, the splendor of Isaias' eloquence and the intellectual force of Paul's reasoning. If we hear sermons, we are affected by the eloquence as well as by the orthodoxy of the preacher. If we pray, our devotions are winged by the fitness and tenderness of the words that we employ. So, if we sing, we are affected by music as well as by words.

We need not analyze this too severely. We may accept that as practically the best, which most inspires our entire nature. Granted that poetry and music are but the form, and that thought and feeling are the spirit of praise. A whole burned offering requires not only the sacrifice, but the wood and the fire to enkindle it. It is enough that we are excited and thrilled, body and soul, and that we rapturously pour out our praise before God, "with all our heart and soul and strength." We ourselves hardly suspect how much our spiritual fervor and joy are dependent upon the fitness and beauty of our vocal praise. What a color it gives to our holy services. What a tone to every feeling. How everything else is imbued by its subtle spirit, chilled or jarred by its unfitness, or made to glow with fervor and beauty by its magic power. Excited and exalted by rapturous song, how easy it is to pray. Our sympathies are excited; the emotional effect of our song is spread over all things; our souls are harmonized and vivified, we hardly know how.

"It is," says Southey, "one of the advantages of devotional singing, that those who bear a part in it affect themselves." "Music," says Addison, "when thus applied raises noble hints in the mind of the hearer, and fills it with great conceptions. It strengthens devotion and, advancing praise into rapture, lengthens out every act of worship and produces more lasting and permanent impressions in the mind than those which accompany any transient form of words that are uttered in the ordinary methods of religious worship." Nay, the good influence of good church song abides with us through life, investing the worship of our childhood with a beauty and a glory. Snatches of the songs that we were wont to sing during Holy

Mass and the other services of the Church will come back to us in maturer years, like Alpine echoes, softened and purified by distance and with subduing and sanctifying power.

Worship song is no peculiarity of revealed religion; it is the instinctive prompting of nature. Homer and Hesiod wrote hymns to the gods, the earliest divines of Greece, as well as its earliest poets. Orpheus was a priest musician. A chief part of the religion of the Egyptians was singing hymns to their gods. The Muses were chiefly employed in the services of the gods, and some of them derived their names from their song. We do not wonder, therefore, that the Bible is full of recognitions of worship-song, and that it makes such bountiful provision for its exercise. Amongst the Jews, the very use of poetry and music seems to have been restricted to Divine Worship, probably because their theocracy demanded that every rejoicing should be a thanksgiving to Jehovah.

The great glory of the Jewish service, however, was its Psalms, that wonderful collection of sacred songs which, for a thousand years, was the expression of its praise. By far, the larger portion of the Psalms was contributed by David, that great chorister of God. They form "a kind of an epitome," says St. Augustine, "of the whole Scripture." And the wonderful thing is, that spiritual utterances so true, so profound, should come out of an age so crude in its theology, so dim in its religious light. Inspired by God, how full of religious light and love are these Psalms. How wonderfully they express the deep religious heart of humanity. They fathom the lowest depths, they scale the loftiest heights of man's spiritual soul. We of this twentieth Christian century have no expressions for our various religious experiences so adequate as David's. When we pray the most intelligently, we use his words; when we pray the most rapturously, we seize his harp. He speaks for us as no one else has spoken, the great mysteries of our life, the great struggles of our soul, all that we can remember, experience or hope, a penitence that our sorrow can never surpass, an ardor that we can but feebly emulate, a rapture that we can but faintly share. Who, with all the revelation of the New Testament, and with all the culture of twenty Christian centuries, can say that his spiritual experiences have outgrown David's Psalms, that he has risen above their height, expatiated beyond their range, explored beneath their depth?

If we hesitate to use them, it is that they go beyond our experience rather than fall short of it.

God has not given us a Christian David. No book of inspired song contributes to the Canon of the New Testament. Who amongst its writers could have strung David's harp? The reason of this difference is, that in the Old Testament Psalms, God had made an adequate provision of inspired song for the religious life of humanity. Who thinks of these Psalms as the psalter of the Jewish Church merely? Do we not instinctively feel that they have a broader character, a more catholic use than this; that they are as much Christian as they are Jewish song? David's harp has survived his throne; the Psalmist is more renowned than the monarch.

Besides the Psalms, in our uninspired hymnody, God has given the Church a precious possession of devotional wealth, the inheritance of many generations. It has enriched Catholic worship and expressed the religious emotions of the faithful. We have no account of the introduction into Christian worship of uninspired hymns. The one paramount characteristic of the early hymns is their worshipping, eucharistic character, their great heart of self-forgetting, rapturous praise. And this is the more remarkable, inasmuch as they sprang to birth in the martyr age of the Church, while Christianity was as yet a feeble, struggling infant. There is a wonderful feeling of worship in these early songs; not a shade of sorrow saddens them, not a feeling of struggle embarrasses them. The characteristics of the early Latin hymns are plainness and force. They work their spell upon you by the simple force of their statements and the fire of their earnestness. There is an austere simplicity about them, a severe objective character, which is in striking contrast to the hymns of the more modern period.

Psalms and hymns and spiritual songs are the chief medium of worship; from the beginning they have filled the Church on earth, and through eternity they will fill the Church in heaven; from every place they have ascended to God; from the shores of the Red Sea; from the tabernacle in the wilderness; from the gorgeous temple in Jerusalem; from the upper room in which Christ and the eleven partook of the Last Supper; from little companies of the early Christians, furtively worshipping in "dens and caves of the earth;" from the cathe-

dral of Ambrose and the deserts of Syria; from imperial palaces and from peasant's cottages; from gorgeous churches and from humble chapels; from family altars and from dying beds; now a solitary note of song, and now the mighty shout of rejoicing thousands. They have been the utterance to God of all that is highest in Christian Catholic thought; of all that is holiest in Christian Catholic life; of all that is tenderest and most rapturous in Christian Catholic love. That which John was permitted to hear in the assemblies of the redeemed in heaven, the ministering angels of God have often heard in the assemblies of the redeemed on earth, a rapturous song of worshipping praise and love, and this scarcely less high, less pure, less fervent than that; nay, so identical is the praise of salvation, that the first great song of the Catholic Church on earth can hardly be distinguished from the last song of the redeemed in heaven: "Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good will."

EASTER MORNING.

BY EDMUND J. KIEFER.

With dew-drop beads her rosary,
Mother Nature's whispering
The sweet and glorious mystery
Of resurrected Spring.

New Books.

SOURCE BOOK AND BIBLIOGRAPHICAL GUIDE FOR AMERICAN CHURCH HISTORY. By Peter G. Mode, A.M., Ph.D. Menasha, Wis.: George Banta Publishing Co.

The author of this work is Assistant Professor of Church History in the Divinity School of the University of Chicago. His point of view is indicated in the preface: "The compiler wishes to state that the viewpoint from which he has approached the subject is that of regarding the Church, not as the custodian of some divinely-revealed deposit of truth, nor as supernaturally detached from an environment that is ever affecting her inner life and organization."

With due allowance for this somewhat negative viewpoint, the author has done a valuable, important and painstaking piece of work, one that must necessarily be consulted by anyone who takes up the study of any phase of the history of any church in America. Its seven hundred pages, chronologically and logically divided, give, for the Colonial and National periods of America's development, a bibliography that gives evidence of completeness and indicates scholarly research work upon the part of the compiler.

Naturally, we turn to the parts which treat the story of the Catholic Church in America. In general, the impression received is of thoroughness, fairness and objective judgment. The assembly of the sources and authorities on the various points of the history of Catholicism in America cannot but prove useful to Catholic students, as well as to others.

Perhaps, in view of the general merit of the work, it is not graceful to refer to shortcomings. But we cannot but remind the writer that reference to the Catholic religion as "Romanism" is discountenanced by us and, therefore, not employed by our friends. In some instances, the author has fallen short of the standard of objectivity he has set himself. He says that *A History of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States,* by Professor Thomas O'Gorman, "shows considerable bias" (p. 296), yet of the very biased work, *The Decay of the Church of Rome,* by Joseph McCabe, that it is "particularly valuable" (p. 448). "On the debated question as to whether or not the Church of Rome has been holding her own in America" the documents he cites, with the exception of one, and this bears only indirectly on the question,

are all by non-Catholics. Objective as his work is, we would wish that it were even more so.

May we call attention also to two serious omissions? On "the attitude of the Catholic Church to the labor question," the latest authority cited is of the year 1883. On "the issue of education in separate schools," the latest work mentioned is one of 1892. When we consider the vast amount of Catholic literature on these two topics that has been put out since these dates, we cannot but feel that the bibliography should have been brought more up-to-date. The least complete and least satisfactory section of the work is that which treats of the period from the Civil War to the present time, a period which covers over half a century and yet to which are devoted less than one hundred pages. Such are a few of the faults of this otherwise excellent, most useful and most enlightening work.

IRELAND AND THE MAKING OF BRITAIN. By Benedict Fitzpatrick. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. $4.00 net.

There is a particular timeliness in the publication of this book, which should be the forerunner of many of similar character. Despite its arresting title, it is not a controversial work, but rather an honest and painstaking endeavor to demonstrate the cultural influence of Ireland in the days of her glory. The labors of the Irish missionaries in spreading the Faith, not only in Britain, but throughout Europe, have received the attention of many writers, but in addition to being *insula sanctorum et doctorum*, Ireland, for many centuries, was a centre of culture and of art which exerted a remarkable influence for civilization. While in no sense ignoring the work of the missionaries of early days, the author submits new evidences of results in refinement obtained in the rude Briton by the example, as well as the teachings, of those to whom kings and chieftains turned for instruction in the better things of this world, as well as those of the next.

It is announced that the results of ten years of research and travel are embodied in this book, and that many hundreds of manuscripts and records were consulted in order to insure its historical accuracy. Certainly, the references and footnotes show a degree of thoroughness, which deserves the warmest commendation. This determination to substantiate every statement is illustrated in the handling of the subject of the English slave population in Ireland. Here is one of the most significant chapters in the work, perhaps the pivotal point on which the whole proposition revolves. Yet here is no casual reference to such generally available sources as Bede or William of Malmesbury, but actual

facts and definite figures based upon innumerable authorities. Another interesting aspect of this study is the disclosure of the debt owed to Ireland's scholars as the preservers of the stores of classical learning and the perpetuators of the classical tradition, as well as the champions of the Christian faith.

In every respect a book which is interesting as history and satisfying as a piece of workmanship.

MODERN ENGLISH STATESMEN. By G. R. Stirling Taylor. New York: Robert McBride & Co. $2.75.

Modern day biography when not concerned with the meticulous is very likely to be extremely brilliant. In being brilliant, it is not always concerned with accuracy and truth. Witness the much discussed, fascinating and hopelessly astigmatized *Eminent Victorians*. Mr. Taylor is scarcely less brilliant than Mr. Strachey, but his volume is a series of studies, too novel in point of view, too unreserved in its challenge to the superstitions of history to go unread by the scholarly and the well informed. He discusses statesmen and statesmanship in his introductory chapter and then proceeds to devote a chapter each to the following men: Oliver Cromwell, the Walpoles, the Pitts, Burke and Benjamin Disraeli. He discards, without an apology, the myth that Cromwell was a great statesman. He points out his brutalities in Ireland, his selfishness, his vaulting ambition, his autocratic rule and his high-handed and indefensible treatment of Parliament. The facts of history, Mr. Taylor finds, are at odds with the orthodox tradition of history, for "they leave us a fine soldier, an honest religious enthusiast, a man of broad common sense, withal dangerously near the borderline of the insane; and, at least, a gorgeous dramatic figure for a play. But those who demand great statesmanship in a man who posed as a statesman; those who think that a national leader must do something more than overcome the opposition of a battlefield; those who hold that the work of a great politician must be able to stand the test of centuries, and not merely survive the enemies of a decade; all these will find Cromwell of secondary importance." This quotation indicates clearly Mr. Taylor's independence of judgment, his serious study of history and his contempt for historic myths. In a similar vein, he studies the Pitts, with their mental instability, their variable moods, their posings, their hectic bids for political support, and their hopelessly narrow vision. Indeed, the Pitt family are Mr. Taylor's *bête noir*. The Walpoles he finds gifted with a supremely sound sense which, in the case of Robert, amounted almost to genius. Burke he brands as a failure, whose attempts to do great

things were not always based upon high motives, whose vision was frequently short-sighted, and who was too often on the verge of hysteria. Disraeli was a brilliant man who was naturally a dreamer and a poet, but whose intellect, courage and sympathy for the poorer classes helped to make him a "more interesting, more instructive and more lovable" statesman than any of his contemporaries. Mr. Taylor's judgments on the men he has chosen to discuss are sure to arouse opposition. That in itself is not a great merit. It is, however, a great merit that his book will be certain to compel study and serious thought, two processes which are rapidly falling to decay.

PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDIES FROM THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA. Edited by Edward A. Pace, Ph.D. Princeton, N. J.: Psychological Review Co.

The present volume comprises seven learned papers, which represent original research on various problems of psychology, clinics and psychoanalysis. *Procul Profani*, for these studies are the very flower of technical knowledge and expert investigation, and will appeal only to the specialist. The sum of time, patience, skill, ingenuity and reading expended on these delicate and elusive investigations is nothing short of marvelous.

The first paper, by Ignatius A. Hamel, is a study of the conditioned reflex. The author, after an elaborate analysis of the data, concludes that there is an essential difference between a genuine and a conditioned reflex. The former takes place without the intervention of consciousness, the latter is dependent on a conscious factor. Two long papers by Thomas Verner Moore follow. His first paper deals with image and meaning in memory and perception. Cognate to this study, and throwing an interesting sidelight on it, is Miss McDonough's essay on the development of meaning. Modern psychologists have certainly thrown a flood of light on the relations between organic processes and mental reactions, and they have laid bare, partially at least, the delicate machinery which serves to link up one series of acts with the other.

Dr. Moore's second paper deals with certain pathological phenomena. He undertakes to fix the correlation between memory and perception in the presence of diffuse cortical degeneration. His methods of investigation are rigorously scientific, and he concludes that, (1) the immediate memory, the power of retention and perception have a general tendency to deteriorate together. (2) Still at times one of these mental processes falls behind more than the others. (3) Evidence seems to point to the

distinction of memory and power of retention as two separate mental functions.

The other papers in the present volume deal with more or less abnormal mental phenomena. Paul Hanly Furfey treats of conscious and unconscious factors in symbolism. He examines at length Freud's theories, and his treatment and presentment of *Libido*. Mr. Furfey's fourth chapter, which deals with myths—their growth, formation and contents—is especially interesting. A further paper of Dr. Moore's deals with Hypnotic Analogies. Miss Loughlin writes on the concomitants of Amentia. The latter shows conclusively—and with a certain gruesome *macabre* vigor—that diseased parentage, foetid environment and, above all, personal excess and evil living are, so to speak, the nurseries and hotbeds of mental degeneration.

READINGS IN EVOLUTION, GENETICS AND EUGENICS. By H. H. Newman. University of Chicago Press. $3.75.

This is a book which we can very heartily commend. It is one which must find a place in every library, public or private, which desires to be complete. It consists of a series of well-selected quotations, some of them running into a number of pages on all aspects of the "Darwinian" controversy. It is fuller than Kellogg's well-known and very useful book, and it is more free from anti-religious prejudice than was that work. And here we reach the first point which we desire to emphasize: in this book, instead of religion being scoffed at, it is definitely asserted (as many Catholic writers, unnoticed here by the way, have asserted time and again) that there is no conflict between any moderate, and in any way provable, theory of evolution, as a method of creation, and religion. Here we may specially commend the section on "The Relation of Evolution to Materialism" by Joseph le Conte which, on the whole, expresses the views on this subject, which have more than once been published in THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

Some extracts from the works of Wasmann and other Catholic men of science on this point would not have been amiss, and we offer the suggestion for the second edition, which is sure to be called for, that a short passage from de Dorlodot's book, recently noticed in these pages, would be very much to the point. It is a statement of the case for evolution versus what is very indefinitely called "special creation." The term is seldom defined. No doubt, it is generally taken to mean what Linnæus meant, namely, that there were as many forms specially created as there now are species. That was the old Protestant theory and, unfortunately,

older and better Catholic beliefs have, in the eyes of scientific writers, become smirched with the same brush. It never was the teaching of the Fathers of the Church from St. Augustine down to St. Thomas Aquinas and from Suarez down to the present day. Nor have they ever adhered to the absurd and even rather degrading Miltonic view which, strange to say, was the vision of many if not most pious "evangelical" Protestants some fifty years ago. No wonder that they were startled and horrified by the coming of Darwin. The one orthodox writer who was not, was the late Dr. Mivart, but then he was familiar with Patristic literature, and his criticisms of Natural Selection were purely scientific and very much to the point. Huxley and Co. imagined that they were brought forward because of the religion of the writer, and thus inaugurated that campaign of neglect, which Catholic writers on science and philosophy have ever since had to encounter. Forgetting that Pasteur and Mendel—to mention but two names—were both convinced children of the Church, does a Catholic venture on a scientific criticism or discussion what happens? "Oh! a Catholic! Quite negligible!" It is about time that this came to an end, and we welcome the fair attitude of this book, which, whilst still excluding statements from Catholic writers (unless le Conte is one), at least is prepared to admit that a religious man need not necessarily be either an idiot or a retrograde anti-scientist.

We should like to have found in the book a discussion of such difficulties as those raised by the peculiar characteristics of the Myxomycetes. We should also like to have met with some account of the views on Haeckel's "fundamental law of biology" expressed in M. Vialleton's book on Recapitulation. We should like to find disapproval, and not a guarded consent, to such disgusting expedients as the surgical emasculation of criminals and feeble-minded persons which, though, to their eternal disgrace, legalized by some of the States in the Union, are revolting to all decent-minded, not to say to all Catholic minds. We strongly commend the book to all teachers and serious-minded readers.

A TRAVELER IN LITTLE THINGS. By W. H. Hudson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.00.

Mr. Hudson has added another to his long list of nature studies. In this latest book, there is only an occasional echo of the land of the pampas; usually, one is carried in spirit through the red and green country of Devon, past the limestone hills of Derbyshire, or over the Wiltshire downs. There is no longer any

need for a detailed analysis of the spirit and content of Mr. Hudson's books; he has created for himself a definite public, who need only hear a new book of his announced; they know fully what to expect and are never disappointed. Around his name, indeed, a literary tradition is quickly forming. Galsworthy, in his preface to *Green Mansions*, calls him our greatest English writer. Arnold Bennett, as long ago as 1910, said that few among the living were more likely to be regarded a hundred years hence as having produced literature. It would not be easy to say just where the secret of his power lies. The beauty of his style is not to be discovered in any definite rhythmical form; stock literary expressions and conventions are conspicuous by their absence, and he uses color sparingly. But his work is intimately knit with his own life experience and, therefore, is indelibly stamped with personality; his eye is trained to see the unfamiliar common thing, his observation of nature grows out of a passionate desire to understand and feel the laws which underlie and govern the mysterious spectacle we call life.

THE GEORGE SAND-GUSTAVE FLAUBERT LETTERS. Translated by Aimée L. McKenzie. With an Introduction by Stuart P. Sherman. New York: Boni & Liveright. $4.00.

The complete Sand-Flaubert correspondence is, for the first time, here made accessible in an attractive English edition. The volume derives importance from the illuminating sidelights which it casts upon French literature and politics from 1864 to 1876. What most impresses us, however, is the banquet spread for our reflective and critical faculties. For, owing to the two famous writers' difference in temperament, as well as in literary and social views, their letters exhibit, beneath an affectionate personal relationship, a fundamental antagonism. Great, indeed, was the contrast between George Sand, the optimistic humanitarian reformer, and Gustave Flaubert, the disillusioned pessimist who, scorning the "ignorant masses," yearned for a social order controlled by an intellectual aristocracy.

Although the present translation is quite readable, and on the whole creditable, yet it contains surprising mistakes. Regrettable, too, are the instances of faulty English. On the other hand, Mr. Sherman's masterly introduction of twenty-seven pages merits unqualified praise. In a lucid style, he has set forth not only the divergent ideals and aspirations of George Sand and Flaubert, but also the main currents of French thought in the nineteenth century. Nothing finer has been written on this subject.

THE STORY OF ST. JOHN BAPTIST DE LA SALLE. By Brother Leo. Introduction by Most Rev. Patrick J. Hayes, D.D., Archbishop of New York. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.60 postpaid.

Brother Leo's account of the life and work of the holy founder of the Institute to which he belongs, is emphatically a book for boys. To say this is not to imply that it is lacking in interest for older folk. Indeed, we cannot conceive of anyone, whatever his age, experiencing a dull moment while engaged in its perusal. To hold the attention of boys, whether in speaking to or writing for them, is a difficult matter, as all who have essayed the feat will agree. Brother Leo shows himself quite as skillful in the written word as he has long since proven himself in the classroom. Each page sparkles with life, and the prosy platitudes that so frequently mar even the best biographies designed for the young, are conspicuous by their absence. When the reader is told that Louis XIV. was "a bossy sort of boy; and . . . a very bossy sort of king," or that Adrian Nyel was "the sort of man that people today would call a hustler," he finds it easy to form a mental picture of the person described.

In his portraiture of the sweet and winsome St. John Baptist de la Salle, Brother Leo has given us a work which we greatly wish were but one of a series of similarly written Lives to be placed in the hands of our American youth.

THE CHRONICLES OF AMERICA. Edited by Dr. Allen Johnson, Professor of American History in Yale University. New Haven: Yale University Press. Fifty volumes, at $3.50 per volume by the set.

Jefferson and His Colleagues, by Dr. Allen Johnson. This splendid essay summarizes the laborious works of general historians and researchers in the field, as only a master of the period could. Written in classical English, with an eye to the picturesque, a desire to interest and a zeal for accuracy, the book proves charmingly attractive. Jefferson, the hero, is interpreted by one who has caught his spirit, breadth of view and tolerance, if not something of his very style.

The introductory essay, "President Jefferson's Court," should be compared with a similar chapter in Henry Jones Ford's *Washington and His Colleagues,* if one would understand the Revolution of 1800 in its full significance. And the election of 1800 defined the trend of the period to 1815. An English domain was becoming American, in fact as well as in law; Colonials were being transformed into Americans; Federalists of monarchial tendencies

were giving place to Republicans of democratic tastes; and New England's dominance was falling before a growing West. The revolutionary generation was fast disappearing; their sons of the Jeffersonian era and of the Second War for Independence were American in background and outlook. It is this idea which Dr. Johnson expounds as the thesis of his volume.

In the chapters, "Corsairs of the Mediterranean," "The Shadow of the First Consul," "In Pursuit of the Floridas," "The Abuse of Hospitality," "Spanish Derelicts," the foreign policy of Jefferson and Madison is considered. There is no belittling the causes of the War of 1812, nor minimizing of English aggression on the seas, yet there is no evidence of a blatant pan-Americanism. The Florida situation, blot as it was on our escutcheon, is handled with judicious caution. "The Pacificists of 1807" affords the author a suggestive chapter heading for a consideration of the administration's peace policy.

Dr. Johnson does not hesitate to emphasize Federalist opposition to Jefferson, the intrigues of the Essex group, the relations between the New England Federalists and Burr, or the treasonable activities of the Hartford Convention. The War of 1812 had few bright spots—New Orleans and on the sea—but its Americanizing results were tremendous. It bred nationality and it destroyed, for the time, sectionalism.

Theodore Roosevelt and His Times. Mr. Howland, stanch Republican, ardent Progressive (1912-1916), and associate editor of the *Outlook*, has contributed a striking appreciation of Theodore Roosevelt, which will find an honorable place in the rapidly accumulating Rooseveltiana.

It is essentially an appreciation, not history. Friends of Roosevelt will admire the volume. Partisans will agree with the eulogy. Americans will profit by its study, for all the lessons, which "T. R." taught so vigorously, are emphasized with a renewal of the virile slogans. Righteousness, courage, patriotism, toleration, are good lessons for the youth of this land, and no living American taught them better by word and example.

"The Progressive Party," "Its Glorious Failure" and "The Last Four Years" are among the most valuable sections, for here the writer, through personal knowledge, has been able to expand the meagre outline. The story of Roosevelt's pre-convention intrigues with the progressive governors, is an interesting commentary on the man and our party methods. In the last chapter, he sighs with the Colonel of the Rough Riders, and probably most American civilians will, when on grounds of expediency, certainly

not politics, "T. R." was denied command of a volunteer army in France. The reader will find Mr. Seymour's defence of the administration in this connection an interesting, deadly parallel.

Woodrow Wilson and the World War. The author of this volume was well selected, for Dr. Seymour, the talented, young Yale professor, is a splendidly equipped historical student, who has written a good volume on European diplomacy, edited, with Edward M. House, a collection of lectures delivered by members of the American Peace Commission, "What Really Happened at Paris," and served as a counselor to that Commission. Hence, Mr. Seymour knows whereof he writes and is able to make an original contribution. However, one feels that he is unduly cautious and under some constraint not to tell all that he may know. To be sure, many a fighting man at the front was poorly informed save as to the action of his own regiment, and some believe that members of the Peace Commission were in a similar position.

Dr. Seymour writes well; and his historical training has made him a keen observer, and has taught him a scholarly restraint, which safeguards him from natural prejudices, despite a touch of professional dogmatism. Slightly pro-English, yet he is fair enough in his broad Americanism. As regards his interpretation of the South and West as extremely pacificist, uninterested in, and ignorant of, foreign relations in the days of neutrality, he is a true New Englander. A Wilsonian Republican and a co-worker of Colonel House, he holds a brief for Wilson and his policies, but not without coming to a rather just, though highly favorable, interpretation of the man.

The chapters covering the pre-war period, "Neutrality," "The Submarine," "Plots and Preparedness" and "America Decides," outline the march of the nation from Wilson's watchful waiting, patient neutrality, "too proud to fight" stages to a crusading zeal for war, honor and defence of national democracies. It is well done, but with no new note. It is a standard summary, with only here and there an observation which challenges argument. Few persons will see "Colonel" House in so heroic a mold (pp. 47-49), nor will they accredit Wilson's tactical errors of 1918-1919 to his dependence upon Tumulty and Burleson in the absence of immediate contact with his guardian-counselor (p. 18). Apropos of Bryan's resignation, is it correctly explained by, "For Bryan was willing to arbitrate even Germany's right to drown American citizens on the high seas" (p. 54)? Nor after stating Wilson's position on German-American loyalty in 1916, will one feel certain of

Dr. Seymour's authority for the unqualified remark that: "Hughes was ordered by his party managers not to offend foreign-born voters, and in his attempt to steer a middle course, gave a clear impression of vacillation" (p. 91). The general view of the situation leading up to the declaration of the War and the attitude with which Americans entered the struggle, is highly acceptable.

The last third of the volume describes the preliminary peace campaign, the doings of the Conference, the League of Nations, the settlement and the failure of the Senate to adhere to Wilson's programme. The author is very sympathetic with Wilson's principles, but apparently believes that he made a tactical error in refusing to compromise with the wild reservationist group in Congress.

Dr. Seymour has written a book which will stand well in advance of most volumes dealing with the War, Wilson and the Peace Conference. How long it will remain authoritative is another question.

The Fathers of the Constitution. The epoch from the Peace of 1783 to the ratification of the Constitution is covered by Professor Max Farrand of Yale University, whose scholarship is attested by his monumental *Records of the Federal Convention* and a summarizing study, *The Framing of the Constitution.* This volume recounts in popular fashion the main events of the critical period leading up to the gathering of the delegates to the Philadelphia Convention, the framing of the Constitution with its compromises between large states and small, between tidewater and frontier groupings and between free and slave sections, and, finally, the acceptance of the document as the organic law of the land by the States.

The general reader in this sympathetic, conservative account is given sufficient background to appreciate the disintegrating tendencies of the post-war period, and the compelling motive to establish a strongly centralized government. He will see the delegates as they were, not the legendary fathers, yet there is none of that iconoclastic spirit, which so mars Professor Beard's *Economic Intepretation of the Constitution.* Students will be pleased with the interpretation of the Ordinance of 1787 and with the chapter on the Convention, where so much is told or suggested in such small compass. The appendix, about a fourth of the book, contains The Declaration of Independence, Articles of Confederation, Northwest Ordinance, The Constitution, a carefully chosen bibliography and notes by Dr. Victor Paltsits on the Portraits of the Signers of the Constitution, most of which are repro-

duced in this volume from the Rosenthal etchings in the Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet Collection.

The Age of Invention. Professor Holland Thompson of the City College of New York, has recorded in this little volume a suggestive record of America's inventive and mechanical genius. The catalogue of the greater, and especially pioneer, inventors is enough to inspire a sense of American self-sufficiency, and should arouse the emotions of readers, be they boys, students or successful business men. Like all the volumes in the series, it is written in a straightforward style, popular yet accurate, not too detailed, well illustrated and supplied with a good short bibliography for those who would delve deeper.

Chapters deal with Benjamin Franklin and his many experimental inventions, including electrical devices; Whitney, and his revolutionizing cotton gin and arms manufacture; the conquerors of steam, Fitch, Fulton, Cooper and their successors; the creators of the mechanical spinning and New England's resultant prosperity; the agricultural machinery builders like McCormick; the agents of communication, Morse, Cornell, Bell, Eastman and others; Goodyear and the rubber industry; the men of the machine shop, Whitney, Colt, Blanchard; the electrical wizard, Edison, and the conquerors of the air. Mr. Thompson's work is no bare annal; he sees the significance of each invention in the development of the nation. In other words, he sees in the machine shop an element of American greatness, and properly gauges its importance in the story of our nation.

ST. JOHN BERCHMANS. By Hippolyte Delahaye, S.J. Translated by Rev. Henry Churchill Semple, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.60 postpaid.

The learned author of this story of St. John Berchmans is one of the Bollandists. Father Delahaye has the erudition and humility of the genuine scholar, combined with the delicacy of literary touch that is highly necessary in treating such a character as the youthful Flemish Saint.

It must, however, be admitted that, in spite of the biographer's assurance that the subject of his sketch is "the incomparable model of all who wish to serve God with their whole heart without going outside the ordinary way," the pattern proposed is for the young man who has advanced somewhat in spiritual things rather than for the beginner. The most stimulating portion of the book, to our mind, is to be found in Chapter V., which deals with St. John Berchmans' interior life.

THE CAPTIVE LION AND OTHER POEMS. By William Henry Davies. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.50.

In this slim volume, published, it is interesting to note, in the Kingsley Trust Association Publication Fund, an English poet —who has been justly esteemed these several years past for the rich and fresh lyrical quality of his inspiration—issues another sheaf of verse. W. H. Davies has been hailed by discerning critics as in the true line of succession from Herrick, and as an inheritor of much of Wordsworth's spontaneity and ecstacy. It is pleasant to see an American edition of his work. Readers on this side the Atlantic did not grow adequately enthusiastic, one has always felt, when Mr. Knopf enterprisingly issued an American reprint of the English edition of Davies' *Collected Poems* in 1916. The present collection seems to contain a good many poems previously printed in Davies' last English volume, *The Song of Life*. But they will all bear re-reading. And all are filled to the brim with the glory and gusto of the out-of-doors.

THE LIFE INDEED. By John Franklin Genung. Boston: Marshall, Jones & Co. $3.00.

This posthumous volume, issued in the series of "The Amherst Books," presents an intimate picture of Professor Genung's ideals, and shows whence his power and influence over men had its source. *The Life Indeed*, which he so largely embodied, is the life of a Christian, filled with the spirit of faith and love, superabounding and transcendent. To approach these pages with anything save sympathy, would be unfair to both book and author. Both as to literary form and inspirational content, we must give cordial admiration.

If criticism there be, it must be aimed rather at the omissions than the doctrine. The concept of God's growing revelations in history, the concept of Christ as the universal ideal, the concept of our duty to grow in Christlikeness, are all entirely acceptable. However, though Professor Genung never allows the modern claim that the Bible is unhistorical, he uses a false tactic in waiving this point. His argument is built solely on the ground that—whether or not the religious interpretation of life be historical—it is certainly ideal, it certainly leads to higher and nobler living. The result is idealism, pure and simple. Christ's life and words are taken only as exemplars and models. His actual historic rôle of Redeemer and Propitiator for sins are entirely omitted. Such historic teachings as His oneness with the Father and His eternal preëxistence, lose their literal force and are interpreted only with allegorical meaning. The certainty of

"Life Indeed" after death is thereafter based, not on Divine revelation, but upon a purely human aspiration, plus analogies from evolution. Finally, the exclusive picturing of the Christ as the ideal man, ever growing toward the "Life Indeed," is in implication, if not in statement, a denial of His Divinity.

A final note of regret is permitted, that the editors of these posthumous papers did not omit or change certain words and phrases, current in conversation, but not yet admitted to good literary usage. Surely, Professor Genung, with memories of his classical text-book of rhetoric, would have sanctioned this.

HARBOURS OF MEMORY. By William McFee. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.75.

A collection of discursive essays, many of which we read delightedly as they appeared from time to time in a favorite magazine. It may be because they do not stand the test of rereading that they seemed less delightful in book form; it may possibly be because they glide over the surfaces of persons and places, without touching any depths.

Yet they throw something of a new light on the life of a naval officer, showing its constant succession of experiences of new harbors and strange ports, all as varied and all as much alike in their variety as so many kaleidoscopic views; they show its continual beginnings of acquaintances which never deepen or mature.

Perhaps, it is because of its divergence from type that we particularly liked the "Dedication." Mr. McFee calls dedications "a fascinating department of literature," and suggests that books might well be written merely as appendages to dedications. One of the essays we also especially enjoyed is "The Artist Philosopher," sure to be liked by all who like *Lord Jim* or his creator.

IN THE DAYS OF OWEN ROE. By James Murphy. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. $2.00.

This is a romantic story of the great Catholic Rebellion of 1641. The hero is Maurice O'Donnell, who, on his return to Ireland, finds himself projected into a vortex of rapidly moving events. He is precipitated into the rebellion, and soon finds that his life is complicated by events beyond his control. The ending is a happy one for Maurice, in great contrast to the ending of the rebellion, which came when Cromwell landed on Ireland's northern shores. The story is well told. It has that richness of historical detail that marks the work of Scott. In fact, it is worthy of favorable comparison with the Waverly novels.

ONCE UPON ETERNITY. By Enid Dinnis. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. $1.75.

Some souls find it easy to believe in the supernatural, and drink it up as little birds drink water. Such souls will find their thirst quenched in *Once Upon Eternity*, a collection of short stories by Enid Dinnis, well known as the author of *God's Fairy Tales* and *Mystics All*. All three volumes illustrate, by the medium of the short story, God's miraculous intervention in the common, every-day affairs of life.

Appreciation of stories of this sort depends largely upon the reader's point of view. The quiet believer sees God's hand everywhere. The incredulous may scoff at him. Just the same, the evidence remains, and for those who can see, God is very near and very close.

The author tells her stories with grace and natural charm. The interest of the reader is sustained throughout.

MY OWN PEOPLE. By Rev. Hugh Francis Blunt, LL.D. Manchester, N. H.: The Magnificat Press. $1.50.

The title of Father Blunt's new volume may be roughly taken to cover its first twenty-five pages—all of which are given over to Irish verses in the familiar colloquial vein, with plenty of shamrocks, and "sures," and "asthores," to help on their lilting way. The rest of the book is devoted chiefly to sacred poems; and there will be few competent judges who will not feel that these contain by far the finer and rarer note of their author's singing. "The Road to Bethlehem," especially in its tenderness for the ox and ass, recalls several of the very best contemporary ballads. And there is poignant originality in the final question of "At Nazareth," as well as in that metaphor in another poem, which pictures the fog stalking in from the sea like "the ghost of foundered ships."

A MOTHER'S LETTERS. A Book for Young Women. By Father Alexander, O.F.M. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.00.

This little book takes a very important, though belated, step in the right direction. That it is important for a young woman to know God's purposes in her life, purposes which otherwise manifest themselves vaguely and unregulated by law, no one will deny; that such knowledge is late when it comes after she has left the home and already experiences the varied and bewildering contacts of business or social life, the very apologetic tone of the early letters of this "mother" would seem to indicate.

Father Alexander has rendered a valuable service to the mother who is so ignorant of or irreverent towards the sacred

mysteries of life that she "hesitates" to speak of them to the flesh of her flesh; and to the girl whose mother has failed her in this vital department of education.

The essential purity of God; hence of His creation; the legitimate desire for knowledge; the reticence of reverence; love according to law, are some of the principles suggested by this book. It is to be hoped Father Alexander's timely work will shame the Catholic mother into a new sense of her obligation and a higher attitude toward it.

THE HOUND OF HEAVEN. An Interpretation by Rev. Francis P. Le Buffe, S.J. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

Of interpretative expositions of Francis Thompson's immortal ode there are, it would seem, to be no end: and it is significant of the poet's passionately spiritual message that nearly all of these critiques are chiefly ethical, religious or, as the present commentator confesses, "ascetical and scriptural," in their preoccupations. A real interest in Father Le Buffe's volume, even for those who are not interested in minutely verbal glosses or interpretations, will be found in his Introductory Essay. This is, in fact, an extremely comprehensive and consoling sermon, taking for its text *The Hound of Heaven*—or, in the preacher's opening words, the stupendous fact that "to all who read the history of mankind with unsoiled eyes, the one outstanding and outdistancing fact is the insistent love of God." It is also a great merit, and one for which the longsuffering poet would surely offer thanks, that through all his criticism of the poem the learned Jesuit stresses its note of human rather than of personal autobiography.

THE LITERATURE OF ECSTASY. By Albert Mordell. New York: Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

The author of this work propounds and advocates theories, which are rejected by those most competent to decide on the subject-matter. And it cannot be said that he makes out a strong case for his own peculiar views. He maintains, then, that ecstasy (*i. e.*, deeply felt emotion) and not rhythm, is essential to poetry. If that were true, almost every person would be a poet at some time in their lives. Yet real poets are few. Moreover, the universal belief, in fact one might almost say feeling, of mankind is that rhythm or some other metrical device is as necessary to poetry as time is to music or motion is to dancing.

Again he asserts that prose precedes verse historically—he asserts, but does not prove it; and it would require a much larger

critical apparatus than he appears to dispose of, to bolster up that very tottering proposition. Further, he lays down the extraordinary statement that the literature of ecstasy emanates from the unconscious. The greatest poet, then, would be he, who had least control of his faculties, least knowledge of his powers, least ability to improve himself. And we should have to admire in him not his fancy, his imagination, his intellect, his skill, but, if you please, the range of his unconsciousness! Tennyson, who was a great poet and a very respectable dramatist, remarks somewhere that he cannot even apprehend the mental processes and intellectual equipment necessary to produce one of Shakespeare's plays. Mr. Mordell's literary criticism would experience no difficulty in labeling the dramas as products of the unconscious. Such topsy turvy ideas may suit the exponents of Freudian philosophy. They will never win acceptance from the common sense of mankind.

OUT OF MIST. By Florence Kilpatrick Mixter. New York: Boni & Liveright. $1.75.

This is an interesting and musical first volume of verse, and if "the hard, human pulse," as Edwin Arlington Robinson calls it, were permitted to speak more definitely from out the mist, it might even be a deeply moving volume. For beneath the sonnet-sequence, from which the title is taken, one divines a story of real poignancy: but it is never made quite clear enough for the reader to share the emotion with which the poet writes. The effect is, as Patmore once said of certain of Rossetti's works, "tense without being intense." Perhaps, all this is merely saying that Mrs. Mixter has the gift of lovely lines—and, like many an older and greater poet, she too frequently yields to the temptation of sacrificing sense to sound. Her more simple and direct verses are nearly always her more successful, and the charming little poems to children are probably the most successful of all.

THE JOURNEY. *Odes and Sonnets.* By Gerald Gould. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.50.

This is the latest collection of poems by an English poet who has already several distinguished volumes of prose and verse to his name. It is a distinct advance upon the quality of *The Happy Tree,* his last volume, fine though that book was. All these odes and sonnets deal with love, and exhibit a lofty emotional power and a command of eloquent and beautiful poetic diction. He is a master of the sonnet form, as many of these pages unmistakably demonstrate. And he has a gift of memorable phrase.

READINGS IN ENGLISH SOCIAL HISTORY. Two vols. By R. B. Morgan, M.Litt. Cambridge: University Press. $1.40 each.

These two small volumes, the first one dealing with social conditions in England before 1272, and the second one giving pen pictures of the inhabitants from 1272 to 1485, are of particular interest to historical students. In the first place, they represent well-chosen selections from such famous contemporaries as Tacitus, Bede, Holinshed and Hakluyt, and the source is always stated, so that the intellectually curious may easily complete the article of which a mere sketch is given.

English social history is a fascinating study, and the editor of these "Readings" has chosen excerpts which cannot fail to interest even the most jaded historical mind. Those under the "Passing of Feudalism" in Volume II. deserve special commendation. Since the purpose is to present data in such a form as to encourage further study, the work surely accomplishes its aim.

IN THE EYES OF THE EAST. By Marjorie Barstow Greenbie. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50.

We know of very few accounts of voyagers as engaging and informative as are these travels of Marjorie Greenbie. The author set out with pen and camera across the Pacific, in the spring of 1918, with the purpose of studying the peoples of the Far Orient. After a sojourn of some seven months among them, she came back to give us her observations in a narrative that tingles with animation, teems with a wealth of interesting and entertaining incident, and pulses with the life of a people into whose rigorous domestic seclusion Mrs. Greenbie tactfully won her way. No mere man or tourist could have had access to the sanctums of Oriental life, of which our author gives such enlightening glimpses. The path of Mrs. Greenbie's journey runs through Japan, Korea, China, the Philippine Islands, Siam, Burma and India. Variegated with passages of masterly description and enlivened with an abundance of well selected pictures, this book presents a pageantry that is artistically real.

Should the success of *In the Eyes of the East* warrant another edition of the book, we trust that Mrs. Greenbie will see fit to amend a statement, which occurs in Chapter XXX., relative to the Friars of the Philippines. It does much injustice to the good name of these heroic men whose labors, ever since the year 1577, have reclaimed from the gloom of pagan barbarism millions of people to Christian civilization. The true history of the Friars runs in every way counter to the assertion that "the lives of these old *fratres* had been far from edifying."

EUDOCIA. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00.

Having bade farewell to Dartmoor as long ago as 1913, Mr. Phillpotts has traveled far to the East, and has turned back over a thousand pages in history's annals, for the scene of his latest novel. His story centres about Eudocia Macrembolitissa, born, by the way, just one thousand years ago, the wife and widow of the Byzantine Emperor, Constantine X. She had sworn to her husband on his deathbed not to remarry, and, when an aspirant to her hand and throne appeared in the person of Romanus Diogenes, Governor of Thrace, he was exiled and imprisoned by the Empress, influenced thereto by the Patriarch of Constantinople, in the interest of his brother, Bardas. Perceiving, however, the grave menace of the Seljukian Turks, she revoked her oath, married Romanus, and, with his aid, withstood the threatened invasion. These dry bones of history, "a half-page from Gibbon," Mr. Phillpotts calls them, are clothed with flesh and blood, and garbed in gorgeous costume, and a royal comedy is enacted against the background of the picturesque, though decadent, Byzantine court. The portrayal of the Byzantine Church and its Patriarch, Xiphilin, is highly unflattering, a circumstance we can bear with greater equanimity than we can show towards such a remark as Eudocia's, that no Pope shall keep her conscience, for she has seen the evil issues of spiritual domination in the West. In the first chapters, the characters are rather given to speaking *"ore rotundo,"* not a few of the longer speeches being close to blank verse; but, as the plot unfolds, this tendency to declaim in the grand manner is given over, and the dialogue gains in verisimilitude.

It is hardly a flash of genius, but a successful work of general excellence.

FREEDOM, TRUTH AND BEAUTY. By Edward Doyle. New York: Manhattan & Bronx Advocate. $1.50.

Mr. Doyle is fortunate in the stimulation which must come to him from the charming and sympathetic appreciations of his work, which serve as the introduction to this volume. To be doomed to blindness is a cross almost too heavy to bear, but in Mr. Doyle's case his inward vision has been made more keen by his handicap. His book is a collection of about seventy sonnets, whose themes are drawn from love of country, devotion to Ireland, the World War and Revolutionary History. They have a ringing eloquence which comes from the heart, a boldness of figurative language which is a hallmark of that poetry which is not sophis-

ticated, as is so much of our present-day verse. Optimism and faith and an abounding belief in the triumph of the beautiful and the good, mark every page of Mr. Doyle's work. One could wish that the poetic vigor and eloquence of the writer were not entirely confined to the sonnet, for no less perfect a vehicle is ready to hand in the ballad. Mr. Doyle could do fine things with ringing narratives in verse, for he has splendid subjects to draw from in Irish and in American history.

A CROWN OF TRIBULATIONS. By Elizabeth Parker. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.00.

This little volume contains seven meditations on the seven sorrows of the Blessed Virgin. Our Lady's sorrows fall naturally into two groups: those connected with the infancy and childhood of Our Lord and those relating to His passion and death.

The Sword of Simeon, the Flight into Egypt, the Loss of the Child Jesus, the Carrying of the Cross, the Crucifixion, the Death of Jesus and the Entombment—these seven sorrows bring in most intimate union the Divine Victim of Calvary and His Mother, whose heart, too, was crucified. There are many beautiful prayers in this volume.

DANGEROUS AGES. By Rose Macaulay. New York: Boni & Liveright. $2.00.

The interest which awaited the successor to *Potterism* finds itself more than justified. This book is of greater importance than the former, though less of a novel, strictly speaking. As it has already become trite to say, Miss Macaulay's mentality is essentially that of the essayist. She gives us here an intensive study of womankind as represented by four generations of women in one family of England's upper middle class. The men are so slightly sketched as to be negligible. For that matter, the reader is throughout less concerned with personalities than with reactions; the effects of "the expediencies, compromise and experimental contacts of life" under the influence of present-day doctrines and tendencies. With much cleverness, the author has, as it were, marshaled some conditions widely prevalent among women of the cultured classes, into a concentration camp, there to be subjected to demonstration without strain or improbability. Old age approaching, met with only an empty, narrow egotism; middle age, restless, self-conscious and dissatisfied, whether in marriage and motherhood, or in singleness and independence; youth, clean and fiercely public-spirited, Freud its evangelist, and for its plan of social regeneration, such improvements as

"marriage in the sight of heaven:" these, and the concomitants of entourage, Miss Macaulay sets before us with extraordinary clarity and penetration. Her humor is delicious, her touch as light as it is sure; her keen, delicate shafts of satire dart everywhere, never misdirected, never going astray.

Nevertheless, underlying this surface of innumerable brilliant facets is a profound melancholy, clearly perceptible notwithstanding that what might be construed as revelations of Miss Macaulay's mind are infrequent and oblique. Her gesture is one of detachment not to be betrayed into warmth of attack or advocacy regarding any of the phases of modern thought, whose fruit, as gleaned by her characters, is unrest, searchings, bafflement, futility. Religion is not for them, though the author's perspicacity precludes ignoring it. If, occasionally, what is said jars upon Catholic ears, it is merely because of fidelity to type and the point of view. Unaccentuated, but far from unimpressive, is her recognition of the steady weakening of the hold of the Anglican faith upon successive generations. From the great-grandmother's placid Low Churchmanship, the descent is to Unitarianism; to religious philosophizings and speculation; to total secularism, with reverence only for sex, as the solution of all enigmas of humanity.

Not through religion, but through altruistic work, have two of the principals achieved serenity—the great-grandmother, at eighty-four, tranquil and tolerant in her enforced inactivity, and her unmarried granddaughter, Pamela, at thirty-nine, her beneficent energies at their height. These, the most engaging members of the group, are of one mind in the philosophy of life as phrased by Pamela: "Can anything, which lasts such a little while, be worth making a fuss about?"

THE COMFORT OF THE CATHOLIC FAITH. By Rev. Frank M. Clendenin, D.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50 net.

The Catholic Faith, according to our author, is not the faith of the Catholic Church, but the private opinion of a particular member of a particular party of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

He starts on the false assumption that the entire revelation of Jesus Christ is set forth in the Nicene Creed, and, like many of his High Church confrères, has no understanding whatever of the true meaning of the famous *quod semper, quod ubique et quod omnibus.*

He rejects eternal punishment because it is not mentioned in the Apostles or the Nicene Creed, and then, like any unbeliever, asserts that the thought of an eternal hell is impossible. Like

Luther, he substitutes sentiment for reason, and asks: "Would any of us, for any crime whatever, send a fellow-mortal into seven thousand years of suffering? Are we more merciful than God? Eternal punishment grew out of an age where military power reigned supreme, where might was right. . . . It is the personal inference of certain learned men, who first of all must have felt sure of their own position in the Infinite, then, on their own interpretation of the words of inspiration, they let the rest of mankind take its chance."

The Catholic faith allows no tampering with its dogmas, for it accepts every truth on the authority of God. This one denial characterizes Mr. Clendenin as a Protestant of the Protestants, a universalist, not a Catholic.

IMMORTALITY AND THEISM. By William Wallace Fenn. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $1.00 net.

Dr. Fenn, the Bussey Professor of Theology, gave the Ingersoll lecture on Immortality at Harvard University the past year. He devotes twenty pages of the entire forty-one to the so-called proof of immortality from the phenomena of Spiritism, and rightly says that they add nothing in the way of proof of an after life. His argument is that a rationally significant world, a morally significant world, and an æsthetically significant world call for immortality. Like most of his fellows, he is delightfully vague, and often quotes the pantheistic Emerson with approval.

THE BOOK OF THE SAINTS, compiled by the Benedictine Monks of St. Augustine's Abbey, Ramsgate (New York: The Macmillan Co.), is a scholarly contribution of extreme usefulness. It presents in alphabetical order, a complete list of "the Servants of God canonized by the Catholic Church," with a short biographical notice, culled from the Roman and other Martyrologies. The labor of these learned and devoted Benedictines places at the service of every reader a convenient and invaluable book of reference.

LOURDES, by the Very Rev. Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson (St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. 90 cents) gives us a tender, touching picture of Lourdes just as Monsignor Benson saw it. He describes, in a general way, the Basilica, the pilgrims, the exercises and some of the cures. The author brings the reader very near God; very near His Immaculate Mother. What better test of the book's worth than this?

Monsignor Benson wrote his book with those who say there are no miracles in mind. He points to the cures at Lourdes as incontestible evidence. What greater evidence of miracles could be produced? If the incredulous do not believe after these stupendous happenings, neither would they believe if one rose from the dead.

GREAT PENITENTS, by Rev. Hugh Francis Blunt, LL.D. (New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00.) Heretofore, the biographical literature of penance was largely, almost exclusively one might say, concerned with those upon whom the Church has placed the seal of Sainthood, or, at the least, Beatification. Dr. Blunt has gotten away from the beaten track and has given us, in addition to the lives of several Saints, the readable and edifying stories of such men as the Abbot de Rancé, Paul Féval, Father Hermann, François Coppée, J. K. Huysmans and others.

Great Penitents is, quite evidently, the result of wide and careful reading, and we are of the opinion that, in putting it forth, the author has rendered a real service to the Church and to the thoughtful portion of the public.

DANTE: POET AND APOSTLE, by Ernest H. Wilkins. (Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $1.25 net.) This little book by the head of the Department of Romance Languages in the University of Chicago, is exceedingly rich in content. The three chapters are lectures delivered originally at Columbia and Chicago, and are designed as an introduction to the *Divine Comedy*. They discuss Dante's preparation for his great work, his apostolic service and the *Divine Comedy* as poetry. Though the emphasis is always on the *Divine Comedy*, in the first two chapters, much is said of Dante's other works, both in the vernacular and in Latin. So absolutely fair and adequate is his treatment of the Church's eschatology, that one could not determine from these pages whether or not Professor Wilkins is of the Faith. He is quite careful to distinguish between what was of faith, what traditional and what merely suggestive—in the Church's teaching; he does full justice to Dante's dependence on St. Thomas and the other Scholastic philosophers. Our only complaint is: the book is too short; we would like to spend a longer time in the company of so scholarly and sympathetic a critic.

IN OCCUPIED BELGIUM, by Robert Withington. (Boston: The Cornhill Co. $1.50 net.) This bright little book, written by a delegate of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, is a recital of the author's experiences in assisting the people of Belgium during the days when the United States was maintaining its policy of neutrality. It portrays incidents in the lives of the Belgians who suffered so terribly at the hands of the German military authorities in their control of Belgium. It shows the difficulties that confronted the American Commission, whose aim was to render assistance to the destitute noncombatants, and to bring food and succor to the children of a land devastated by war and circumscribed by its enemies.

The book is exceedingly well written, and is a tribute to the fortitude and valor of the Belgians and their spiritual leader, Cardinal Mercier. It speaks eloquently of the wonderful works of charity performed by the American Commission, of which Herbert Hoover was the Chairman.

SUNDAYS IN THE GARDEN OF EASTER, by E. Seton. (New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.25 net.) This is a book of meditations on the festival of Easter and the various appearances of our Divine Saviour during His risen life on earth. To these Meditations are joined prayers in preparation for Holy Communion and in thanksgiving, while a third part gives prayers and devotions in keeping with the Easter festival and the Eucharist. The whole makes a very acceptable book of devotion, suitable not only for Easter, but for the whole year.

CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE, edited by Benjamin Harrow. (New York: Boni & Liveright. 95 cents net.) "Readings in Contemporary Science" would have better conveyed the content of this quite interesting book. Of course, so small a book could not touch a tithe of the subjects now interesting scientists, but what it does do—and well—is to give a selection of essays by masters of their subjects on various points of present-day interest. Several are devoted to the ultra-physics, which have given us such marvelous conceptions of the atom and of electricity. Some are biological, and a large group will greatly interest medical men. Here we specially allude to the admirable comparison of pre-Listerian days with the present time. There are a group of articles on Science in the War which will interest, though they will sicken, one at the thought of the prostitution of a noble thing. Finally, we may commend the article on psychoanalysis to the notice of confessors. Whether Freud's views are or are not correct—the author of this article is much more sure that they are than his present reviewer—this is clear that no psychological or medical means has ever been devised which is more capable of being taken up—as it surely will be taken up—by the charlatan nor any in which more deadly harm may be done to soul and body. The question deserves study by the clergy, and the article in this book gives a very fair account of it.

CLERAMBAULT, by Rowain Rolland. Translated from the French by Katherine Miller. (New York: Henry Holt & Co.) This book gets its title from its chief character, a famous nationalist poet, whose son goes to the front at the outbreak of the War with Germany and is killed. Clérambault, whose patriotism has been unrivaled, undergoes a change of spirit. He no longer regards the War as a sacred struggle, but rather as a stupid, brutal and needless sacrifice of humanity to outworn ideals. He preaches his new doctrine eloquently, but is misunderstood, and soon becomes the object of bitter attack as a "defeatist" by press and people. His plea for peace is jeered at by all but a handful of sympathetic souls, whose influence is too weak to save him from the surveillance of the government, and finally from trial as an enemy of his country. At this critical moment, he is shot down in the street, on his way to court, by another father who has lost his son in battle, but in whom Death has awakened an implacable bitterness.

The book cannot be called a novel; rather it is a psychological study, a record of the searchings of soul of one in whose eyes men follow traditions which he regards as foolish and brutal, refusing to think for themselves and becoming like mere sheep that follow the bell-wether. The book is an indictment of war and, at the same time, a defence of the author; for Clérambault is none other than M. Rolland himself, whose utterances during the War evoked a storm of denunciation. M. Rolland's mistake is not in denouncing war, nor in proclaiming the sanctity of living at peace with one's neighbor. His mistake is in supposing that the individualism which he proclaims is possible, that laws can be made which, as he puts it, will fit every man as perfectly as his shoes, that the refusal to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's will bring the world to Eden instead of to chaos.

SAINTS AND HEROES OF THE WESTERN WORLD, by Muriel O. Davis. (New York: Oxford University Press.) As "an attempt to interest those who are beginning the study of European History," which is the author's avowed purpose, this book is, in the main, successful. It is attractively edited, generously illustrated, and more appreciative of the influence of religion and of the monks in history than is the average estimate of non-Catholic writers. Benedict of Nursia, Gregory the Great, Bernard of Clairvaux, Francis of Assisi, Catherine of Siena, and Ignatius Loyola are the saints, aptly chosen, among the fifteen personages whose lives and work are succinctly sketched. We are somewhat astonished to find such a character as Luther placed in the company of saints and heroes. An historical character he is, but not his best friends would describe this religious rebel either as a "saint" or a "hero."

WILLOW POLLEN, by Jeannette Marks. (Boston: The Four Seas Co.) Many of the poems in this little volume are written in "free verse," and are characterized by that incoherence which is the hallmark of much of our present-day "poetry." As Professor of English at Mt. Holyoke College, Miss Marks, undoubtedly, is familiar with Coleridge's famous reply to Wordsworth's pronouncement on poetic diction, but she appears largely to accept, in her practice, the belief which he showed to be fundamentally unsound. Miss Marks, at times, experiences genuine poetic flashes and such lyrics as "Stars," "The Great Silence," "Strange Faces," "Journey's End," "Steps" and "His Name," are worth printing in this permanent form. "Stars" is touched with a spirit of resignation and faith infrequent in our day.

THE PRIEST BEFORE THE ALTAR, compiled by Rev. F. MacNamara, C.SS.R. (New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.00), contains the preparation and thanksgivings before and after Mass for every day in the week by St. Alphonsus Liguori, together with the Latin prayers of the Roman Missal. An appendix adds a list of prayers indulgenced by Pius IX., Leo XIII., Pius X. and Benedict XV.

SONGS FOR PARENTS, by John Farrar. (New Haven: Yale University Press.) These charming poems are for parents—to read to children. And Mr. Farrar has caught the note of childhood happily. "Humor," "Cat-Fish," "Royalty," "The Candy Santa Claus" and "Prayer" are delightful. Here are the whimsies, the curiosity, the naughtiness (quite innocent, however) of small boydom peeping out through the lines like the bright eyes of the little people for whom they are intended. One of the happiest of the poems is called "Chanticleer." Mr. Farrar has done well, for writing children's poems, like making a tract, is, as Rudyard Kipling once confessed, a genuine feat.

JESUS CHRIST, THE KING OF OUR HEARTS—Elevations on the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, by Very Rev. Alexis M. Lepicier, O.S.M. (New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.50 net.) This volume, written by the Prior General of the Order of Servants of Mary, is intended to serve for spiritual reading or meditation, particularly during the month of June. To this end, it is divided into thirty chapters, each of which is concerned with the Sacred Heart and Its reign over the hearts of men. It is the earnest hope of the Very Reverend Author that this work may bring many to realize what the Sacred Heart of Jesus is for each of us. An attentive reading of its pages certainly should help to this end. The book is prefaced with a letter of appreciation from Pope Benedict XV.

POPE PIUS IX., by J. Herbert Williams. (London: Sands & Co.) This short work—forty-six pages in all—presents an *a priori* reason why Pius IX. ought to be a canonized saint. Mr. Williams does not stress the character, but the position, of the Pontiff. He was a Pope of two dogmatic pronouncements. As a consequence, he was not only called, but chosen. This fact ought to enroll him publicly among Heaven's elect. The book, though well written and its argument clearly presented, will have very little, if any, influence.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

Noteworthy publications from the Orientalist Press of Paul Geuthner, Paris, are: *Haut-Commissariat de la République Française en Syrie et au Liban; Service des Antiquités et des Beaux-Arts; Bibliothèque Archéologique et Historique; I, Abou Yousof Ya 'koub, Le Livre de l'Impôt Foncier (Kitāb el-Kharādj)* translated and annotated by E. Fagnan, a publication which recommends itself to all interested in Oriental studies. It is issued under the auspices of the French Government, and will consist of a series of monographs on the religions, the institutions and customs of the people which settled in Syria from the origins of history down to the present time. M. Fagnan, a well known authority on Arabic literature, contributes the first volume of the series, namely, a French translation of Abū Yūsuf Ya'Kūb's *Kitāb el-Kharādj* or *Book of the Land Tax*, one of the oldest monuments of Islamic jurisprudence. The translation, which is based on the text printed at Boulaq in 1885, is very readable and intelligible. It is of special value on account of the copious and learned notes, which illustrate the more

difficult passages. An important feature of Mr. Fagnan's work is the comprehensive summary which he has added to the general index. *Recueil de Lois Assyriennes.* Assyrian text accompanied by a French translation and Index, by V. Scheil. It is now twenty years since the *editio princeps* of the Code of Hammurabi was published by Abbé Scheil. It is better known to the general public than, perhaps, any other cuneiform inscription, while for the specialist it is a mine of information about the institutions, language and culture of ancient Babylonia. The same distinguished savant now gives to the world a translation of the Assyrian Code, discovered by the German excavators in the mound of Kaleb-Shergat, the site of Assur, and recently published, though without translation, by Schröder. The new code appears to have been fully as extensive as the Code of Hammurabi, and is exceedingly instructive for a comparative study of Assyrian civilization and Babylonian culture. While this work of the Abbé Scheil was in course of preparation, the late Professor Jastrow, of the University of Pennsylvania, published an English translation of the code, and B. Meissner a summary of certain parts of it. These three contributions have been issued so nearly together that each retains the value of an independent translation. *L'Evolution de la Langue Egyptienne et les Langues Sémitiques,* by Edouard Naville. Dr. Naville's splendid work in Egyptology guarantees his competency in all that pertains to the history and language of Egypt. Everyone, therefore, interested in the Egyptian language will turn to this new book with pleasure, and read with profit his arguments against the theory of the Berlin school of Egyptology, based on the notion of the Semitic character of Egyptian and endeavoring, consequently, to force on that language a grammatical system which does violence to it. Dr. Naville's remarks on the character and evolution of the Egyptian language and writing—and the greater portion of his work is devoted to this question—are not, in his mind, the most important part of his book: they are not presented to the reader for their own sake. His real object, as appears from the very title and is stated most clearly in the preface, is to argue once more in favor of the theory developed in 1913 in his *Archæology of the Old Testament,* that Hebrew is the language of the latest form of the Bible. The Sacred Books, originally in Babylonian cuneiform, were translated into Aramaic by Esdras. The present form, our Hebrew Old Testament, is the result of a third change, which took place around the beginning of the Christian Era. According to our author's thesis, these three periods of the Bible correspond to the three stages of the development of the Egyptian language, Coptic. But it must be confessed that it is difficult to follow the reasoning of the author, and few will be convinced by his arguments. The reader, desirous of a full account of the new theory, is referred to Father Ronzevalle's article, *Langues et Ecritures en Israël* (*Recherches de Science Religieuse,* 1917, No. 5, 6, pp. 353-417). *Etude de Préhistoire Crétoise: Tylissos à l'époque Minoenne, suivi d'une note sur les Larnax de Tylissos,* translated from the Greek by Joseph Hazzidakis in collaboration with L. Franchet. In 1909, Dr. Hazzidakis, Director of Cretan Antiquities, undertook excavations at Tylissos, and proceeded with the greatest care and accuracy. In many points, he has corrected the classification proposed by Evans. In this he was approved by L. Franchet, who himself examined the work of Hazzidakis, and helped in arranging the objects that had been brought to light. The great merit of this work is not merely in giving to the public the description of various objects of ancient times, but more particularly in making one realize the necessity of proceeding slowly in the work of excavation if one would keep intact the chronological records of the past.

Les Religions de la Préhistoire—L'Age Palælithique, by Theodore

Mainage (Paris: Auguste Picard), is an erudite work by the Professor of the History of Religions in the Institut Catholique de Paris. It is of the first importance since it makes a real, and we may add very satisfactory, effort to raise the veil which obscures the deeper ideas of these very distant ancestors of the human race. That they possessed a belief in a future life and looked upon it as more or less a continuance of that which they had led on this earth, we have long known, and this belief goes back a long way, as far as the Mousterian interment of Chapelle aux Saints. The author establishes the fact that the belief in a future state was not accompanied by any cult of the dead or of ancestor worship, and thus deals a shrewd blow at the Tylor theory of the origin of a belief in a God. This, and many other points, are elucidated by an examination of the many works of art of this period which are now at our disposal for study, and of which the most remarkable are the wall paintings in so many caves. With other authorities today, the author thinks that monotheism was the original belief and that it became attenuated and corrupted. Of the other like agency, astral beliefs, there is no trace amongst the relics of quaternary man. Nothing in present evidence conflicts with the view of a primitive revelation. This book ought to be on the shelves of every public library, college library and private library where learning is respected.

Lethielleux, Paris, have issued: *Le Contenu de la Morale* in two small volumes of popular spirituality, for young men, attractively printed; *Pourquois je Crois en Dieu,* intended for small children and composed mainly of illustrations; *L'Histoire et Les Histoires dans la Bible,* a very brief work in which Monseigneur Landrieux contends that all the evils of the Church are to be attributed to the Jews; *La Vertu de Tempérance,* an excellent Lenten course preached by Père Janvier at Notre Dame de Paris in 1921, on moderation and self-control. The Easter Retreat at the end of the volume is very practical and will be of service to all priests.

From the press of Téqui, Paris, we have the second volume of Monseigneur Millot's *Plans de Sermons Pour les Fêtes,* covering the principal feasts of the year from the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul to the Feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin.

Exercitiorum Spiritualium Concordantia, by Eugenio Thibaut, S.J., Louvain. The occurrence of the three hundredth anniversary of the canonization of St. Ignatius and the four hundredth of the composition of the *Spiritual Exercises,* by the same Saint, has inspired Father Thibaut to compile a verbal and topical index to the three standard editions of the *Exercises,* namely, Father Roothan's version, the Desclé (Brugis), and the more recent Blass (Matritensis) editions. One making or giving the *Spiritual Exercises,* will find this booklet a valuable companion.

New books on the Rubrics are: *General Rubrics of the Roman Missal* and *Memoriale Rituum,* containing the Rubrics for Candlemas Day, Ash Wednesday, Palm Sunday, Holy Thursday, Good Friday and Holy Saturday, both edited and published by Petrus Marietti, printers to the Holy See. *Collectio Rerum Liturgicarum,* by Joseph Wuest, C.SS.R., compiled from the Canon Law of the Church, recent Decrees of the Sacred Congregation and the New Missal, and *The New Rubrics* in the Missal, also published in pamphlet form, by Dr. Joseph Macheus. B. Herder Book Co. St. Louis, Mo., is the American distributor.

We have also from Petrus Marietti the *Missale Romanum*—the New Missal—in convenient form for chapel use or for use in traveling, beautifully printed on fine paper.

Recent Events

Italy.

After numerous unsuccessful attempts by various political leaders to form a Cabinet in succession to that of Premier Bonomi, which resigned on February 2d, Deputy Luigi Facta finally achieved the task on February 25th. The new Ministry is a coalition of all the constitutional groups except the Nationalists and the Fascisti. The Catholic Party is most strongly represented, having three Ministers; the Liberals, two, each of the other groups, one. The important portfolios of Education, Agriculture and Finance are held by official Catholics, while that of the Colonies is held by a Catholic who, however, is not a member of the Party. The programme of the Catholic Party includes free education, a breaking up of the large estates for the benefit of the peasants, with coöperation between capital and labor, and, in the realm of domestic finance, a more equitable distribution of profits and taxes.

The new Premier is sixty-one years old, and began his career as a lawyer and journalist. He is classed as a follower of former Premier Giolitti, whose views he shared at the beginning of the War: that Italy should not enter the conflict. Once war was declared, however, he showed himself an ardent patriot. He has been a member of the Chamber of Deputies and, in succession, Under Secretary of Justice, Under Secretary of the Interior, Minister of Finance and Minister of Justice. In the present Cabinet, besides the Premiership, he holds the posts of Minister of the Interior and Interior Minister of Liberated Provinces. Senator Schanzer, who headed the Italian delegation at the Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armament, has been named Foreign Minister. To date, there has been one defection from the new Government, Signor Di Cesaro resigning the Ministry of Posts on March 1st because of what he considered the undue influence of the head of the Catholic Party, who is not a member of the Government.

An event that created an immense stir throughout Italy and caused a situation which will either make or break the Facta Government depending on how it handles the crisis, was the reemergence of the Fiume problem on March 3d, when, after a day's battle, Fascisti, headed by Deputy Giunta, captured the Government palace in Fiume and forced the resignation of President Zanella. A plebiscite was held in Fiume last spring, which re-

turned a Constituent Assembly supporting Signor Zanella and his autonomist policy by nearly four to one, representing the general feeling of the Fiumens—Italians, Croatian, Magyar and German—and in October, last, the Assembly declared against union with Italy, and in favor of the Zanella Government by a vote of fifty to ten. The Fascisti, however, have been continuously active throughout Italy and also in Fiume, and the present coup is the result of a surprise attack apparently connived at by certain of the Italian naval and military forces.

The Italian Government is seeking to reëstablish order, and to this end has sent five hundred carabineers to reënforce an equal number of carabineers already in Fiume. A brigade of infantry is also in Fiume, in addition to a detachment of Alpine troops, while the army corps at Trieste has been ordered to supply further forces if these should be considered necessary. Gabriele D'Annunzio has sent letters and proclamations to Fiume, declaring his support of the present movement and saying that now, as always, he is on the side of the Legionaries, and that what has been conquered should be held. The Italian Government has expressed its determination to respect loyally the Treaty of Rapallo, which guarantees the independence of Fiume, but also declares that it must take into consideration Italian national sentiment.

According to late dispatches, the Jugo-Slav Cabinet has decided to send a note of protest to the Rome Government. The Allied Cabinets are being advised that this step is being taken, and it has also been decided by the Jugo-Slav Government to adopt measures to protect Jugo-Slav interests. Meanwhile, word has come from Commendatore Castelli, the Italian commander of the forces in Fiume, saying that conditions are tranquil and that his work of pacification is proceeding satisfactorily. He is encountering no difficulties from the Zanella adherents.

Italian forces fighting rebels at Misurata, Tripoli, in February, lost twenty-five killed and about one hundred wounded. The Arabs attempted to tamper with the railway line between Tripoli, Azizia and Misurata, when the garrison made a sortie, but met with stout resistance. The Arab losses are reported to have been very heavy. The Italian Government regards the trouble as an isolated demonstration.

On March 5th, Mount Vesuvius was reported in eruption. The phenomenon began with two mild earthquake shocks, which were followed by the collapse of the eruptive cave, two hundred feet high, which stood inside the crater. Liquid lava poured out from the crater in streams, and in twenty-four hours after the disturbance began, it covered an area of 10,000 square feet. The

lava has formed round the crater an incandescent band more than three hundred feet wide, the temperature of this molten mass being 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit. There were no casualties.

France.

The chief subject of discussion during the past month has been the Genoa Conference, or rather the date of the Conference, and as a result of strong representations by the French Government, the opening has been postponed from March 8th to April 10th. This date was fixed upon by Premiers Lloyd George and Poincaré at a meeting at Boulogne on February 25th, and, although there are rumors of a further postponement, it is believed that April 10th will see the actual opening of the Conference. The Boulogne meeting of the two Premiers was the result of French insistence on a preliminary understanding with regard to the League of Nations, the position of Russia and the various Peace Treaties. The Premiers agreed on the political guarantees to be secured in order to prevent encroachments either on the rights of the League of Nations or on the Treaties signed since the peace or the rights of the Allies in reparations. Concerning Russia, it was decided that recognition of the Russian Government, depends upon the Russians themselves—if they demonstrate their good faith at Genoa, they will be welcomed into the European family of nations.

In addition to the matters mentioned, it was announced that the Anglo-French alliance, which was in negotiation at the time of former Premier Briand's resignation, might now be considered as consummated and that all differences with respect to it had been removed. The terms of the compact have not been officially published, but it is understood that the alliance, which is a treaty of guarantee whereby England pledges herself to come immediately to France's aid in the event of an unprovoked attack by Germany, and to support France in enforcing German disarmament, will run for twenty years instead of ten, as originally proposed. It is understood, also, that there is the additional important change that England and France pledge themselves to act in accord in case of trouble on the eastern frontier of Germany, which means that England and France promise to protect Poland against attack by Germany—a considerable victory gained by France for her protégé.

That England, however, by the last mentioned provision by no means intended a blanket endorsement of Polish policies became evident early in March, when it sent a warning to the Polish Government that any attempt at the annexation of Vilna—a step recently recommended by the Vilna Deputies in the Polish Diet—

would entail serious consequences to the peace of Europe. At least one other Allied Power—presumably Italy—is believed to have sent a similar warning. Should Poland make an attempt to annex Vilna, there would, of course, be immediate opposition from Lithuania, and it is also probable that Russia would intervene on behalf of the latter. Meanwhile, the League of Nations, whose last scheme for settlement of the Vilna dispute was rejected, in February, both by Lithuania and Poland, has washed its hands of the whole affair and will not intervene further unless requested by the two countries to do so. The Vilna Deputies demanded the immediate annexation not only of Vilna proper, but of the whole province. As a result of this, and of the British protest, the Polish Cabinet was forced to resign.

On March 1st, the United States Senate, by a vote of 667 to 22, ratified the Yap Treaty, drawn up at the recent Washington Conference. The other treaties are still under discussion, with indications that the chief opposition will be aroused by the four-power Pacific treaty, which will be the next treaty voted on. It is considered good strategy, by the supporters of the agreements, to get the four-power treaty out of the way, after which no delay is expected in disposing of the remaining treaties.

On February 1st, President Harding nominated as members of the Foreign Debt Commission Messrs. Mellon, Hughes, Hoover, Senator Reed, Senator Smoot and Representative Theodore Burton of Ohio. The object of the Commission will be to work out satisfactory arangements for funding foreign debts, amounting to more than $11,000,000,000. Although there is the possibility that one or more members of the Commission may be sent to Europe, virtually all of the negotiations will be attempted through diplomatic channels at Washington. The Treasury Department has announced that the funding operations will be taken up with each country in the order of the size of their loans from this country. This would place the British negotiations first, followed by the French, Italian and Belgian.

Meetings of the Inter-Allied committee appointed at the Cannes Conference, in January, to arrange for the establishment of a $100,000,000 corporation for the reconstruction of Europe, began in London late in February. An international banking consortium was formed by representatives from Great Britain, France, Italy, Belgium and Germany. Since then, it appears that the British and German Governments have agreed unreservedly to stand back of their respective nationals who share in raising the stipulated amounts, and the Italian Government is said to have given the same assurances. France has not yet made known its decision,

while the Belgian Government is reported to be averse to making any guarantees to Belgian financiers, who agree to subscribe twenty per cent. of the consortium's capital, on the ground that the individual financiers who, in the future, may reap the benefits of a resumption of trade in Central Europe and Russia, should assume the risks involved. French financial opinion is also understood to be opposed to Government backing for French financiers who participate in the undertaking.

As these notes are being written, the Finance Ministers of Great Britain, France, Italy and Belgium will meet in Paris for a three-day conference to discuss the distribution among the Allies of reparations payments already made by Germany. Although the Reparations Commission will continue to settle matters direct with the German Government, there are certain questions which only the Allied Governments are empowered to decide, such as the distribution of German payments and the general principle of the moratorium requested by Germany. A report of the Reparations Commission, recently made public, shows that, to date, it has sold 418 former German ships, aggregating 2,500,000 tons, for 20,076,216 pounds. Expenses in connection with their sale amounted to twelve and one-half per cent.

The League of Nations' temporary mixed commission, which is to prepare a disarmament programme for the next Assembly meeting in September, began its work in Paris on February 20th, under the Presidency of René Viviani. The commission reviewed the work of the League Secretariat in collecting figures comparing the 1913 and 1921 military establishments of League members and voted to ask all the members to supply, as soon as possible, particulars of their requirements for national security, with presentations of the bases of their claims, as well as their requirements for the maintenance of internal order.

The Greek Government has formally released the steamship *Espoir*, which was captured by a Greek torpedo-boat destroyer off the coast of Asia Minor on February 12th. The seizure of the ship was the subject of two notes to Greece from the French Government, the first demanding release of the vessel and cargo, and the second threatening retaliatory measures if the request was not granted. The Greek Government, in an answer to the first note, said it would release the ship, but not the cargo, which, it contended was contraband of war destined for the Turkish Nationalist army of Mustapha Kemal, with whom the Greeks are at war. The *Espoir* sailed from the port of Piræus after her cargo had been discharged, but France still insists that cargo also must be freed, contending that the vessel carried only coal for the Ana-

tolian railroads. Meanwhile, the Nationalist and Greek armies in Asia Minor are busily preparing for the resumption of hostilities. Absolute secrecy is being maintained regarding the movements of the two armies, but large supplies of troops and war material are known to have recently arrived in Smyrna from Greece. The Greeks are said to have repulsed Turkish reconnoitring parties in the district of Nazli, in Anatolia and numerous Turkish bands near Aidin.

A startling contrast has recently been afforded by a compilation of vital statistics of France and Germany just made public, which shows that the population of Germany is growing three times as fast as that of France. The figures for the first half of 1921 show an excess of births over deaths in France of 72,851. For the first three months of 1921 the excess births over deaths in Germany was 179,356, which assuming the same rate for the succeeding three months gives for the first six months of 1921, 358,712 as against France's 72,851. The population of France is 37,000,000; of Germany 64,000,000. In other words, Germany, with a population 1.75 times that of France, has five times as large an increase in population, or taking into consideration the factor of relative size, the population of Germany is growing three times as fast as France. The 1921 figures also show a total of 421,180 births in the first half of the year. In 1865 there were 1,000,000 births in France. During the six months of last year 348,329 people died in France. These figures are the same for the corresponding period of 1920, but during the first half of 1920 there were 333,342 marriages compared with 228,185 in 1921, a diminution of 95,000. The first six months of 1921, saw 15,567 divorces, the largest of any one half year. In 1919, immediately after the War, there were 500,000 marriages in France and 626,000 in 1920, relatively large figures which might have led to expectation of a larger birth rate in 1921.

Germany.

An attempt, towards the middle of February, to embarrass and possibly overthrow the Wirth Government by the introduction in the Reichstag of four resolutions by the Nationalists, the German People's Party, the Independent Socialists and the Communists respectively, censuring the Government for its policy during the railway strike, was defeated in favor of a resolution of confidence by a vote of 220 against 185, sixteen of the members casting blank ballots. This was the only political crisis of the month, and its result seemed to be to place Chancellor Wirth more firmly in control than before. That the Government is

making a serious effort to carry out the policy of making the interior budget balance, as announced in a note to the Reparations Commission, is apparently indicated by figures on German foreign trade recently issued by the *Statistisches Reichstag*. These show that in the month of January the value of exports exceeded that of imports by 1,700,000,000 marks ($425,000,000). The export surplus is not due to increase of exports, but to decrease in the value of imports, which results from the Government having ceased to furnish billions of paper marks for the purchase of foreign foodstuffs.

On the other hand, a new high cost of living wave is beginning to engulf Germany. Potatoes have already begun to give out, and bread prices will be increased forty per cent. in the near future. Wheat is 6,000 and rye 5,500 per cent. higher than before the War. An increased basic coal price is shortly to become effective, together with increased freight rates, and an increased coal tax will make coal 6,500 per cent. higher than it was when the War started. Bread and coal are the principal pace-makers in Germany's rapidly increasing cost of living. But the rise will continue all along the line, and is certain to entail far-reaching economic, social and political consequences. Prices of pig iron and steel have just been increased, and, in Berlin, car fares, gas, water and electricity rates have been raised another ten or fifteen per cent. The rapidity of the living costs increase is gaugeable from the index figure for wholesale prices, which in January was 3,596 and soared to 4,309 in February, one hundred having been the basic index figure for 1913. The dollar is popularly blamed for this paper mark cost of living increase.

Meanwhile the Government still continues its efforts for a revision of the reparation terms, and the Allied Powers are expected to refer the whole question back to the Reparations Commission for decision after the meeting of the Allied Finance Ministers in Paris, referred to above under France. During the last month the Commission has been conducting an intensive investigation of Germany's finances and ability to pay, so that when the question is again put to it, it will be in a position to reach a decision quickly. On the last day of February, the Commission reached a provisional agreement with the German Government providing for the annual payment by Germany of 720,000,000 gold marks in cash and 1,450,000,000 gold marks in kind. Should the deliveries in kind not reach the total fixed, the cash payments will not be increased. Thus, the Entente will have considerable interest in seeing that the stipulated deliveries of products are duly made.

On the day before this provisional agreement was entered

into, namely, February 27th, Germany made the fifth ten-day payment of 31,000,000 gold marks in accordance with a temporary schedule recently adopted by the Reparations Commission. In publishing the fact of this payment, a prominent French newspaper, the *Temps,* calculates the total amount paid by Germany since the armistice, in cash and deliveries in kind, as somewhere between 9,000,000,000 and 9,500,000,000 gold marks. From this, the *Temps* says, must be deducted advances made to Germany under the Spa agreement, reducing the total to about 6,500,000,000 gold marks as representing the amount Germany has paid to date. Most of it has been absorbed by expenses for military occupation.

Germany's first popular Presidential election will probably take place either in June or September, but with the result, apparently, a foregone conclusion. At present, Germany has no constitutional President, Herr Ebert merely being Provisional President, elected by the defunct National Assembly and continuing in office simply by virtue of political procrastination. The Constitution provides that "the President of the German Reich shall be elected by universal direct and secret ballot," but says nothing as to when he shall be elected or as to the length of his term of office; to settle these details, a special Presidential election law must be passed by the Reichstag. The Social Democrats are certain to put forward President Ebert as their candidate, and the probabilities are that all the coalition parties will unite in supporting him, insuring his election.

The three States of Saxony, Brunswick and Thuringia, which all have Socialist Governments, are contemplating the establishment of a union to further their common interests without impairing their separate independence. At a meeting of officials, recently held in Leipzig, it was decided to set up an office, jointly supported, to deal essentially with labor problems. Inquiry will be made of other German Socialist-governed States for opinions on the practicability of a "League of Socialist States."

Herr Witthoefft, President of the Hamburg Chamber of Commerce, in a recently published article, says the port has regained eighty per cent. of its pre-war shipping traffic, despite the fact that Germany is practically without a mercantile fleet. The business interests of Hamburg are pushing the proposal to make the port a still bigger factor in German trade by enlarging it and increasing its docking facilities, but in this plan they are meeting with stubborn opposition from the Prussian politicians, who abhor the contemplated idea of certain Prussian territory being added to the State of Hamburg. In this instance, the Socialists and Liberals are backing the business interests, and are insistent that no con-

sideration of Prussian pride be allowed to stand in the way of developing the port. It seems likely that the fight for the project will be carried from the Prussian Lantag to the Reichstag.

Beginning May 5th, Germany will be permitted to resume the unhampered manufacture of non-military airplanes, according to an official notification to the German Government by the Council of Ambassadors. On that date, the Inter-Allied Commission of Aërial Control will discontinue its activities and leave for home. This will be the first of the Inter-Allied control commissions to complete its work and disband. It is stipulated, however, that Germany must observe the distinction between military and civil aviation established by the Allies, who will send a special representative to watch over the practical workings of the new order of things. Under the changed conditions, Germany's airplane industry, which has been practically throttled and dying by degrees, is expected to take on a tremendous new lease of life.

An immediate further reduction of 203 officers and 3,000 men in the American forces in Germany was ordered by the War Department in February. The orders sent to Major General Allen at Coblenz are supplemental to the orders of last October, under which nearly 8,000 men already have been returned to the United States. They direct that the troops be sent home on the earliest available transports. When this is done, there will remain in Germany a total of 169 officers and 2,217 men.

Russia.

The total number of deaths among famine-stricken Russians thus far is 200,000, if the ratio of deaths in the Ufa province (one of the most stricken districts) has been maintained elsewhere; so states a recent estimate by the Soviet Commissariat of Health. In Ufa, from the commencement of the famine until February 22d, 16,869 deaths from famine and disease caused by the famine, not including typhus, have been registered.

Secretary Hoover, in a statement given out on March 6th, said that during the previous thirty days a total of 100,000 tons of American relief supplies have arrived at four Baltic seaports and three ports on the Black Sea, but of this total only about 25,000 have been shipped to the famine districts, owing to poor railroad facilities. Within the next thirty days, an additional 140,000 tons of relief supplies will arrive at Russian ports, and reports received by the American Relief Administration do not indicate much prospect of improvement in land transportation.

Since Secretary Hoover made the above statement, the Soviet Government has agreed to reimburse the American Relief Admin-

istration for any demurrage loss resulting from failure of rail transportation in distributing the supplies. According to a statement made by an official of the organization, the American Relief Organization expects to withdraw from Russia by September 1st, next. By that date, it is estimated that the Russians should be able to feed themselves with the proceeds of their harvests. The Relief Administration is sending to Russia 122,000 tons of seed for planting this spring, and this is expected to insure ample crops.

On the other hand, alarming news has reached the Secretariat of the League of Nations concerning the danger of epidemics of cholera, spotted typhus and intermittent fever spreading from Russia to Poland and thence to Germany and the rest of Europe. To meet the situation, the Polish Government has summoned a world sanitary conference at Warsaw on March 15th. Already a sanitary frontier has been traced along the Russo-Polish line, but the Poles declare they have neither disinfectants nor a medical staff sufficient to cope with the pestilence. In response, the League of Nations is sending sanitary experts to Warsaw.

The troops of the Chita Government (the Far Eastern Republic of Siberia) on February 14th, captured the important town of Khabarovsk, and several days later began a sharp offensive "in which the bandit army, equipped by Japanese, has been cut off from its supplies, disorganized and forced to retreat." This would indicate that the Japanese forces supporting the puppet White Russian Government in the Far East, either had left the latter to fight its own battles or had advised retirement. In either event, on March 1st, Japan and the Chita Government were reported to have come to an agreement in their long drawn out conference at Dairen, whereby the latter acceded to Japan's demands for the dismantling of the Vladivostok fortifications and to Japan's other proposals, with the exception of that regarding indemnity for the Nikolaievsk massacre, in which several hundred Japanese troops were cut off two winters ago and slain. There seems to be a prospect of an early and satisfactory conclusion of the conference between representatives of the two Governments. The hope of the Chita authorities that their Government will be accorded representation at the Genoa economic conference, is believed to have operated towards advancing the negotiations.

Towards the middle of February, the Karelian revolt against the Moscow Government came to an end when the Soviet troops completed the expulsion of the Finnish and White Russian bands from Karelia and captured Ukhta, their last stronghold. The Soviet success was considerably facilitated by the belated refusal of the Finnish Government to allow munitions and sup-

plies to pass the frontier for the aid of the insurgents. The sudden collapse of the insurgent movement, once support from across the Finnish border was withheld, certainly seems to justify the belief that the whole affair was a pure case of filibustering and not, as claimed at Helsingfors and other anti-Bolshevik centres, a spontaneous uprising of a population weary of the Bolshevik yoke.

The executive leaders of the Third Internationale of Moscow, after a two weeks' discussion, on March 6th, by a vote of forty-six to ten, recommended a conference of all the Socialist Internationales for the purpose of forming a united front on world problems affecting capital and labor. The resolutions passed mentioned the various Internationales with which a conference is favored—the Second, or pre-war organization, the Second and a Half, as the organization formed at Vienna last year, and which recently held a meeting in Paris, is termed, and the Fourth Internationale. Leon Trotzky, and other Russian chiefs who were instrumental in hastening this decision, explained that the move was in keeping with new tactics, having as their purpose a flank attack on capitalism instead of the old open battle for an immediate world revolution. The French, Italian and Spanish representatives voted against the proposed conference, on the ground that it would mean the ultimate destruction of the Third Internationale, which would become merely the left wing of the united body if the conference were held and Amsterdam and other groups agreed to a general union. Trotzky, Zinovieff, Radek, Lunacharsky and other Russian leaders, however, succeeded in obtaining a vote in favor of the meeting.

The German Government is to send a new commission to Moscow to examine into trade possibilities. Germans returning from Russia report that the capitalistic system is being restored at a headlong rate, and that, while absolute conditions of Russian industry are still growing worse, there are, nevertheless, hopeful signs arising from the much more free individual initiative in business. The Soviet commercial agency at Berlin reports, that in 1921 Russia gave Germany 1,250 separate orders for goods, of an aggregate value of about 800,000,000 marks, and that the purchase of chemicals made up about 140,000,000 of this sum. According to Professor Jakovleff, a Moscow economist now in Berlin, the Soviet Government still possesses 350,000,000 rubles of gold. Reckoning the Imperial Bank's pre-war holdings and the amount of coinage returned to Russia, he calculates that an additional 400,000,000 rubles are hoarded by the Russian peasantry.

March 13, 1922.

With Our Readers

IN view of the controversy on evolution now being, more or less intelligently and intelligibly, carried on, there is necessity of clear thinking, clear speaking and clear writing. As a specimen of clear thinking on this point, we venture to quote for our readers a chapter from a book on *The Human Soul*, by Dom Anscar Vonier, O.S.B., the second edition of which was published in 1920. In presenting this statement, we also take the opportunity of recommending the book to anyone seeking the Catholic philosophy and theology in regard to the nature, characteristics and relations of the soul. The chapter in question is entitled: "The Doctrine of the Soul and the Theories of the Descent of Man."

* * * *

"MUCH has been written about the descent of man. Many a believing Christian has felt keen heart pangs when he approached, for the first time, certain clever books and essays, written by the pioneers of evolution, as he felt that the book or essay might very well contain such arguments as to destroy his long cherished belief in the Divine origin of man.

"These fears in Christian breasts are quite unfounded. For the Christian there cannot be any question about the 'Descent of Man,' in the sense of the modern controversy. Evolution has no more to do with man's origin, in the Christian sense, than with transubstantiation.

"There is only one controversy possible, the controversy about the indwelling of an immortal soul in man. No other question is really of any interest to the believer.

* * * *

"IF we are convinced that there is in us an immortal soul, the descent of man becomes essentially an un-evolutionistic question.

"If, on the contrary, there be no immortal soul in man, how could we possibly find fault with the evolutionistic theory of man's origin? In that case, the evolutionist is the wisest and most spiritual of men.

"From the very nature of the subject, evolution can neither prove, nor disprove the theory of the indwelling of an immortal

soul in man, because the soul begins where evolution ends. Evolution must be, essentially, in the sensitive powers of man, in his organs; the soul is above the organs. Evolution cannot be concerned with anything but organs; a spirit is clearly above evolution.

"Some people seem to think that theories of evolution could possibly demonstrate that there is no immortal soul in man. This no evolution-theory is able to do, as evolution is concerned with that part of the history of the human race which is prehistoric, and which, therefore, does not exhibit traces of any sort of intellectual thought.

* * * *

"THEN only can we reasonably begin to hold controversies about the existence or non-existence of the human soul, when thought begins in man. As soon as there is any record of thought, we are in historic times, even if they are called prehistoric by an abuse of language. And by thought I mean here abstract thought, with ratiocination.

"Such thought, and such thought alone, is an argument in favor of the soul's existence. All controversy, therefore, about the soul's existence must be connected with man's historic life. Whatever is before, we may leave it safely to the evolutionist; for it is there that he is really at home.

"Man has thought through his soul. He is what he is now, through his immortal soul. This, and no other, is the Christian standpoint.

"For the Christian, therefore, the question of man's origin resolves itself into this: how did man become that compound of a spiritual soul with an organic body, which accounts for his life of thought such as history reveals it?

"There is no other standpoint for the believer. To be quite accurate, our only enemy is the materialist; the evolutionist, as such, as separated from the materialist, is the most harmless of men.

"The evolutionist has not even given new arguments to the materialist, as evolution cannot in any way account for human thought more than did the materialists in the days before Aristotle.

* * * *

"WHERE the Christian and the evolutionist might really be on common ground for a controversy is in the interpretation given to the words of Genesis, that God made man, *i. e.*, the body of man, of the slime of the earth.

"But evidently, even with that expression, we know very little as to the way in which the formation of man's body took place, previous, if there was any real priority, to the advent of the immortal soul.

"That man's body is from the slime of the earth is true in every possible theory.

* * * *

"TO sum up. If there is an immortal soul in man, there is no descent of man from imperfect beings, as the immortal soul cannot be descended. If, on the contrary, there is no immortal soul in man, then, by all means, let us have the Darwinian descent of man.

"It is quite possible that there may have been beings resembling man much more closely than the modern ape. But without a spiritual soul, they were no more 'man' than a frog.

"There are people in England who are sincere Christians, or who think themselves to be sincere Christians, without believing in a soul, spiritual and immortal in itself. They are religious oddities; they would be the only people who have to dread the new theories of the 'Descent of Man.' "

A SOCIOLOGIST from France, paying a visit to America, tells us that the population problem is the chief problem in that country today. It really has been the chief problem for many years, but only now, when the past neglect of its consideration has made itself felt, is action being taken. Now, many employers are granting bonuses to married employees, and salaries which are increased with the increase in the number of their children. For economic reasons, for national strength, those interested in the industrial and political welfare of the nation are forced to recognize the need of increased population; and, consequently, do not hesitate to advocate large families. The moral aspect of the question may, or may not, enter into their minds, but, at any rate, the reasons they give for their advocacy are of a non-moral character.

* * * *

ON the other hand, in other countries, as, for example, our own, there are some people, in number few, but in voice loud; and there are some journals, of the like number and of the like type, who take just the opposite stand to that of our French sociologist. In other words, they advocate the limitation of families and the use of any means to bring about this end. This position they maintain because, they say, America is becoming too

populated. Therefore, it is only right to restrict the number of births. In other words, with correct judgment or incorrect, they argue that, for economic reasons, for political reasons or for eugenic reasons, such practices are necessary. In France, more people are needed; therefore, preach the advantage of bringing more children into the world. In America, less people are needed; therefore, preach the injury of bringing more children into the world. The moral aspect of the question would seem to have nothing to do with the whole matter. It would seem to be a question to be decided, not upon principle, but according to convenience.

Such a mode of decision, where there is a question of natural law, as ordained by God, or of positive law, as revealed by God, is totally inadequate. Instead of neglecting the moral aspect of the question, or considering that aspect as only of secondary importance, it should have the first place.

* * * *

THERE is a line of demarcation clearly drawn today, as it was drawn in the days of Christ, and by Him, between the kingdom of principle and the kingdom of desire. And desire is the ruling power in the corrupt part of the world in every age, as much in the countries of today as in Corinth or Ephesus in the days of St. Paul and St. John. The forms of self-pleasing may be more or less gross, but the maxim of its followers is: "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we shall die." When Our Lord used the words: "I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldst keep them from evil," He clearly indicated this government of principle and this government of desire: and He also clearly indicated that He would have His followers live according to principle rather than desire, which often neglects the law of God.

* * * *

EXAMINE today any of the questions upon which the world and Catholic Faith differ, and you will find that, invariably, the difference arises because one lives in the kingdom of desire and the other in the kingdom of principle. When, for example, over against the modern advocacy of divorce, the Church pronounces her disapproval, it is not with blindness to the reasons which the world advances, reasons of expediency, comfort, self-pleasing, but it is in loyalty to the principles of the law of God and the teachings of Christ.

When, too, in opposition to the avaricious pursuit of wealth without respect for the rights of fellowman, the Church preaches

the justice of the Gospel, she does so with a full recognition of the earthly wisdom of mammon, but, above that, with regard for the higher things, the principles of a just and loving and providential God.

And so it is, when, against the unnatural propaganda of the world for the sinful limitation of the family, the Church voices the law of God, she does not hide from herself the force of arguments that are based upon earthly considerations of desire and self-pleasing and convenience, but she bases her protest on the only sound principles of conduct, the principles of God's moral teaching.

* * * *

WHEN men consider this question—so much to the fore at the present time—upon the right and just basis of morality, rather than upon an economic, or eugenic, or national basis only, then will they arrive at a right conclusion, one that will apply in all countries and in all times.

It is a pleasure to quote, in connection with this subject, from an editorial which appeared in the February number of the *American Church Monthly:*

"In the furious controversy that has subsequently arisen, little attention has been given to a question which is really fundamental to the whole discussion, namely, why is birth-control a sin? To this question there can be but one answer. It is a sin because it is tampering with the primary end of marriage, and with the divinely ordained method of continuing the human race. In other words, it is contrary to the revealed will of God.

"If this be so, it may be asked, why does not the Almighty punish this flagrant and widespread disobedience to His law? The answer to the question is simple—He does. He punishes it by death. St. Paul's statement of sin in general—'the wages of sin is death'—is peculiarly applicable to the sin of birth-control. It does lead inevitably to the extinction of those portions of the race that practise birth-control. Each family rarely bears more than one or two children, and expert statisticians have told us that any racial stock which averages less than four children to a family will become extinct in a few generations. Before our very eyes, the Almighty is punishing by gradual extinction the Puritan and Protestant and free-thinking elements of the American population. The only elements that will survive are the Catholic and the Orthodox Jewish elements, for they alone are reproducing themselves with sufficient fecundity to secure the continuation of their racial and family traditions."

Sane, healthy, strong, true, are the words we would use in characterizing the foregoing view; and, in commending that view, we would wish that everyone that has at heart the principles of Christ's morality, would speak in the same certain voice, for the safeguarding of the race and the saving of humanity.

IT is gratifying to note that in France the churches of the devastated area are not being neglected in the Government plans for reconstruction. A bond issue to the amount of 200,000,000 francs has been authorized for restoration of places of worship, and, as a consequence, the three thousand churches that were either totally or partially destroyed will be benefited. Even if this action of the Government be inspired largely by artistic and economic considerations, it is also indicative of an interest in the religious needs of the people. Perhaps, indeed, it may be a recognition of the return of many to Christianity and the Church that has marked the recent years in France. Even to the casual student or visitor it is quite evident that the spirit of faith has been reawakened among the people in general; and to those who follow the literature of the day in that country, it is known that many prominent men, leaders in the world of letters especially, and heretofore altogether non-religious, have found their way back to the Fold of Christ.

* * * *

ONE of these, who may be mentioned because he typified, in a special manner, all of his class, is Psichari, a grandson of Renan, the infidel writer, who did much in his day to destroy the faith of many of his countrymen. The story of this conversion, as of the convert's tragic death in war, appeared in *L'Ami du Clergé* of March 24, 1921, and, in translation, has been published in the *American Church Monthly* for February of the current year. It was also told more briefly in the article, "Some Young Men of France," which appeared in THE CATHOLIC WORLD for March, 1916. This is but one instance of many that have made clear the fact that, in France, there has been a great increase of faith and the birth of a new fervor that may even succeed in warming the heart of the Government.

A UNIQUE magazine bears the name of *Inter-America*. This periodical, published in New York City, is concerned with the maintenance of relations between the English-speaking and the Spanish-speaking peoples of North and South America. It is

unique in that, while it appears monthly, it is alternately printed in Spanish and English. It is eclectic in character, putting into Spanish the best it can find in English and into English the best in Spanish, most suitable for its purposes. We are glad to say that, in the last few months, permission was asked and granted for the translation and publication of three of THE CATHOLIC WORLD articles, "Recreation and Its Relation to Delinquency" (July, 1921), by John O'Connor; "The American Spirit" (October, 1921), by George N. Shuster, and "Socialism and Democracy" (November, 1921), by Father Cuthbert.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE MACMILLAN CO., New York:

The History and Nature of International Relations. Edited by Edmund A. Walsh, S.J., Ph.D. *A Gate of Cedar.* By Katharine Morse. $1.25. *Dublin University and the New World.* A Memorial Discourse preached in the Chapel of Trinity College, Dublin, May 23, 1921, by Rev. Robert H. Murray, Litt.D. *Songs and More Songs of the Glens of Antrim.* By Moira O'Neill. $1.50.

GEORGE H. DORAN CO., New York:

Mr. Prohack. By Arnold Bennett. $1.75 net.

DODD, MEAD & CO., New York:

The Life of the Weevil. By J. Henri Fabre. $2.50.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

The Home World. Friendly Counsels for Home-keeping Hearts. By Francis X. Doyle, S.J. Cloth, $1.25; paper, 25 cents net. *Cobra Island.* By Neil Boyton, S.J. $1.25 net.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

A Dream of Heaven and Other Discourses. By Robert Kane, S.J. $2.00 net.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S & SONS, New York:

The Beautiful and Damned. By F. Scott Fitzgerald. $2.00.

HENRY HOLT & CO., New York:

Mediæval Contribution to Modern Civilization. Edited by F. J. C. Hearnshaw, M.A., LL.D. *Motion Pictures for Community Needs.* By Gladys and Henry Bollman.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL CO., New York:

The Habit of Health, How to Gain and Keep It. By Oliver Huckel. $1.00 net. *Spiritual Health and Healing.* By H. W. Dresser, Ph.D. $2.00 net.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:

The Ascent of Calvary. By Père Louis Perroy. Translated from French by Marian Lindsay. $1.50. *Catholic Thought and Thinkers: Erasmus of Rotterdam,* by Maurice Wilkinson. $1.75; *St. Justin, the Martyr,* by C. C. Martindale, S.J. $1.75.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:

Conscription System in Japan. By Gotaro Ogawa, D.C.L. Publication of Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

BONI & LIVERIGHT, New York:

Fresh Every Hour. By John Peter Toohey. $2.00. *Rohab.* By Waldo Frank. $2.00. *Up Stream, An American Chronicle.* By Ludwig Lewisohn. $3.00.

JOSEPH SCHAEFER, New York:

Gracefulness or Folly, Which Shall It Be? Preface by the editor, Dr. C. Bruehl. 10 cents. Pamphlet.

INTERNATIONAL CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Brooklyn, N. Y.:

Why Catholics Have Parochial Schools. By Thomas F. Coakley, D.D. *America's Thanksgiving.* By Rev. Wm. F. McGinnis. Pamphlets.

ORCHARD HILL PRESS, Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.:

For What Do We Live? By Edward Howard Griggs. $1.00 net.

NELSON DOUBLEDAY, INC., Oyster Bay, N. Y.:

Book of Etiquette. By Lillian Eichler. Vols. I., II.

B. HERDER BOOK CO., St. Louis:

St. Gregory VII., Pope. The "Notre Dame" Series of Lives of the Saints. $1.80 net. *The Church in England.* By Rev. Geo. Stebbing, C.SS.R. $5.00 net. *The Man of Sorrows.* By Robert Eaton. $2.25 net.

MARSHALL JONES CO., Boston:

Towards the Great Peace. By Ralph Adams Cram, Litt.D., LL.D. $2.50.

THE

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THE ETHICS OF LABOR.

BY FATHER CUTHBERT, O.S.F.C.

IN considering the industrial restlessness of today, it is well to bear in mind that the question of wages no longer constitutes the fundamental problem of the Labor aspiration. What the working-class is claiming as its right and what it is restlessly seeking to achieve, is not merely nor primarily a just wage, but that its labor and the conditions of labor shall be an expression of human personality. The worker wants not merely to exist, but to live a human life and to find in his work the freedom to express and develop himself. A man may receive just and generous wages and yet be a mere tool or machine in the hands of his employer; a mere *thing*, industrially considered, and not a human being with personal interests clamoring to be recognized. The motive underlying the movement of organized Labor today is to obtain such recognition both for the personality of the worker and for his human interests. The organized workers now demand economic freedom as well as a just remuneration. As one

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writer puts it: "They want greater security as regards employment and better provision for their old age; the opportunity of taking a greater interest in their work; and more freedom as to the ordering of their own lives." [1] Nothing less than that will satisfy the more intelligent worker; and we may all add, nothing less will satisfy the awakened Christian conscience.

It need hardly be said that the Catholic Church in its ethical teaching is at one with this new development in the Labor movement, with its claim that every man shall have as his natural due the *status* of a free agent in the disposal of his labor and the ordering of his own life, and in asserting the principle that the ultimate object of labor is not the acquisition of wages, but the development of human life and character. Thus, for instance, Leo XIII., in his Encyclical, *Rerum novarum*, on the condition of the working class, declares: "If the owners of property should be made secure, the workingman in like manner has property and belongings in respect to which he should be protected; and foremost of all, his soul and mind. . . . No man may with impunity outrage that human dignity which God Himself treats with reverence, nor stand in the way of that higher life which is the preparation of the eternal life of heaven. Nay, more; no man has in this matter power over himself. To consent to any treatment which is calculated to defeat the end and purpose of his being is beyond his right; he cannot give up his soul to servitude; for it is not man's own rights which are here in question, but the rights of God, the most sacred and inviolable of rights." [2] Hence, the Pope continues: "It is neither just nor human so to grind men down with excessive labor as to stupefy their minds and wear out their bodies." [3] Further, having regard to the same principle, he lays down that the employer who exploits the necessity of the worker, to enforce an insufficient wage or inhuman conditions of labor, infringes the "dictates of natural justice (which is) more imperious and ancient than any bargain between man and man." [4] And he suggests that "in these and similar questions, such as, for example, the hours of labor in different trades, the sanitary precautions to be observed in factories

1 H. Sanderson Furniss, in *The Industrial Outlook* (London, 1917), Introductory, p. 16.

2 See *The Pope and the People* (Catholic Truth Society. Edit., 1912), pp. 203, 204.

3 *Ibid.*, p. 204. 4 *Ibid.*, p. 207.

and workshops," etc., society or boards either of the workers themselves or of employers and employed should be formed "to safeguard the interests of the wage-earners"—an anticipation of that demand for a share in the control of labor, which is now generally adopted by Labor organizers.

Throughout, the keynote of the Encyclical is the principle that conditions of labor shall be made more human and less servile, and for that reason that the worker be placed in a condition of greater economic freedom both as regards his security against want and the conditions of his labor. The worker is to be regarded as a human agent and not a mere tool; and as one who has the right *by means of his labor* to achieve a wholesome human existence, since, as the Pope says, it is only by his labor that he can preserve and develop himself. His necessity gives him the right to such conditions of labor as will enable him to achieve a complete human existence. Moreover, the same necessity demands that he should claim this right; [5] since, as the Pope says, "a man cannot give up his soul to servitude." Yet that is just what he was required to do under the economic system hitherto prevalent in modern industry. Nor is he relieved of that servitude merely by receiving a higher wage, he simply sells his soul at a higher rate, unless the essential conditions of servitude are abolished. To continue to blunt his mind and soul by excessive bodily labor, to go through the continuous monotony of a machine-existence, to be perpetually harassed by the insecurity of labor dependent on the arbitrary will of an employer; to have to work in circumstances degrading to body and soul—under such conditions labor cannot but be demoralizing, however high the rate of wage might be.

The new conscious aim in Labor organization, which puts human personality in the foreground and explicitly regards wages and material advantages as mere means to an end, has undoubtedly a higher human and ethical quality than was found in the purely materialistic schools of economics: and for that reason deserves the sympathetic attention of all Catholics.

The fact that this new purpose on the part of the Labor Organizations is associated among certain sections with a policy of expropriation, hardly distinguished, if at all, from

[5] *Ibid.*, p. 206.

confiscation of the capitalist's property, must not blind us to the justice of the main purpose itself; nor is it helpful to the cause of the Catholic Church to regard merely the extravagances and more violently revolutionary forms of the movement and to ignore the saner teaching of those who regard an economic revolution as inevitable, but believe that, with reasonableness on all sides, a just and peaceful solution of the problem is possible. That the economic system must be radically changed in many ways, few will be found to doubt, who have given any serious attention to the subject. Capitalism in the forms in which it has hitherto dominated the industrial world, is bound sooner or later to give way before the growing unity and consciousness of power among the workers; just as in the latter Middle Ages, feudalism had to give way before the growing power of the commercial class.

The only question today is whether this radical economic change can be brought about peacefully by a mutual recognition of reasonable claims on the part of the employer and the worker, or whether a violent solution is inevitable. If either party refuses to treat with the other in a spirit of reasonableness and with intent to recognize the fundamental principles of justice underlying the situation, then violent revolution, in the opinion of sane and impartial observers, will surely come: and unfortunately on both sides there are those who are prepared to stake their all upon a violent issue. If that issue is to be avoided, it is needful that all who wish for a peaceful solution should unite in a careful and sympathetic consideration of the ethical questions involved. For, after all, the problem as it presents itself today, is primarily and ultimately an ethical problem. "It is not merely discontent as to wages, but dissatisfaction with their lives as wage-earners, that lies at the heart of the trouble." [6]

Undoubtedly the question of wages is the first practical consideration, since a man must have sufficient to provide for his bodily sustenance, if he is to cultivate mind and soul: and as connected with wages, come proper housing and whatever is needful for a healthy bodily existence. But beyond a just wage, there are other conditions to which the worker has a rightful claim, if he is to live a properly human life and not be degraded to the level of a mere tool or to a condition of

[6] H. Sanderson Furniss, in *The Industrial Outlook*, Introductory, p. 16.

servitude. As we have seen, these conditions are mainly three: security against unemployment, a larger control in the management of his work, and a greater liberty in the ordering of his own life. Ethically, his right to these conditions is undeniable, provided, of course, that he is capable of fulfilling the duties which go with the rights; since every right has a corresponding duty with which it is indissolubly connected in the sphere of morals.

The first of these conditions, then, is security against unemployment. The ethical right to this security is derived from the fact that the worker's labor is a necessity. He must work in order to live. In the words of Leo XIII.: "The preservation of life is the bounden duty of one and all, and to be wanting therein is a crime. It follows that each one has a right to procure what is required in order to live; and the poor can procure it in no other way than through work and wages." [7] If this be so, it follows that every worker, dependent on his work, has a certain right to employment and to security against unemployment. Employment is for him a necessity of life. It may be said, of course, that his moral claim is not so much to employment as to the means of living, and that, consequently, so long as he is otherwise provided for, for instance by charity, he has no claim to employment. That might be so if merely bodily subsistence had to be thought of: but in dealing with human life one has to consider a man's self-respect and the general well-being of society at large.

No honest man willingly submits to be a drone in the community or to receive from others the wages of work whilst remaining unemployed, when he is capable of doing useful work. To force any man into a position in which his self-respect suffers, is to degrade him. St. Paul's words: "If a man will not work neither let him eat," expresses at once a social obligation and a proper sense of personal dignity. Every man, thus, has a right as well as a duty to some sort of useful employment: it is a condition of an honorable human existence. But in the case of the worker whose only honorable means of subsistence depends upon marketable labor, the rightful claim to employment and security against unemployment has a specific significance. But his ethical right in this matter of security, is further derived from the fact that without a reasonable certainty

[7] *The Pope and the People*, p. 207.

of being able to maintain himself and those dependent on him, the anxiety about merely material things, must take away his due liberty in the cultivation of his mental and spiritual interests. A normal healthy cultivation of mind and soul can with difficulty be achieved without a reasonable security against material want.

Indeed, there can be hardly any question as to the moral right underlying the worker's claim to security against unemployment. Less clear, perhaps, is the determination as to the incidence of the obligation to provide such security. There are those who would put the entire obligation upon the State; others would share the obligation between the State and the employer. But to put the entire obligation on the State is to assume a sphere of activity and responsibility on the part of the State towards the individual, which logically leads to a servile State. The wider the responsibility taken over by the State in the ordering of the individual's life, the less individual liberty there will be. In a free community ethical responsibilities must fall in the first place upon the individuals concerned, and only secondarily upon the State as the protector of the rights of the community and of the freedom of individuals. Doubtless in a matter which affects the general well-being of the community so vitally as does the Labor problem, the State must necessarily intervene very largely, especially during a transitional period such as the present. That necessity of State intervention, however, will be less in proportion as employers of Labor regard security against unemployment not merely as a matter of national expediency, but as a principle of inherent justice in the status of the worker which directly enters into the moral character of the contract between employer and worker.

The worker, dependent as he is upon his work, has a moral claim to security against unemployment, and that claim must enter into the contract between himself and his employer. When, for instance, a professional teacher demands "security of tenure" as well as a fixed salary, the demand is not merely arbitrary, but is based in a true sense of moral right. He may be forced by necessity to accept a position in a school which leaves him in constant danger of being arbitrarily dismissed to suit the convenience of the school manager, perhaps at a time when further employment may be difficult to obtain. But

in accepting such a position through force of necessity, "he is made the victim of force and injustice," [8] just as truly as when he is forced to accept an unjust wage. Arbitrary dismissal, which takes into consideration merely the convenience or advantage of the employer without consideration for the well-being of the worker, is thus a real injustice. We are, of course, assuming that the worker is fulfilling his part of the "national bargain" by honestly discharging the duties he has undertaken; as otherwise he himself has broken his contract and has forfeited his claim upon the employer. Cases may indeed arise in which, through no fault of his own, the worker may be incapable of continuing in the service of the employer through a change of conditions which are of general advantage, as well as to the employer's interest: as for instance when new machinery or methods of higher scientific value are introduced into a manufactory. Yet in such cases there can be no doubt that the employer is under an obligation to do what he can to secure new employment to the honest worker: he cannot, without a violation of justice, dismiss him with no regard for the future: just because in the worker he is dealing with a human life and not with a mere tool.

But if this is true, then the worker has surely a right to take due measures that his just claim shall be safeguarded against the employer's arbitrary decision and, if need be, to invoke the intervention of the State. Whether the actual methods proposed by Trade Unions for enforcing this right are commendable or not, is another question. They have been accused of thinking too exclusively of the workers' rights and too little of their duties. If that be so, they will, in the long run, defeat their own ends. There is, however, evidence that amongst the leaders of the Labor propaganda, a keen sense of the workers' responsibilities is manifesting itself, and that an increasing insistence is being laid upon the workers' efficiency in labor and upon self-discipline. Without efficiency and self-discipline on the workers' part, it is felt that no real progress can be made towards the further achievement of the new Labor ideal: and this should go far towards bringing about a peaceful understanding between the employers and employed.

Here, however, we are concerned with the essential claim

[8] *Cf. The Pope and the People*, p. 207.

itself that the worker should have security against unemployment, and on ethical grounds the claim cannot be denied. At the same time the duty of safeguarding the worker against unemployment does not rest with the employer alone.[9] The worker himself has his coördinate share in the responsibility. Everyone will admit that no employer is obliged to keep in employment an idle or dishonest worker: nor can any individual employer be justly forced to employ or to retain in employment the inefficient who is incapable of earning his wage at least, when the incapability is not brought about by the employer's own act. These limitations of the employer's responsibility points to a corresponding duty on the part of the worker and of those upon whom the worker is naturally dependent. It is at once clear that if the worker has an ethical right to employment, he has a duty to fit himself for employment and to do what in him lies to justify his claim to be employed. Not only must he be honest and willing to work: he must also do his part in fitting himself for the work demanded of him by the needs of the community. This is a duty he owes at once to himself and to the community at large: he owes it to himself since work is an essential necessity in his life; he owes it to the community since otherwise he runs the risk of becoming a mere burden upon his fellowmen, and of fulfilling no useful part in the life of the community upon which he must ultimately fall back for his maintenance.

This duty of fitting oneself for useful employment is the one, perhaps, which the worker has most consistently ignored, or concerning which he has been too frequently left in ignorance. The fault is not altogether his, nor primarily his: it lies chiefly in the apathy or thoughtlessness of those who are responsible for his education.

Yet efficiency in labor is an integral element in the full moral claim to employment. No man who deliberately ignores his duty to fit himself for employment, can justly claim, on his own merits, security against unemployment; simply because he has not fulfilled his proper part as regards that anterior

[9] We are not considering here the duty of the employer to provide for those who have given good service and are incapacitated by age or sickness. Such provision is part of the question of wages. Nor are we referring here to the accidental inefficiency of the worker, caused by some action of the employer, as when a change of method is introduced. In such a case, as already noticed, a certain responsibility lies on the employer.

dictate of justice upon which all particular bargaining depends for its ethical obligation. The State may indeed, in the public interest, intervene to give him employment; but in such a case he becomes a dependent on the State rather than a free worker. Liberty, it must be remembered, is essentially bound up with capacity and duty: economic freedom in the fullest sense is for those who are capable and willing to do their part in the economic life of the community.

And here, it would seem, comes in one of the more abiding duties of the State in the matter of securing the freedom of the worker and that security against unemployment which is part of that freedom. Allowing that the moral obligation towards efficiency of labor lies primarily with the individual and those immediately responsible for his early education, and, not least, to the Trade Unions which take the responsibility of enforcing his rights—allowing this, it yet remains for the State in the interest of the community at large, to give due opportunity for the worker's education and training, such as will fit him for his future work; and not only to give the opportunity, but to take such means as will best secure that the opportunity is not neglected. Further, it is the duty of the State to see that this security against unemployment enters into the bargain between employers and employed, and is not jeopardized by merely arbitrary action of either employer or worker. Thus, for instance, when new processes or methods are introduced into any industry, the State should insist that the change be made so as to minimize the danger of the worker finding himself without employment as a consequence of the change.

The proper action of the State is, however, limited. It cannot so control the conditions of industry as to leave no personal freedom to either employer or worker in the control of labor; for that would cut at the very root of personal responsibility and consequently of real personal liberty. But it can protect both employer and worker against the mere arbitrariness of physical or moral force, and it can also give opportunities which conduce to the fulfillment of moral obligations. The giving of these opportunities is indeed its most positive contribution to economic freedom, and more directly constructive than any restrictive or "police" intervention.

Such action the worker and the community at large can justly claim from the State. Thus education in the broadest

sense, and such an education as will best develop the capacity of the worker to earn his living, is the worker's most urgent claim upon the State, since it is intimately bound up with the whole claim of the worker to economic freedom: without it the worker will always be in a servile condition either towards the individual employer or the State, just because the uneducated and inefficient worker is unable to stand upon his own merits, and is forced to depend upon the bounty either of the individual employer or of the community at large. As we have said, security against unemployment may be guaranteed by the State even to the inefficient on grounds of public policy: yet it is well for the worker clearly to recognize that his indefeasible moral right to security is ultimately bound up with his personal capacity and efficiency.

We come now to the second of the three claims put forward by the Labor Organizations: "a larger control in the management of his work." The term "larger control" needs, perhaps, definition. To the Syndicalist, it signifies the expropriation of the capitalist and the entire management of industry by the workers and for the workers. The ordinary Trade Unionist demand has, however, been thus expressed by one of their representatives: "Would it not be possible for the employers of this country to agree to put their business on a new footing by admitting the workman to some participation, not in profits, but in control? We workmen do not ask that we should be admitted to any share in what is essentially the employer's own business—that is, in those matters which do not concern us directly in the industry or employment in which we may be engaged. But in the daily management of the employment in which we spend our working lives, we feel that we, as workmen, have a right to a voice—even an equal voice—with the management itself." [10] This seems to be the general demand at the present moment; and it has already been accepted by some employers with some acknowledged measure of success.

So far neither Syndicalism nor Guild-Socialism have secured the adherence of any large number of workers: and that for two reasons. The average worker has no wish to concern himself with what is outside the sphere of his labor itself.

[10] Mr. Gosling, at the Trade Union Congress, 1916, quoted in *The Industrial Outlook*, p. 398.

"They have no wish to be responsible for the purchase of raw material, for the raising of capital, the marketing of produce," etc.[11] Moreover, the workingmen as a body are well aware that they have not the training which will fit them to discharge the function in industry at present discharged by the employer. This does not mean that the Syndicalist or Guild-Socialist ideals may not yet gain a larger support. Much will depend upon the general attitude of employers, whether Collectivism or Syndicalism and kindred systems will further draw to themselves the allegiance of the workers, as an escape from conditions against which they now revolt. As they stand at present, all these systems are ethically objectionable inasmuch as they unduly curtail personal liberty:[12] at the best they propose to substitute one form of servitude for another: and that doubtless is what the common sense of the majority of the workers is aware of.

At the same time, however, whilst rejecting on ethical grounds the Socialist systems as generally propounded, there is no ethical reason why, under new economic conditions, the worker should not aim at becoming a part-owner in industry, provided that the transfer of ownership is brought about without injustice to others and that due regard is had to individual liberty. What is true of a wider division of property in land, as advocated by Leo XIII., equally applies to a wider extension of property in industry. "Many excellent results," says the Pope, "will follow upon this; and first of all, property will certainly become more equitably divided. For the result of civil change and revolution has been to divide society into two widely differing castes. On the one side there is the party which holds power because it holds wealth; which has in its grasp the whole of labor and trade; which manipulates for its own benefit and its own purposes all the sources of supply, and which is even represented in the councils of the State itself. On the other side there is the needy and the powerless multitude, broken-down and suffering, and ever ready for disturbance. If working people can be encouraged to look forward to obtaining a share in the land, the consequence will be that the gulf between vast wealth and sheer poverty will be bridged

11 H. Sanderson Furniss, in *The Industrial Outlook*, p. 17.

12 On this point see the Encyclical, *Rerum novarum*, in *The Pope and the People*, p. 180, *et seq.*

over and the respective classes will be brought nearer to each other. A further consequence will result in the greater abundance of the fruits of the earth. Men always work harder and more readily when they work on that which belongs to them. . . . That such a spirit of willing labor would add to the produce of the earth and to the wealth of the community is self-evident. And a third advantage would spring from this: men would cling to the country in which they were born; for no one would exchange his country for a foreign land if his own afforded him the means of living a decent and happy life." [13] The same economic and human results, we take it, would follow were the workers to be given some ownership in any industry in which they are employed; and such ownership would meet with the blessing of the Church, equally with ownership in land.

But at present the vast body of workers are not claiming such ownership: what they do claim is a greater control over their labor itself or rather over the conditions under which they are required to labor.[14] It may be pointed out that here again they have the approval and encouragement of Pope Leo XIII., when he says, speaking of the function of Labor Associations: "Should it happen that either a master or a workman believe himself injured, nothing would be more desirable than that a committee should be appointed, composed of reliable and capable members of the Association, whose duty would be, conformably with the rules of the Association, to settle the dispute." Already he had declared that the purpose of these Associations should be to help "each individual member to better his condition to the utmost in body, mind and property." [15]

Here we have in principle an acknowledgment of the right of the worker to a share in the control of the conditions which govern his labor. And the right flows from the same fundamental fact which in the mind of the Pope and of the Labor Organizations is the cardinal principle of economic reform, that the worker is a human being and not a tool. As such he has a right to a certain control over his own activity, so far at

[13] *The Pope and the People*, p. 208.

[14] What is wanted is that the work people should have a greater opportunity of participating in the discussion about and adjustment of those parts of industry by which they are most affected (Whetley Interim Report).

[15] *The Pope and the People*, pp. 214-216.

least that his activity shall conduce to his proper welfare and not be a means of degrading him in body or mind. This applies not merely to the material conditions of his labor: it applies even more urgently to the mental and spiritual conditions. Even granting that the conditions which directly affect his bodily welfare—wages, sanitation, etc.—are what they should be, there is yet the further consideration of his mental and spiritual development to which his labor should rightly conduce. One of the curses of labor under the modern industrial régime has been its tendency to stunt the mind and character of the worker; and this has been due not merely to overwork and an insufficient wage, but to the atmosphere of servitude, the dull monotony and the sense that the worker has no voice in the control of his labor.

Thus, under the prevailing system, he is not consulted about matters which directly concern his convenience or comfort; it is not considered necessary to give him any reasonable explanation of the cause which renders expedient changes of routine or method which directly affect him. If new processes are adopted, the change is made with little or no consideration for the worker himself, though the worker may have given the best years of his life to building up the industry, and has thereby acquired a vested interest in the industry, in virtue of his labor, equally with the vested interest of the owner. Still less has the worker been encouraged to develop any personal thought or initiative in his labor. Under such a system men naturally tend to become mere machines instead of intelligent, responsible beings: and with perfect justice they may refuse to continue in such servitude, provided they are willing to accept the responsibilities which their new freedom entails.[16] For it may be well to repeat, in all cases it is true: the greater the freedom, the greater the moral responsibility, and there is no right without its corresponding duty.

How far a greater control in the arrangement in the conditions of his labor, will tend to relieve the monotony and mechanism of the industrial world, is a question difficult to answer. There are those who claim that the mechanical in-

[16] One is glad to know that in practice where this greater control has been granted, the result has usually been greater efficiency and orderliness. Much depends upon the spirit in which it is granted. An employer who is sympathetic to the new system, will gain more from it than one who is unsympathetic and so fails to gain the confidence of the workers.

dustry of the present day is radically soul-killing; that with the over-development of machinery and the narrow limitations imposed by specialist labor in the modern manufactory, no workman can be otherwise than part of the machinery itself, nor be other than a servile worker. Those who hold this view, plead for a revival of handcrafts and the simpler forms of labor. Be that as it may—and there is much to be said in favor of it—it yet remains true that a greater control over the conditions of his labor will give the worker a sense of greater freedom, and open out to him an opportunity of developing a greater sense of responsibility in his work: so far it will create a more human atmosphere in industry. Very rightly the worker regards outside arbitration, except as an occasional necessity, with repugnance: it is but shifting to other shoulders the responsibility which he, equally with the employer, should take upon himself. That is the feeling of the more serious thinkers amongst the advocates of "greater control:" and it is a right moral feeling, if the worker is to be raised economically to the status of a human being.

With this claim to greater control over the conditions of labor goes the still wider claim that the workers should have "a larger freedom as to the ordering of their own lives." This claim is social rather than economic, though it is intimately bound up with economic conditions. What it signifies is that the worker shall be given the opportunities for the development of those human interests which make for the fuller enjoyment of life; or in the current phrase, for "the expression of personality, individual and collective," not merely in the workshop, but in social life generally. With the majority of the workers this "larger liberty" is probably an indefinite quantity: it expresses an opportunity of doing what they like with themselves outside the daily routine of their work: it is a more or less blind revolt against the feeling of servitude. But with the more thoughtful section of the labor class, however, it means a fuller enjoyment of family life, education in the true sense of the word, a wider extension of personal interests, a greater freedom for mental and spiritual betterment. All these things under the old economic *régime* have been made difficult for the worker; and who will say that he has not a right to them?

The candid recognition of these rights will doubtless

mean a radical change in the conditions of labor and, to some extent, a remodeling of the whole economic system. Wages will have to be based not upon the necessity of mere bodily subsistence, but upon the right of the worker to the enjoyment of a fuller human existence; the hours of paid employment will have to be restricted to allow leisure and opportunity for other interests. But further than that, the mental atmosphere in which employer and worker meet, will have to be radically changed. Employment will have to be no longer dominated by the idea of material profit—whether in the form of dividends or of wages—but by the idea of human welfare: and it is here that the real *crux* of the situation lies, for it means a conversion from the material outlook on life to the ethical, and without this change there can be no hope of a peaceful solution of the difficulties involved in the new Labor demands.

Two things, it would seem, render a peaceful solution problematical. The one is the natural cupidity of men, fostered and intensified by the materialist social economy of the past three or four centuries, and especially intensified by the industrial system of the nineteenth century. The other is the blind acceptance of that system as a law of public life by the general body of Christian men and women, who, in their private personal affairs, are guided by high ethical ideals. This blind acquiescence on the part of otherwise high-minded people, is, perhaps, the greater danger of the two: since it tends, in the eyes of those who are demanding a more ethical system, to identify the present materialist economy with the Christian life, and to throw a glamour of ethical respectability over the recalcitrance of those who uphold that economy. That way lies religious and class warfare. What we shall all be wise to recognize is that a fundamental change in the economic and social system lies before us and is, in fact, already taking place: and if it is to be brought about without violence and a disruption of society, it will only be by an unprejudiced and candid acknowledgment of what is right and just in the aspirations of the workers.

Frequently enough, the claims put forward by this or that section of organized Labor, are as unethical and materialist in outlook as are those of the employers who exploit labor for their own selfish ends. The worker is still, to a great extent,

the child of the unethical and irreligious system against which he revolts: yet that must not blind us to what is his just right, and only as he becomes conscious of a willingness on the part of the employers and of the public generally, to consider his claims in the spirit of justice and equity, will he be effectually convinced that others have rights too. Until then he will stand in an attitude of suspicion and revolt. The present is a time for taking the larger view, which looks not to a selfish and narrow material advantage, but to that ethical value which determines the rights and wrongs of human life. And by none should this "larger view" be taken more deliberately and earnestly than by Catholics.

We Catholics cannot admit—if we are true to the teaching of the Church—that economics must stand apart from ethics and religion: we cannot admit the materialistic character of industrial life. We must look to the moral and spiritual ends which alone justify any system which affects human lives. Too frequently Catholics, whether of the employing class or of the employed, are content to fall in with the ways of the world round about them without considering whether the view or the action they fall in with is in harmony with the Faith they profess. Were it not so, the Church today would be in a far stronger position as an influence in the world's industrial life, since so much in the "advanced" aspirations of the Labor Organizations finds its sanction in Catholic teaching, and is little more than a return towards Catholic ideals.

SEA-QUEEN.

BY M. I.

FAR down the gold and rosy west
The sun has dipped his shining head;
The night doth live: the day is dead,
And earth is lulled to quiet rest.

The purple shadows kiss the hills,
The stars by one and one appear,
The moonlight, calm, and cold, and clear,
The dusky night with radiance fills.

Come, let us all our senses steep
In the sweet spell of sound and sight;
While earth is bathed in mystic light,
While all is hushed in silence deep.

In silence, save that from the vale
A tremulous, a thrilling cry,
As from a soul in ecstasy,
Floats from one lonely nightingale.

Now chastened sense is satisfied,
For these earth-lovely joys are given
To lift our souls from earth to Heaven,
Our beauty-loving hearts to guide.

O, have you ever watched the sheen
Of moonlight on the darkened sea;
And does it ever seem to be
An image of our Lady Queen?

The seething waters toss and roll
Like human hearts in passion's thrall;
Upon their crests the white rays fall
Like thoughts of Mary on the soul.

O Peerless! Sunclothed! Star-crowned! Blest!
Thy glistening sinlessness must be
As moonlight on the troubled sea
To sinful souls in their unrest.

Thy holy light must gently chill
Our passion's fierce and reckless tide;
The vision of thy beauty chide
The darkness of our wayward will.

And yet a wistfulness is there
In that white mystery of thine;
There is too much of the divine—
Thou art not ours—thou art too fair.

Thy voice gives answer back to me
That if my soul would see His Face,
I, too, must be all full of grace,
I must be innocent like thee.

Not at the source, like thee, my Queen,
That is thine own bright grace alone;
But, cleansed by love that doth atone,
I, too, can sinless be, I ween.

Not in the expiating fire
That lies beyond our tainted life,
But make me use this strain and strife
To cleanse my soul and lift it higher.

O Mother, let me bathe my heart
In all thy tender purity,
O keep me near thy charity,
O make me sinless as thou art.

And when the shadows kiss the wave,
And when the crescent riseth clear,
When stars by one and one appear
And twinkle down on cliff and cave,

I lift my soul to thee, to thee,
Immaculate and human, too,
O truly sweet and sweetly true,
My true-sweet Mother be to me.

A JEANNE D'ARC PILGRIMAGE.

BY J. N. VAUGHAN.

ON December 23, 1430, the English brought to Rouen from Crotoy the prisoner whom, after months of treaty and the outpouring of much fine gold, they had bought from Jean of Luxembourg: an investment of *hauste politique* to be exploited to the utmost farthing. From that sad Christmas until the thirtieth day of May following, Jeanne la Pucelle was held in durance in Rouen Castle whilst one of the greatest and most calculated crimes in history was slowly consummated. Of one thing I am sure, the cunning of Bishop Cauchon has been generally underrated, and when the truth is fully exposed he will be found to have been one of the astutest self-seekers the world has ever known: he was playing for high stakes, the archbishopric of Rouen no less, perhaps he even dreamed of becoming the counterpart, in France, of Henry of Winchester in England. He laid his plans with extremest care, and when Jeanne balked him, time and again, by her baffling simplicity and directness, went patiently to work again on some new scheme to entrap her.

His self-control is marvelous, and it is, perhaps, only once that we catch him betraying his disappointment; yet, like all too clever villains, he miscalculated, he forgot that he must reckon with a king greater even than the English Conqueror, and One to Whom Jeanne had appealed for judgment. Thus it was that the flames of the martyr's stake crackled and sang the deathknell of the domination which the Bishop had sold his soul to secure. Nevertheless, his skill in covering his tracks has made the record of those five months, save for the actual proceedings of the court, remarkably barren, and it is but here and there that we can catch a glimpse of the Maid and her captors in the crowded city.

Of course, the so-called Tour Jeanne d'Arc is the first obvious and accepted place of pilgrimage, and it is doubtless connected with one very tense moment of the story, but the Tour was not, as is generally supposed, the prison of the Maid;

indeed, some of the soundest of her historians have gone so far as to declare that she never set foot in it, except for the one occasion when she was threatened with torture in the hopes of shaking her resolution. Actually, she was imprisoned in the "Tour de la Pucelle" overlooking the meadows: *"Quadam Turri versus campos,"* as Nicholas Tasquel specifies in his evidence;[1] whereas the so-called "Tour Jeanne d'Arc," which is more properly named "La Grosse Tour du Donjon," looks straight over the town. You may see these two towers, labeled with their proper denominations, in Jacques le Lieur's map, dated 1525. Unfortunately, the "Tour de la Pucelle," with all the rest of the splendid *château* constructed by Philippe Auguste in the heyday of castle building, has vanished like smoke, save only this one remaining tower, which naturally assumes the honors. Tradition is generally trustworthy in the main, but when its immediate object is obliterated, it has an awkward habit of migrating to the next of kin.

This Tour du Donjon is a massive circular tower, the crown of which, with its wooden machicolated gallery and slate cap, has been rebuilt. In the base floor, the old *gardien* shows you a tiny *cachot,* in which he says the Blessed Jeanne was confined for the last twenty-one days before her death. The chamber is about nine feet long by some two and one-third feet wide at the entrance and three feet at the window end. Now we know that in the afternoon of May 24th, after the ever memorable scene at St. Ouen and six days before the end, Cauchon, with Jean le Maitre, vice-inquisitor, Thomas de Courcelles (who had desired to see Jeanne tortured), Nicholas Midi, Loyseleur, Ysambard de la Pierre, "and several others" . . . "did repair to the place in the prison where Jeanne was to be found." Note that they went to her; she was not brought before them as was the custom, the records are explicit. But such an assemblage could, by no conceivable means, have had access to the Maid in that tiny dungeon. The little *cachot,* therefore, must be left for tourists to gush over.

Nevertheless, the tower *is* a place of pilgrimage. If you will climb the steep, worn stairway to the round chamber above, for here (or possibly in the next room above which is its counterpart), on the ninth day of May, 1431, was Jeanne faced with all the horrors of torture unless she should make

[1] Sire Aymond de Macy, Corroborator.

avowal that she was an impostor, an adventuress, masquerading under the pose of a divine mission. One can picture the whole scene: Jeanne in her lad's dress, half dazed by her passage from dark dungeon through sunny courtyard; pale from her recent illness, but straight as a dart, keen, vigilant and courteous as ever. Then the dim chamber lit by two deeply splayed lancets, the grim instruments and their grimmer attendants, a faggot or two blazing on the great pillared hearth to heat the irons, the sombre-robed ecclesiastics watching to see if perchance she would fall into the trap, Cauchon amongst them with his flat, coarse features and ferrety eyes. I think the scheme was another's and only acceded to by him as a dim possibility just worth trying. It was too clumsy to have originated in his brain, for Cauchon was a reader of men; he knew Jeanne, and that she was not to be swayed by mere physical fear, only to be trapped perchance by deepest devilish cunning. Jeanne's answer on this occasion is famous, but I cannot forbear to quote it again. "In truth," she said, "if you were to tear asunder my limbs, and were to drive my soul from my body, yet would I not on that account speak otherwise of the matter; and if I were to speak otherwise, afterwards I should always say to you that you had compelled me to say it by force."

Had she not already faced the possibility of worse things than torture? "I asked my voices," she continued, "whether I shall be burned, they answered me to look only to Our Lord and that He will help me." That is the one answer of Faith, all sufficient in its utter simplicity of acknowledgment by the creature of its Almighty Creator.

On the morning of May 24th, a little procession left the *château* and passed swiftly through the narrow streets down to the great abbey of St. Ouen, Jeanne in the midst of a strong escort of soldiery, steel-capped and carrying pikes, for the temper of the citizens was ever uncertain, and the Bear of Warwick or the Lions of Bedford were insufficient to strike seemly awe without good show of steel beside. Arrived before the south door of the church, they met a motley throng of soldiers, clerics and townsfolk surging round the two platforms which had been erected in the cemetery square, the greater for Cauchon with Cardinal Henry of Winchester, and a great entourage of Bishops and Abbots, the lesser for Jeanne

and three or four companions, Cauchon's tools all, especially Guillaume Erard, who was appointed to preach "a solemn sermon for the salutary admonition of Jeanne."

Then followed that scene which constitutes the strongest proof, if any were needed, of Jeanne's divine mission. Pitted, absolutely alone, against men of keen wit and reckless purpose, she foiled them and spurned them until Warwick's hot blood, ill-comprehending Cauchon's game, lost all patience:

"The King's affairs go ill," he growled, "this girl is going to escape us."

"Have no fear, Seigneur," came an unctuous voice at his side, "we shall soon entrap her again."

An English Secretary standing below and seeing the trend of affairs, shouted up at Cauchon the taunt of "traitor."

The Bishop lost his temper for once. "Thou liest," he snapped, "and thou shalt pay me for that."

Summoned thrice to submit to the Church, Jeanne had appealed "to our Holy Father, the Pope, to whom, and firstly to God, I refer me." "My words and the deeds I have done, they have been done in God's name." This was unanswerable, and the next card was played. Erard produced a short paper of about eight lines dealing with such subsidiary matters as masculine dress and cropped hair, promising Jeanne that if she would sign this, which bore no mention of her mission or her voices, she should have her liberty. But Jeanne knew too well the value of a signature, and would never trust hers to these arch tricksters. Amused at the clumsiness of the trap, she marked the paper with a cross, which was her own avowed sign of negation, constantly employed for military purposes, and which, as a matter of fact, formed the subject of one of the special articles of accusation brought against her. "What I am sure of," says Massien, "is that she was smiling."

Again she had foiled them and, at a signal from Cauchon, the third and last attempt was made. Rioting and stone throwing, perhaps purposely fomented, was engaging the attention of the bystanders, when, under cover of the tumult, another emissary, scaling her platform with a second paper, snatched at her hand and tried to force a signature—vainly, however, for Jeanne adroitly scrawled a great round nought upon his precious parchment. That was the end. The last

card had been played—and lost. Thus it was that to the trial papers was affixed a forged document purporting to be Jeanne's abjuration, a lengthy and verbose denial of all that she held most sacred. Forgery is an ugly and inartistic method, but it was the weapon of last resort for sullying the Maid's fair name—their one and only object. Her death they might have compassed without trouble on any day of those weary months, but her judges knew too well the crop that is sown with a martyr's blood.

It is not difficult to reconstruct the scene on that May morning. The cemetery has given place now to a public garden set with trees. The noble Tour Couronnée, and indeed the greater part of the church as it stands, is posterior to 1431. The Chancel and Lady Chapel were then a-building, and the network of scaffold poles must have swarmed with masons and boys, peering and craning to watch the drama being played below. If you mount the pillar stairway by the Portail des Marmousettes, you can get out on to the roof and so make the tour of the apse. Each flying buttress springs from a pillar surmounted by a dainty little figure: a lawyer, square-capped and gowned, a clerk, a priest, or a knight in long surcoat, exactly as they must have thronged below in that sunny square. Knowing, too, what those men were bent on compassing, one cannot help indulging the fancy that some of the Gargoyles had their models below there, too, with their malevolent grins and laughter.

There is one other place connected with the interminable sessions of this *soi-disant* trial, and that is the old Archevêché behind the Cathedral, the palace of the Archbishops from the eleventh century until in 1905, the "Loi de Séparation" turned out a white-haired old man to seek a new home wheresoever he might. The palace as it now stands is a wonderful medley of all those centuries, each of which had added its contribution or made its alteration, but, in 1916, the British were masters there again as they were in Jeanne's day, though for a different purpose, and my ardor to trace her steps was checked by a stalwart sentry who hailed from Munster. The long gray line of the Louis XIV. façade consorts oddly enough with the fifteenth century octagon turrets; the formal garden, garnished only in these days with a desolate fountain and leggy cabbages, is redeemed by the dainty tower and spire of

St. Maclou peering over the low buildings that close the quadrangle at its eastern end. The chapel, itself worthless, being a peculiarly hideous building of the eighteenth century, is reached by way of the turret of the Cardinal de Luxembourg with its exquisite ogival doorway and spiral stair.

Louis de Luxembourg was brother to Jean of that ilk who sold the Maid to the English, and himself, at that time, was Chancellor of France for the English King. For his priesthood he had the Curé of the Bishopric of Thérouanne. The Red Hat did not arrive until 1439 when, curiously enough, he received it in company with Guillaume d'Estouteville, who was destined to conduct the rehabilitation of Jeanne's honor in the eyes of the world. Louis de Luxembourg is said by some to have been remarked for his tears and sorrow during the martyrdom, but methinks they were tears easily come by, for he had been one of the moving spirits throughout the whole cruel story, had instigated his brother to the initial infamy of that Judas-traffic, and, when all was over, found a rich reward in the Archbishopric of Rouen.

On the other side, the Archevêché is bounded by the Rue St. Romain, and here are traces of the older portions of the building. The guard turret stands over the eleventh-century vault of Guillaume Bonne-Ame as in Jeanne's day, but a second story has been added and the main face of the building much altered. There is the ruin of a great fourteenth-century window, which may well have illumined the room where some of the earlier sessions were held. The records are not explicit as to which room in the palace was used for this purpose. A tablet affixed to the wall below tells that: "Here in the Chapelle des Ordres . . . was held the last session of the trial of Jeanne d'Arc on the twenty-ninth of May, 1431. The next day Jeanne was burned alive in the Vieux Marché."

This Chapelle des Ordres, which took its title from the peculiar jurisdiction of the Episcopal See, stood in the great courtyard at right angles to the present building. Were it still standing, it would be one of the most precious relics of the Maid; as it is, a sort of aftermath of the *"haine féroce,"* which according to Miget, Prior of Longueville, possessed her judges, seems to have swept away almost everything connected with her.

Certainly, this is the case with the Vieux Marché itself. Were it not for the maps and sketches of the sixteenth-century draughtsman, Jacques le Lieur, we should be in a parlous case, indeed. As it is, you may find in the Musee d'Art Normand (the ex-church of St. Laurent) an excellent reconstruction in plaster of the Vieux Marché, after le Lieur. Hideous iron hangars now sprawl right across the site of the old timbered hall with its great tiled roof. The vanished St. Sauveur, with its stately apse and towering sanctuary windows, stood close over hall and stake, perhaps a figure of Our Lord in benediction over the apex of the porch; and the tall tower and spire of St. Michael, her own *seigneur*, St. Michael, well in sight down the Rue de la Grosse Horloge. St. Michael and Our Saviour, last before her closing eyes in this world, and first for her new awareness in the next: last before her eyes, last in her heart and last upon her lips: "St. Michael, St. Michael," she cried, "my voices have not deceived me," and then, just at the last, began *the* prayer of martyrs, *"Jesu, Jesu, Jesu, sis mihi Jesu."*

There is one other thing sacred to the memory of the Maid in Rouen, and that is her burial place, the great gray river Seine. "Truly this was a just man," said the Centurion at the foot of the Cross: "We are lost, we have burned a Saint," wailed the soldiery about Jeanne's stake. So did her executioners take example from the Pharisees, and, knowing that she had followed faithfully in the footprints of the Strength of martyrs and Purity of virgins, would take no risks, that they could avoid, of a popular canonization—*quod est tumor plebi.* Her ashes were gathered up with care and cast into the strong river running below. Cast your bread upon the waters and after many days it shall return to you. So does the martyred Maid of France return at last in their hour of need to the hearts of her people.

Dieu sauve la France!

MEDIÆVALISM AND IRISH LITERATURE.

BY MARTIN J. LES.

THE Middle Ages was a period in which literature found its *motif* in the presentation of certain qualities, such as heroism, chivalry, or the spirit of adventure. It was universal in its appeal, since its literature took no color from any particular nation. With the Renaissance, on the contrary, came the influx of humanism, a return to the license of nature and the rise of national literatures. The Renaissance was a many-sided, yet united, movement, in which love of things of the intellect and imagination, for their own sake, the desire for a more liberal way of considering life, make themselves felt, urging those who experience the new vigor to search after the forgotten sources, but also to divine fresh sources, fresh subjects of art.

With the depravity that followed in the wake of the old Roman Empire came the decline of the civic spirit and the decay of the classics. The system of Imperial Autocracy was superseded by the more clement administration of the Latin Church. Then arose a new mythology, following the behests of the Church, but wanton in its prodigality when compared with the artistic restraint of the classic myths. Next arose Feudalism, and at a later date, Scholasticism, forces which served to mold the social and intellectual outlook of the Middle Ages along certain well-defined lines. The most splendid results of Scholastic education, that is outside the region of the abstract sciences, are to be seen in the writings of Dante. In his system of thought, in the structure and harmony of his cadences, we feel the work of a vast genius formed by the training of the Schoolmen. We witness in him the union of a political and popular philosophy which is justly regarded as marking the highest degree of power, which the human intellect has reached. Chaucer, though far removed from Dante, in subtlety of reasoning, furnishes a no less striking example of the influence exercised in poetry by the dialectical training of the Schools. Writing in the spirit of a *Trouvère,*

he delights to animate his stories with passages of debate. His pilgrims are as argumentative as Doctors of a University. Yet Chaucer came under the first glimmerings of the Renaissance dawn.

Opposed to the human and personal sympathy of the post-mediæval period, we have evidence to show that the native power of Christian European poetry sprang from oral minstrelsy as modified by Latin culture. The Church alone had carried, through the great formative period of the early centuries after Christ, the torch of learning; she had, later on, to share that duty with a body of laymen who were to produce a literature which, if not rivaling in excellence, was to eclipse in breadth and variety the products of Athens and Rome. The Troubadour and *Trouvère* were to introduce into literature a latitude which the earlier minstrels abhorred. They were the analogies of the Teutonic Scôp or Celtic bard, but these latter were the singers of the heroism of their race and their race only. The gleeman now became the *jongleur* whilst the old *Teutonic Lied* was replaced by the *fabliau,* the romance, or the *chanson de gêste.*

Up to the thirteenth century, English poetry, whether written in the vernacular or in Latin, whether romantic or sentimental, was free from traces of local conditions. A poetical moralist will draw material from the writings of Boethius. Love poetry composed by the Troubadours of Provence is intelligent to knights in German castles; the tales of Lancelot and Guinevere, written beyond the English channel, are read on the shores of Rimini. It presents an universal character because it reflects the image of a society which still preserved many of the features of the Roman Empire, and was fashioned to its liking by the leveling influences of Christian classic culture. The universality of the literature of the mediæval period differed from the universality of that of the Renaissance. In the former, it consisted in homogeneity of theme or similarity of motive, while in the Renaissance what belonged to human nature all over the world was more important than what belonged to any special nation. While taking cognizance of universal human life, it remained at the same time most distinctly national. Like all true art, it contained the universal in the guise of the particular. Elizabethan literature is preëminently interesting because it fo-

cused the activities of the age on itself, and was, above all else, a great national utterance. In Spenser we have the best example of the meeting-ground of two convergent streams. On the one hand, we had asceticism, which bade beauty be the handmaid of morality and religion, whilst the action of the Church in poetry, painting and music held her strictly to the work of edification. On the other hand, we had the frank, sensuous paganism of the Renaissance, wholly preoccupied with human interests and the "warm kind earth," following loveliness wherever it led without thought of the law or the prophets.

Having shown the literary outlook of mediæval Europe, and how it differentiated from the robust manliness and conscious energy of the era that was at once to succeed, we wish to point out that while Ireland took a prominent part in the literary fruition of this period, what we venture to call "mediævalism" in literature continued to be the mainstay of Irish literature down the centuries. It is to be found in the works of Raftery as distinctly as in the poems of O'Breuadar, while there is no gulf between Colum Wallace and Eoghen Ruadh, like that between Tennyson and Wordsworth, their respective contemporaries. They both dug at the same mediæval point which jealously yielded up its hidden treasure. The short stories of Padraic Pearse, with their weirdness and climactic uncanniness, point in the same direction. Much that can be said of Irish art and literature is equally true of mediæval art and literature in general. The Renaissance never reached the Gaeldom. However, the mediæval habit of Irish literature did not manifest all the qualities true of other countries. While there was similar elaboration in text-books and an equal mastery of the Romance, we miss the disputation, instinct with the logic of the schools, the keenness of the Scholastic trained mind. The feudal system and all that it meant, is replaced by the tribal organizations of petty communals and the adulation of the chief. Moreover, the burthens of the old secular tales continued long to find a ready response in the hearts of the Irish people. We see paganism living on in Irish literature as a thin veneer over the Christian virtues, and in our Middle Age Irish tales we find the pagan element still maintained.

Religion continued to control the literary as well as the

spiritual destinies of the nation when, in every other country, the disruption and modification of the Catholic order of thought were in evidence. The people did not emerge from the twelfth or fifteenth century to find themselves substantially changed in intellectual outlook. The bards and *Filaidhe* continued to poetize as before, strong in the determination to adhere to the literary standards set up by their progenitors. True to the conservatism of the mediæval cast of thought, their writings abound in repetitions and exaggerations and in long-drawn-out descriptions of men and things which, though invaluable as a record of social life, are tedious from the point of view of art. Instead of obeying a spontaneous inspiration, the Irish *Seanarchaidh* is content to reiterate an old and well-worn formula which has served the purpose of his predecessors for centuries. These faults were not entirely peculiar to Irish literature, but were common in pre-Reformation times in all the literature of Western Europe. We find the same dry formalism and penchant for reiteration in the Jacobite poets, and even down to the end of the nineteenth century. There is generally a fatal lack of self-criticism, which accounts for much stodgy extravagance.

Few literatures have been less colored by the individuality of writers than Gaelic literature. It had been originally the product of a separate literary cast, confined to noble families, the fashion of certain schools, shackled by conventions, by respect for tradition, by archaism. The same stock of current ideas did duty for all the writers, the same attitude towards life is depicted in their work. One finds here an exquisitely keen sense of beauty, but withal a strange lack of the sense of proportion, balance, or coherence. Their art ran to beautiful fantasy, to the elaborate, the ornate and occult. The chaste and simple elegance of Greek art had no appeal for them. Nature itself must have its brutality, nakedness covered with fantastic garments. The Irish poet is always trying to escape from the reality of the world. The disciplined imagination, the literary restraint, the impersonality, perfect oneness of conception and execution, so true of all the literary giants, is seldom evidenced in the ordinary productions of Irish literature.

Nowhere has the soul of Christianity taken deeper root than in the Irish nature. In Italy, paganism died hard. The

art of Fra Angelico and the work of Boccacio flourished side by side. But in Ireland, our pagan religion itself reveled in the weird and supernatural. The Greek myths deified the forces of nature, while the Irish myths escaped from nature and created artificial terrors. The Catholic idea of life found a congenial soil in the Gaeldom. It endowed with a meaning the vague uncomprehended yearnings of the Irish soul. Asceticism became an ideal and the joyous animalism of human nature was put under ban.

The eighteenth century was notoriously an eve of artificiality in literature, when the sentiment of nature seemed to have been doomed. In 1762, with Rousseau, came a reaction, a return to lawlessness and liberality. In Germany, Goethe threw men's minds back to the nobler chiefs of old days in "*Gotz von Berlichingen*," and there was a host of camp-followers. The French Revolution and the English Romantic Revival were part of this movement, the outcome of it. The Irish poets were mediæval and reactionary, and so they remained. Occasionally, however, in figures like Merriman, the Clare schoolmaster, we find men who resisted their environment and revolted against conviction. He displays the sentiment of nature and humanity in its broadest sense. He has the same full-blooded vigor and the delight in robust natural life which we find in the English poets of the time. It may be, in fact it seems very likely, that Merriman had read Voltaire or Rousseau; there is certainly claimed for him a connection with the English mediæval poet, Richard Savage, traces of whose influence have been found in his work. It is clear, at any rate, that Merriman came in contact with minds with which other Irish poets were not conversant. Such dissemination of ideas is necessary for the healthy growth of literature. Without the driving-power of scholarship, poetry and literature will tend to become mere flamboyant rhetoric. Keating, too, in the earlier period, manifested ideas born of his foreign training. The average Irish poet certainly got very little chance for intellectual development.

Irish literature manifests majesty, though not greatness. We seldom have the basic ideas linked with lorldly music characteristic of the ancients, and often found in the masterpieces of modern England. We miss the fundamental ideas which have been the inspiration of races, and have gripped

the elemental realities and passions of human life and action. The story-teller rather projects himself back into a golden age, which he knows to be unreal. His idealizing fancy drags his mind away from the rut of material life and common things. The poet who can turn the every-day occurrences of a routine life into splendid poetry, is an artist of no ordinary achievement. The Irish bard, however, longed to revel in visions of the Unseen, and his imagination, unimpeded, soared without restraint into the thinnest fields of ideal Beauty. In the huge body of Ossianic literature we have largely a mass of fairy tales. These tales are often rendered with a skill and naïve beauty under which they assume the shape of alluring loveliness. Employed by a class no longer attracting the most gifted minds of the race, it was misrepresentative of the highest form of Gaelic artistry in a way in which the older sagas of Ulster were not.

Rooted in the past, and not in the life-saving reality of the present, Irish literature was compelled to derive sustenance from convention and not from contact with life. Gaelic being a language of extraordinary richness of vocabulary and diversity of expression, it became peculiarly adapted to the expression of varied detail and every *nuance* of color. Handled by generations of writers, who sought novelty in ever-fresh elaboration of style rather than in invention of incident and revivification of spirit, it tends to fall to the level of the ingenious and pretty. Realistic literature having actual life for its driving force, will inevitably find adequate expression; but in Vision prose or Romance a greater effort was needed in the selection and unfolding of incident.

In the Middle Ages men fastened their eyes on the glories of the other world, and before their heavenly gaze the most palpable things of earth crackled to smoke. If this be true of the literature of mediæval Europe generally, it was much more true in the case of Ireland. There are three forms of Irish literature which exhibit the mediævalistic touch more preëminently than any other: the natural, the preternatural and the supernatural.

I.

Taking nature poetry first, we find that it presents rather surprising qualities. Throughout, we have the mediæval way of treating nature, such as was in vogue in England till

Chaucer set a new fashion. Entering more into the intimate life of nature, seeking to unlock its inward power and fairy charm, the Irish poet is accused of idealizing nature, dressing it with glittering garbs, trying to build a Land of Heart's-Desire for himself. Though his spiritual fervor carried the Irish bard rather far, we venture to discredit this interpretation. As a matter of fact, Irish nature poetry marks a point of severance with the other Irish work that has come down to us. It is, in the main, of a non-professional character, brief in output and enlivened by many personal and human touches. These poems are generally of a very sprightly and delicately-wrought movement. Penned often on the verge of manuscripts by studious monks, who, in a leisure moment, wished to give expression to the passing feeling or emotion, they must necessarily partake of a non-conventional character and be imbued with the spirit of genuine poetry the world over. The official nature of the position held by the Irish bards and of the work that was expected of them, did much to deaden spontaneity. The custom of producing genealogical and historical verse for the honor of the tribe must have an injurious effect. Irish nature poetry is found scattered up and down the oldest sagas and tales, beautiful mountain tributaries that relieve the full current of the story of its tedium. These natural jets preserve for us all that is best and purest in Irish poetic artistry. Their delicate sensibility, their chasteness of expression, their alluring naïvety set them apart from almost any poetry in any language.

If we would understand the distinctive quality of Irish nature poetry, we must remember that its traditional attitude was fixed long ago among a race whose centre of life was the rath on the hill-slope. It found its first expression in the souls of men like Fionin, drunk with wild delight of the hunt, or with Christian recluses like Marbahn, who commenced with nature in the wilderness. We take the following Ossianic specimen which exhibits the weird magic and poignant charm so true of the healthy and spiritual outlook of the Irish race:

> Arran of the many stags, cries Fionin.
> The sea strikes against its shoulder—
> Sea-gulls answer each other round her white cliffs
> Delightful at all times is Arran—

Gleaming of purple on her rocks,
Faultless grass upon her slopes,
Over her fair shapely crags
Noise of dappled fawns a-skipping.

This minute and felicitous description gives a vivid impression of the joyous woodland scenery and outdoor life so beloved of Irish heroes and poets. The Irish, at that period, were the only people who could make poetry out of mere nature and nothing else. The English mind views nature differently. The Irish artist was on fire with his subject, entered into it buoyantly and made himself part of what he described. The English nature poet stands as spectator—apart—and notes with an artist's eye effective detail. His outlook on nature must be cosmopolitan. In this external attitude towards nature we can rarely have the "profound and intimate sense of the life of nature," and judging by Matthew Arnold's touchstone, we have very little true nature poetry in English poetry apart from those examples of a Celtic vein. The Celt possessed in a wonderful degree the power of projectivity, of making himself one with his subject and intensely realizing its secret. Moreover, he is full of what he describes, knows it so well that he becomes impatient of the obvious. Hence, the half-said thing to him is dearest.

II.

The study of early Irish literature, whether professedly historical or romantic, is that of a world possessed of preternatural beliefs. Everywhere in the literature which the old Gael has produced, we find the mingling of the actual and purely imaginative; in his serious annals and historical tracts he surprises us by the intrusion of fairy lore, or by the genuinely historical importance he attaches to the genealogies and wars and settlements of the gods; his legal decisions have a thread of poetry around them. The accounts of Brian Boru, early in the eleventh century, are tinged with fairy lore, as in the tales of Conaire Mor; nor does Geoffrey Keating show much desire to sift the real from the unreal. In the great groups of Irish monastic tales, while there is underlying a historical basis of fact, kinship with the gods, involving supernatural powers, as companionship with heroes of the De

Danann race, who had passed into fairyland across the sea, are treated as naturally as they are in associations of a similar kind in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. The heroic influence of early Irish Gaelic warriors, their martial equipment and mode of life, ring true to the descriptions of Cæsar and Livy and Tacitus of Gaul, with whom the Irish chieftains were contemporary. The relations between the Irish gods and heroes resemble those that subsisted between the heroes of early Greece and their gods in the Trojan wars. The defeated De Danann gods engage Fenian heroes in their wars with one another, or spirit them off under a spell of magic mist into their underground palaces, from which they are released by mortal brother warriors.

Magh Mell, Magh Argatonel, Plain of Honey, are some of the common appellations of these abodes of the Irish heroes. They are the invisible lands and peoples of the Irish imagination. They are continually cropping up in their old sagas. Cuchulainn is brought into a fairyland, and lives for more than a year there in love with Fand, Mannanān's wife. Osin flies with Niamh over the sea to the "Isle of Eternal Youth." Etain, out of the immortal land, is born again an Irish girl and reclaimed and carried back to her native shore by Midir, prince of the fairy host. Here is a description of a fairy cavalcade; we notice the arts that endear them to the Gael—music, poetry and skill at chess:

> Pure white shields their arms upbear,
> With silver emblems rare over-cast.
> Amid blue glittering blades they go;
> The horns they blow are loud of blast.
> Good are they at man-slaying feats,
> Melodious over meats and ale;
> Of woven verse they wield the spell,
> At chess-craft they erect the sail.

In the *Lament of the Old Woman of Beare*, we have an evidence of reincarnation, and of transmigration, referring to the rejuvenation of a princess more fortunate than Tithonus, who received the gift of immortality only to wither in the arms of the goddess, Aurora. Here, the old woman of Beare is endowed with seven periods of youth, and her youth has been renewed so often that she can see her grandsons and great-grandsons become tribes and races.

III.

Not content with the embellishment of natural scenery, the humanization of deities, or the deification of men, the Irish mind goes still further and seeks to construct a world based on no earthly foundation. We now come to treat of another class of Irish literature, the farthest withdrawn from mundane things, namely, the Vision, what we have termed the supernatural in Irish literature. While enriching the stock of literary material, the main function of the Irish vision was to set a literary fashion whereby the vision of the other world came to be regarded as the most natural vehicle for conveying men's thoughts, just as the drama and the essay, each in turn, came to serve an ulterior purpose. The vision was the outcome of the mediæval outlook on life, the rejection of the human and the commonplace when the mind, in revolt against the inanities of earth, wished to hinge itself on to things more stable and more incorruptible.

There are no two opinions about the international importance of the Irish vision today. Those who have studied this branch of literary efflorescence find it hard not to assign to it the foremost place in the series of apocalyptic works, which culminated in the *Divina Commedia*. The Irish were always intensely religious and strenuously devout. In an age in which men's souls were on fire with Christian zeal, it is no wonder we find saints whose earthly existence seemed to stand still as the sun on Gabaon, and to have enjoyed a moment's foretaste of the bliss "behind the veil." If such transcendent fervor be true of other countries, and it undoubtedly was, it is not surprising to find it was preëminently so in Ireland's case, where the spiritual notion of literature found a reception unknown in other countries.

We find in many of those early visions the most profound religious convictions of the day, while no small amount of imaginative power is brought to bear on the subject. Octave Delapierre seems to have been the first to collect together such of those visions as were not mere developments of the poetical faculty, but were also objects of religious belief, and which were only seen by persons convinced of their reality, not mere mystic romancers. Among these, he enumerates the visions of Salvius, Drihthelm, Nachtan, Alberic, Tundale, Owen Miles

and a few others. Amongst those entitled to an eminent position are Adamnan and the celestial, Fursa.

There is a distinct development in the character of those visions in the course of centuries. There is a tendency in each school to drop characteristics of its predecessors, and later on we find Dante rejecting many of the old conventional incidents. There is an inclination also to attenuate their early simplicity by the growing familiarity with classical imagery. In the beginning, they were more of heaven than of hell, but after the ninth century they glow more with the lurid light of hell. Soon they take on color from political and moral controversy. In 824, Nachtan, monk of Reichenau, anticipates Dante in the introduction of historical characters into his vision. Political questions and allusion to contemporary events are of common occurrence in the vision in subsequent years. In the thirteenth century, a new element appears—the element of the humorous and the spectacle or *mise-en-scène* of the mystery play. Hitherto, the seers of visions have been out of the body, but in the vision of Owen Miles we find him a visitant in the flesh. Differences between the vision of St. Fursa and those of Drihthelm are very marked. We find Fursa borne upwards by angels to enjoy the light and music of the heavenly choir. The love of music is singularly manifest throughout his visions. Dante is quoted by Vincentio Galilei as having referred to the music of Ireland as follows: *"Fu portato d'Irlanda a noi questo antichiosimo strumento—gli habitoni della quale isola si exercitano molti e molti secoli in essa."* Would this incidental mention justify us in concluding that the great Italian poet was familiar with our Irish apocalyptic literature? In Irish Christian literature, we have no less than five visitants to Hades who have left a record of their revelations—Brendan, Fursa, Adamnan, Tundale and Owen Miles. The Venerable Bede, who dwells at much length on the works of Fursa, was one of the writers favored with an honorable mention by Dante. In the tenth canto of the *Paradiso,* he places Bede in the fourth heaven:

> *Vedi oltre fiammeggiar l'ardente spiro*
> *D'Isidore, di Beda e di Riccardo.*[1]

[1] See farther onward flame the burning breath
Of Isidore, of Beda and of Richard.

Whether the Italian visionist came into direct contact with Ireland and the works of its seers, we have no authentic document to show. It is the opinion of Dr. Hogan that he visited Oxford. At any rate, Irish monks and Irish scholars were then well known in England and on the Continent. Several translations of Irish writings were made, and the impress of the Irish mind was left on the scholastic institutions of Europe. Delapierre declares that in his opinion, if the great Italian artificer was indebted to any preceding work, we must turn rather to Tundale of Cashel than to Alberic for his source:

> *Cette Vision de Tondale est peutêtre la plus célèbre de toutes, et fut traduite dans la plupart des langues de l'Europe. Par ses détails, c'est une autre "Divine Comedie" en prose—Il est même des passages où, le mérite du style à part, Tondale présente des images plus terribles et plus justes.*

The learned antiquarian, Miss Stokes, has found many notable comparisons between Fursa's famous vision and Dante's work. Amongst many other important correspondences she calls our attention to the fact that the iconography of the devil in the Middle Ages, as we learn in such frescoes as those of the Campo Santo at Pisa, and on the walls of the Byzantine churches, is so strikingly similar to the pictures drawn by these Irish writers that we are led to assign them to a common origin. Amongst others who are strong on the influence of Irish vision lore in the making of the *Divine Comedy* are Whitley Stokes, C. S. Boswell and Signor D'Arcona. Conall Cearnac has recently drawn our attention to a vision presenting an exact parallel to Dante's poem in the sense that it deals with an Inferno, a Purgatorio and a Paradiso. Were these Irish examples so well known to Dante that under the elixir of his genius they became apotheosized in his immortal verse? Volumes may be written on this point. Suffice it to say that, as Dumas *père* said, it is mankind and not man that creates. Being the heir of the ages, we think the masterpiece of the great Italian is no spontaneous birth. It is linked to an earlier cycle of works, and is the result of permanent conditions of thought regarding the other world.

We are wont to characterize the literature of the Middle

Ages as spiritual or fanciful. It could work in images, too, and we think at its highest approximated more to the genuine spirit, the quintessence of poetry, than the output of the humanistic revival. It may be interestingly debated how far spirituality in poetry compares with realism. "The grand power of poetry," says Matthew Arnold, " . . . is a power of so dealing with things as to awaken in us a wonderfully full, new and intimate sense of them, and of our relations with them." This standard seems like putting a premium on the spiritual aspect of poetry. There may not be much bed-rock thought playing in Irish poetry, but the mysterious glamour, the mystic twilight, the idealism and the heroic spirit of the Celt are there. We may not have here the honest smack of the soil, the faithful realism which the Germans had, nor the spectacle of a world intensely human to which the English spirit awoke at the Renaissance; but neither have we the excesses committed in the name of so-called realistic freedom which has become the fashion in French literature since the Romantic Revival. Though Shakespeare is famous for his wonderful insight into the complexities of human passion, and his glorious mastery of linguistic expression and broad, ungarnished humanity, still these coarser elements are redeemed by a deep appreciation of the beauties of nature and a frequent introduction of fairy scenes and *chiaroscuro* passages, which manifest the Celtic strain in him. The golden flashes of Keat's romantic coloring, his mellow glow; Shelley's dusty trail amidst the stars, his intense fervor, his etherealized treatment of scenery are some of the glories of English verse. They are the characteristics of the English Romantic School which owed its rise, in part, to the discovery of a new poetic fund in the Celtic *hinterland*. How often has the taunt been cast on the vernacular literature of Ireland that when it is not surfeited with religion, it is travestied by patriotism. But whatever be its value, it must be admitted that it always drew its material from a healthy, ennobling atmosphere. It was always a literature of noble endeavor, of heroism, of men fighting for the greatest things in life. It has always disdained the mean, the lowly. When it does not revel in the woodland glade and the mountain torrent, it grows warm in the adoration of the hero or bemoans in pathetic strains the sufferings and sad plight of the Dark Rose.

In the Middle Ages the basis of the spiritual life was the traditional religion of Christendom. The Catholic world loomed large, and then unusual human life was portrayed, not as it appeals to the senses, but to the soul. The pleasanter delights of poetry were found where the poet, spiritualized by passion, dipped into the eternal world, where the unseen things are greater than the seen. Religion was then that which answered to the elemental and unstereotyped aspirations of the soul, not the personal religiousness or the narrow sectarian outlook of these times. A revival of mediævalism would serve as a reaction from the sensuousness and gross materialism of our overworked realism. We shall have to confess that men could think and find fitting expression for their thoughts in the great ages of religious belief and prayer. We must render homage to that heroic period, that splendid youth of Christian humanity. It has gradually been coming back to its own, and there are not wanting tardy avowals of the great debt which the world owes the Middle Ages.

RAIN.

BY ELEANOR CUSTIS SHALLCROSS.

TREES love
The cool green hush of rainy days
In Spring;
And so do crocuses and violets
Peeping above
Their soft brown covering.
A cardinal comes—
A scarlet blossom on a dripping bough,
To sing
Of all the love and praise and happiness
His heart
Is offering.
Because
The tearful sky is veiled in clouds,
They don't complain.
Am I akin to them that, I, too, find
A joy in rain?

THE MOOD FOR PEACE.

BY GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

THE unofficial words of a Pope are not infallible, of course; but if ever an utterance of a reigning Pontiff, during the majestic centuries of the Church's life, seems truly to have been instinct with the spirit of God, it was the final outcry of Pius X.—*"Poveri figlii!"* There is nowhere in literature a sentence so filled to bursting with the sense of Infinite Mercy, nor any which bows more resolutely to the mandates of Infinite Justice. We, the generation now living, have indeed been "Poor children;" we have felt the stifling pressure of a war during which the only force in the world that did not kill was the power which, as Catholics, we feel is most intimately the might of our Redeemer. And in these days when men are searching the wreckage of their beaten civilizations for some safe social tenement against universal slaughter, it is a great comfort to recall how kindly was the haven of Peter's rock. While we observe the anxious, haphazard quest for peace in the world, we cannot be altogether cynical; we have seen, above the ruck of our own and other men's hate, that firm, high guardianship of the universal mood. To what this means, and what it may presage, all of us can afford to give some brief attention.

I.

No long argument is required to establish the necessity for one kind or another of international tolerance and understanding. War carried on under modern conditions is so ruthlessly destructive of human life and the economic circumstances upon which it depends, that no one not utterly insane can view it calmly. There may still be men who would set national interests and honor above the declaration of hostilities, but such hypothetical persons are simply toying with terms. It is a good and pleasant thing to die for one's country, yes; but not if those who survive shall go prowling naked amidst ruins, shall be doomed to intolerable burdens, and

shall face the implacable fate of rash catastrophes. Defence is honorable, but men of prudence must of necessity try to be far-sighted enough to arrange for that defence before there is nothing left to justify the effort. In a word, the State, which exists to promote the temporal welfare of man, dares not destroy that welfare by wielding the monstrous weapons which science has now placed into its hands.

And the economic needs of society are only one consideration. Every student of human nature holds it as self-evident that modern war breeds spiritual degradation with frightful efficiency. Anyone who came near enough to the crumbled outskirts of the European battle-zone to see how utterly the rudiments of human decency had decayed; who has listened to the sad accounts given by the pastors of fighting peoples; who realizes, finally, that the majority of men are not heroes and that all of them are poor sinners, will not stop long to question the moral disease that engulfs the engines of battle. *"C'est la guerre!"* . . . in this final epigram of desperate pessimism, one ought to see things decidedly more gruesome than rotting bodies or pools of festering blood. It signifies a multiform degeneration of souls and brutalizing of the plainest instincts man has, by right of being an image of God.

Moreover, from all of this proceeds, as the logical consequence of social sin, the tremendous threat of social nausea and upheaval. We cannot alter the fact that for most people in our time the State is synonymous with both law and livelihood. Whenever the second is endangered, the first is sure to find itself in jeopardy; and when the trouble is due to enterprises wherein government has depended upon brute force and callous opportunism, the reaction against the existing order of things cannot be expected to rid itself of similar weapons. If you will reflect calmly upon what war meant to Russia, you will not find the rise of Bolshevism so very extraordinary. The last word of the *Internationale,* which sings most enchantingly to Utopia, is, after all, *debout;* and perhaps that is intended to mean in the end, *aux armes.* Modern civilization simply cannot afford to risk what is yet extant of order and domestic economy by attempting the suicide of war. There is no new race at hand to rebuild what we tear down.

These things being what they are (no matter how sincerely we may wish them otherwise) we must look, in spite

of a thousand formidable obstacles, for some collective guarantee of peace. As a prerequisite, we must know exactly upon what principles to go forward, because haphazard efforts, or details of policy, based upon a fundamental misunderstanding of the issue, will bring no relief. The international mood, which is the thinking power of the race applied to the surmounting of combative nationalism, must be reasonable, sensible, practical. Now it is necessary to understand at the beginning that war is not in itself wrong, any more than self-defence is wrong. The truth of this statement is accepted so universally by human nature that a denial of it is merely irritating and, therefore, harmful. But it is just as indispensable to realize that modern war is seldom, if ever, simply defensive, and that present-day international intrigues ending in hostilities, will generally reveal, on both sides, lust for conquest and immoral ambition. Consequently, a government that resorts to arms is almost always partly responsible, morally and economically, for the disastrous results that follow.

To bring about an effective recognition of this responsibility must, therefore, be the goal of all peace movements. This is not so simple as it sounds. An acute French observer, M. Louis Joubert, recently quoted the irate comment of an eminent lawyer: "Will the terrible destructiveness of war enforce peace? The crowd is too stupid to understand the situation, the politicians are too vain to foresee its effects, and the manufacturers too selfish to deprive themselves of those effects." This is cynical, indeed, but it happens also to be nearly right. The weapon which the average idealist would use against such states of mind is public opinion. He believes in some such vague entity as "humanity," and is forever explaining that "when Democracy shall have ousted diplomatic intrigue," and "when modern travel shall have brought people more closely together," war will be quite impossible. In short, he ignores the existence of the nation, or at least shuts his eyes to it on principle.

Personally, I am of the opinion that nobody is more hostile to the real interests of peace than this same pacifistic idealist. A man's rebellious stomach is not cured by "the progress of medical science," but by some such homely, definite remedy as castor oil. Society in turmoil can ask no

less objective a medicine. What is there in such a catchword as "proximity?" Nothing. Japan, India, China, Italy, Germany, Poland, Russia—these are not so many aspects of "humanity" to be blended upon acquaintanceship, like so many colors on a palette, but groups of men occupying land endowed with certain natural resources. They have inherited obvious traditions from the past; they face, in their own way, the conquest of the future. It is precisely the "proximity" insisted upon by world trade, the "peaceful inroads" made by dominant nations, that cause strife by their insistence upon superiority; and, without being unduly pessimistic, one may affirm that in modern international relationships, ignorance is bliss. Again, what solace can a reflective mind discover in a term so indefinite and undefined as "democracy?" To expect miracles of something which does not exist, which nobody can even represent to himself as existing, which is merely a romantic cognomen for "the voice of humanity," is just another peculiarity of that Comptean political sentimentalism which the desperately practical demands of our time must force us to abandon. Again, the only possible advantage to be gained from such schemes as a popular vote on the declaration of war is inertia; and this no government dares to risk.

If then, the vague idealist fails to present a tangible basis for the international mood, one might expect the stern realist, concerned strictly with the details of national life, to offer something better. And if one listens to those who affirm that their nations are great traditional entities whose influence on the world is largely dependent upon economic freedom, prestige and skill, and who, therefore, are anxious to prevent the disturbances of war, one is likely to consider them well-informed and reasonable. So they are, until the great forces engendered by social life sweep in from outside the prim confines of their vista and prove that a nation, like an individual, is only a common soldier in the ranks of mankind. There came a day when Alexander beat flat the rule of Persia, and another day in which he himself, with his empire, was no more. That example has been followed often enough: the rhythm of human history has become, times beyond number, the funeral hymn of kingdoms—and republics. Only the principle of the State and the principle of human nature count

in the long run, because these are of God. In brief, the rationalist who fails to see that there are social impulses beyond his country, impulses that belong commonly to all the peoples of the earth, does not thereby succeed in destroying the strong reality they possess.

Thus while the idealist repudiates the nation and the realist forswears the race, it is not so very difficult to guess that the stability of the world depends upon some honest adjustment between the two. There ought to be somewhere a recognized power which upholds, for all men to see, the working ideals of mankind. It should be of so lofty a character that no nation could deny its authority. On the other hand, this custodian of the international mood ought to be as free as possible of strictly national characteristics—force, widespread temporal interests, wealth. As a matter of fact, the failure of all modern experiments to set up a supra-national government has been due precisely to the fact that when they have tried to leave the realm of pure and ineffectual idea, they became entangled in material details. Every nation is ready to proclaim its lofty disinterestedness; but not one will write a cheque for it. It may be stated frankly that the international mood has been hopelessly bankrupt since the end of the Middle Ages.

II.

I do not intend to outline here the successes of Catholic Christendom in the mediæval attempt to promote peace between nations. Nevertheless, the history of that effort is of very great importance for us, because it does present the only possible theoretical basis for the international mood. It shows forth, in the Church, a supra-national body, whose authority none was able to deny, and whose effectiveness relied upon purely spiritual means. With the dissolution of Christendom, this body naturally lost its power; even more, it lost control of Catholics, and the vision of the Church, as an international power that guarded the common trusts of humanity, faded quite largely from the eyes of the faithful. Today, however, in spite of a multitude of differences, we are beginning to realize again the possible agency for peace that Catholicism may be. The courageous freedom of the Papacy from all the allurements of nationalistic politics, has proved

to the world that idealism in human relations can become a constructive force. It is especially worth noting that, at the present time, no single European power has lost confidence in the benevolent mission of the Vatican; and it is just this kind of confidence that is fundamental in the building up of peace. Again, the Holy Father has tried eagerly to gain the coöperation of Protestants, and thus to set in motion whatever force Christianity yet wields on earth.

In the same manner, we, as Catholics, must strive, while looking squarely at the world, to restore the international outlook of our tradition. No task is more important, nor could any conceivably be more difficult; its accomplishment must involve casting aside century-old bad habits and forming good ones. Just what confronts us will become clear if we look upon human society as an organism, composed as it were of soul and body, of external, economic conditions inseparably bound up with states of mind. We may then observe how the body of this society has developed manifold illnesses; how the fury of commercial expansion has brought on a fever almost fatal to international economic life. Imperialism, which is a corollary of modern industry, has disregarded all rules of social prophylaxis; and one need only sum up a dozen recent evils—from the sinking of the German vessels in Scapa Flow to the clash of interests in China—to realize that a doctor must be called in at once. It is the business of conferences, and the organizations they establish, to act as this physician; to regulate exchange and tariff, agree upon business policies, and by attempting disarmament to decrease the unrest that demands so heavy a tribute of men and wealth.

These things, difficult as they are, must not, however, be mistaken for the chief problems incident to peace; they bare no more than surface indications of a profound moral disease that has laid waste the social life of man. Governments have so generally adopted the creed of force, have so unanimously disregarded the eternal truth that their powers are dependent upon the immutable natural law of God, that they cannot even imagine what political reasoning based on Christian principles would be like. Where is the diplomat whose duty it is to see that his government violates no ethical right? Where even is there one intrusted with the noble duty of preserving the peace? Instead, all of our glittering embassies

have been subsidized to guard petty national advantages: to maneuver for an island, obtain trade concessions, and safeguard the capitalistic interests operating under one of many flags. The State's solemn task of promoting the general temporal welfare has become a mere business proposition.

For us this condition of affairs in the social organism has been rendered more hopeless by a hundred years of false and insidious philosophy, which has left its thick scum on contemporary thought. We cannot review this doctrine with the fullness it invites, but it will suffice for our purpose to take up those aspects of it which bear on the international mission of Catholicism. Begin, if you like, with Russia. The middle years of the nineteenth century beheld that vast refugee of Oriental mediævalism divided between two camps: the protagonists of modern culture, who preached Rationalism and social revolution, and the defenders of the Slavic soul. Among these last no name was so important as Dostoievski, whose power of evocation and profundity of analysis moved the world. And yet the most vivid characteristic of the man was his belligerent identification of Russia and Christianity; he asserted that with the Russian people alone is the Saviour still present, that upon them He relies for the great crusade of heaven. Dostoievski, so amazingly Catholic in his religious thought, nevertheless hates the Church of Rome with amazing venom, crying out anathema upon her internationalism.

Move west to Germany, and observe how those whose spirits watched with pride the rise of their colossal empire, could not forego criticism of that Faith which has sought its disciples with impartiality throughout the world. It was one of the prominent arguments in Paul Rohrbach's pre-war book, *The German Idea in the World*—a book that crystallized the political thinking of his country at the time—that nothing so endangered the spread of Teutonic culture as the profession, by many Germans, of the Catholic creed. This had been the conviction of Bismarck as well, and of all those who sought to kill the possible influence of Rome by showing where the Church failed to tally with the traditions of the Fatherland. Well, the Germans have since devoted considerable attention to a revision of such opinions, and many of their conclusions will prove interesting to those whom a stupid prejudice will not dissuade from attention.

France, the natural source of influential thinking, beheld in the domination of Napoleon the supreme effort to internationalize force. Since then, her professed beliefs have varied from rampant humanitarianism to the most steely Chauvinism, from Hugo to Rolland, from Jaurès to Déroulède. In so far as Catholic belief has entered the discussion, France has been particularly concerned with the effort to make the Christian tradition Romanesque, if not Gallic. There is something to be said for this point of view, but its supporters have vastly over-emphasized it. Maurice Barrès, proceeding to a sort of mystical nationalism from an æsthetic and not too charitable egoism, has accepted the Catholic past as a serenely beautiful and idealistic portion of the French tradition. The upshot is that the Church is stripped, in the minds of his disciples, of international scope and authority: he is enthusiastic about St. Jeanne, but quite unconcerned with St. Willibrord or even St. Edward the Confessor. To take another instance, the political school of Charles Maurras, for all its social defence of Christianity, does not envisage at all the Church's mission to bring the Gospel to all nations.

Neither in England nor America has Catholicism entered very largely into the formation of political theory, for the simple reason that public opinion in these countries is likely to confine the influence of the Church to the problem of Ireland. Acting from this viewpoint, the British have not failed to curry favor at the Vatican, and it may be true that much recent anti-Catholic agitation in the United States has been set afoot by influences which seek to nullify Irish activity amongst us.

Passing over this great question thus summarily, we do arrive at certain other aspects of the English attitude towards international Catholicism. If one man, David Urquhart, could visualize so correctly the political significance of the Church, surely there must be many others whom the evidence has reached. In Mr. Chesterton the Roman tradition has found an enthusiastic and influential defender, but admiration should not blind us to the fact that he adjudges this tradition from a purely national standpoint. Brilliantly effective though his jousts with modernists may be, Chesterton has never accepted the authority of the Pope or even expressed any large appreciation of that authority. It is a comfort,

indeed, to look back upon that most tranquil and lofty bearer of the Faith to Britain whom we reverence as Cardinal Newman. In his heart and mind there was that true appreciation of the Christian mission to the world that all of us must get who desire peace; that constant poise of spiritual insight, which though it bade him love the things of his country wholeheartedly, yet suffered him to understand that the wide fields of the world are alike capable of the harmonious harvest of eternal beauty, virtue and happiness.

III.

In general, then, one may say that while some of the best modern minds responded to the fervor of Catholic idealism, they tried largely to bend it according to the mold of a particular national mood. To this they were impelled by the vast and all-pervading influences of that romantic egoism which appeared, in the theories of Voltaire and Rousseau, as the effective philosophic essence of the Reformation. There is scarcely one of us who has not taken into his blood some drops of this strong poison; it has distorted, like an opiate, our mental environment and has unbalanced our ethical practice. With all our sterling theoretical advantages, we Catholics have not understood the international value of our creed as we should have grasped it. We have not seen that the great goal of a harmonious human society, to which we are pledged until death by the Divine wish, *"ut omnes unum sint,"* demands sternly the sacrifice of inter-racial bickering, martial posing and stupid prejudice. There is really no need to advertise ourselves with a blatantly sentimental patriotism every time the bugle blows; and there are things more pleasant to the nostrils than the preserved odor of gunpowder.

Very fortunately, the efforts of the Papacy have begun to bear real fruit. Those who follow genuine Catholic journalism in France will have noted the appearance of a new spirit, devoted as ever to the land of Gaul, but cognizant also of Christendom. As an example of this, I may mention a beautiful hymn to St. Jeanne d'Arc by François Le Grix, editor of *La Revue Hebdomadaire,* in which the Maid is visualized as the Saint who shall lead her people to a great crusade for social concord among nations. The reasonable policy of the *Correspondant,* which strives to give its readers

a better understanding of other peoples, is, I believe, one of the most splendidly serviceable ventures in contemporary journalism. Sir Philip Gibbs is an outstanding example of a Catholic Englishman of wide vision, and he is ably seconded. In Germany, the weight of defeat still droops like a gaunt prophecy of all but timeless doom; but a deep and fascinating note of Catholic thought is to be heard in many places, especially in journals such as *Hochland*, whose editor, Karl Muth, is an unusual man. The spirit of suffering Austria seems to me to have found expression in the words of a priest who, writing a letter of thanks for alms, wished that "the Catholics of America may not forget the starving people of Russia." Belgium has lately seen the rise of an interesting weekly, *La Revue Catholique*, whose editor, Abbé Van den Tout, aims to present a view of world problems that is both catholic and Catholic—an experiment that seems to be proving remarkably successful. Italy cannot be too proud of the *Populari*, whose moderate attitude toward international questions is of the greatest value just now. One is tempted to bring forward additional evidence, but what has been said will show the manifold response of the Catholic spirit in the world to the appeal of the Holy Father.

Our programme to aid in the establishment of world-peace may, then, be said to assume considerable definiteness. First of all, let us abandon resolutely every form of vague humanitarian idealism, impossible in practice and based upon a non-Christian view of existence. Then, let us strive to aid by every means in our power whatever earnest projects are set up to remedy the ills of the economic body of society. Surely, many pitfalls can be avoided by the exercise of enlightened self-interest. Nevertheless, we shall continue to feel certain that these things are not enough, that the very fundament of an harmonious society must be spiritual in character, and that what matters most is the right spirit. Joining with Christians everywhere, the Catholic citizen must become an apostle of that international mood which is the bequest of his tradition, and with which those outside have credited him. To oppose the muddled philosophy which has rendered obscure in the world the presence of God, is not enough; Christendom must prevail, must restore clarity and confidence. If we ask ourselves now, what shall give our words authority,

we may find the answer in what was said recently by the Count d'Avenel: To the non-religious masses of today, Christ is a perfect stranger. Let us bring Him to them. He who shall have become acquainted with even the humanity of Jesus, and have listened to Him, shall inevitably be driven to conclude that "never has a man spoken such words."

If we are ever to close the book of moral pestilence that egoism has written out of modern life, it must be with the aid of the Only One Who brought tidings of peace. We dare not hesitate; human life and effort will no longer be tolerable if we shall have to bequeath to our posterity the husks of a sunken civilization and bid them eat in the light of hell. Only the Saviour can redeem the world. That awful commingling of towering power and bottomless humility which was His character, is the only model that men can adopt with security. Before Him there are no supermen or kings or rulers or democracies, but only men to follow, to love and to bear patiently. He speaks as well to the primitive heart of the savage found by the missionary on the icy shores of an arctic sea as to the harrowed mind of a Papini, enmeshed in the enervating philosophies of the world. Men have pictured Him in a multitude of robes, with the features of diverse races, before the hearth fires of strange and lonely lands. Gauguin has even represented Him as an infant sitting in a basket such as the women of Tahiti use to carry their children; it is a reverent portrait, I think, for it is thus that a primitive people would take to their hearts the Babe of Bethlehem, the universal Master.

Wherever in the past Christian missionaries have walked new trails in trackless solitudes; wherever a carol has been chanted in the marketplace; wherever the hope of the Viaticum has been borne amidst the fleeting mistiness of the world, there has gone, like some flaming shadow, the figure of Him Who is really and eternally, despite the platitudes of expression, the Prince of Peace.

THE BURDEN OF THE VALLEY OF VISION.

BY L. WHEATON.

"Through such souls alone
God, stooping, shows sufficient of His light
For us i' the dark to rise by." [1]

GLANCING rapidly at the history of the Church from era to era, one can but be struck by the extraordinary manifestation of good against evil in the saints who shine like stars in the dark of each successive peril. Over against paganism, the white army of martyrs; when heresy and schism began to arise out of the questionings of quieter times, simultaneously the patristic writers appeared in the West, and in that luxurious and over-educated East which could not take the Kingdom of Heaven as a child, but was forever fomenting religious discord. With the lapse into ease and wealth, following the terrible strain of the persecutions, the eremitical life still offered, as in those perilous times, an asylum of quiet and prayer, with the spiritual descendants of Paul and Antony to guide its aspirations. Gradually, this merged into the great monastic Orders, organized by Benedict and Columba, which increased and multiplied and filled the earth, opposing their ascetic simplicity and learning and art to the armies of Mohammed. For these monasteries of men and women became not only abodes of study and piety, but the inspiration of that momentous missionary movement which swept over Europe in the "Dark Ages;" bringing light to those who did indeed sit in darkness. The Greek Schism, emanating from the pride and ambition of Constantinople, personified in Photius, found its sainted antagonist in its rightful Patriarch, Ignatius.

How Dante hurls the thunderbolts of his wrath at the making of this rival city under the Christian Emperor whose mistake it was! One feels the age-long schism in the tyrannies and confusions of that Russia which is its offspring, culminating in the Bolshevism that is a schism among nations. The ugly doctrines of the Albigenses and Waldenses find their

[1] Browning, *The Ring and the Book.*

opponent at need. St. Dominic's preaching clears the air; while in the midst of the avarice and luxury of his times, the *Poverello* of Assisi brings a new army of chastened souls to the feet of my Lady Poverty. As the first Benedictine austerity relaxes, Bruno of Cologne founds the Carthusians, and later, Bernard of Clairvaux flowers from the Cistercian Order of Robert of Solesmes and the English St. Stephen Harding. Nearly all the great monastic ruins in England were once Cistercian affiliations from Citeaux or Clairvaux.

Catherine of Siena is a star in the gloom of that Western Schism which seemed to threaten the very life of the Church. We cannot reach to the heart of history without knowing intimately the contemporary saints. The saint is not for history: history is the setting of the saint. Who can get at the innermost conditions of his time without knowing something of St. Vincent de Paul? "Set in order Charity in me" was his motto and mission. There is Mère Angélique and her Port Royal, and her Jansenism, which is a direct attack on the Love of God—and there is Margaret Mary with the swift spreading devotion to the Sacred Heart—always affirmation as against negation. So, the genial and lovable Sir Thomas More, opposed to the time-serving and meagre Cranmer and his friends. In the nineteenth century we have a soul born of its very time spirit—artistic, intellectual, exposed to its special mental anguish, that exquisite child of the cloister whose mature intelligence gave her the sympathy with the troubles of the age that could only be met by her "little way" of trust and surrender.

Somehow one thinks of the nineteenth century with its "wild, unquenched, deep-sunken, old world pain," in terms of Matthew Arnold and Thérèse of Lisieux. She knew his darkness, but he would not try her way to light. The Light shone in the darkness, but the darkness comprehended not. The young Carmelite nun is of the moderns.

One waits with interest the next expression of holiness. It will be the perfect product of the generation. It will be a soul whose rich humanity will out-humanize humanitarianism and bring in the needed note of the divine; who will stand for the lost virtue of Hope; whose affirmative laughter will ring out clear and wholesome on the murky air of negation and despondency. The age is heartless in many of its show-

ings. The new saint will be full of heart and the humor that goes with tenderness. The type will be new in everything but those signs of love and pain which belong to all sanctity. Here, holiness may perhaps be built on the perversity and independence which is part of our present *zeitgeist*, just to show what love can do. This is but idle surmise; we have now to deal with illustrious facts.

The Church has just been celebrating the tercentenary of the canonization of saints who, in the sixteenth century, shot like comets from their hiding places into the blackest night of the Church's history, pouring their light into the darkness of that terrible confusion, and becoming the fair beginning of a time. The fifth Isidore of Madrid, popularly canonized with his wife in the twelfth century, was joined to this brilliant group of Ignatius Loyola, Teresa of Jesus, Francis Xavier and Philip Neri, on account of a miracle wrought by his relics on Philip III. of Spain, who, saved from death, put forward his cause.

No one can write of the saints without a sense of unworthiness; one stops, abashed, on the threshold of that mystery which is holiness. Who are we to violate the integrity of the secrets of these perfect ones—we who are not fit to kiss the hem of their garments? To watch a saint is to be aware of his triumph and one's own mediocrity, yet because the saints are so very human, we are at home—in hope, at least.

What is a saint? We glance down the long calendars of their heroism and search for that which is in common amidst their exceeding great variety. Wordsworth has said completely of the perfect contact of nature with the mind of man:

> And I have felt
> A Presence that disturbs me with the joy
> Of elevated thoughts.

This might be truly said of that perception of God's presence in the soul of a saint, who seems *possessed* in a divine sense. "I live, now not I, but Christ liveth in me." The supreme preoccupation with God, and with all else in that one relation, is the distinguishing characteristic of holiness. Out of this ab-

sorption, which is another way of expressing the first great commandment to love with strength, heart and mind, comes the love of the neighbor, which is truly "caring" or *caritas*. Hence, the human sympathy and tenderness of the saint always in the background of no matter what austere foreground of severity on the point of duty. Love destroys such negations as ugliness and hardness. The young saint and the martyrs are in a place apart; but the processes of sanctity in the mature are more interesting to the student of their lives than all the romances of the world. The saint is indeed the complete Romanticist, who goes all the way on the high adventure and finds the *San Graal* of the fullness of life.

In the Old Testament the "Mount of Vision" was where the Temple stood; the "burden of the Valley of Vision," where the fight went on; the "Land of Vision," wherein is sacrifice: "Take thy only-begotten son, Isaac, whom thou lovest, and go into the land of vision; and there thou shalt offer him for a holocaust upon one of the mountains which I shall show thee."[2] So to the soul of the saint comes that sudden illumination which can only be experienced on the Mount of Vision. It is his Thabor. "Nothing remains with man," says a modern who is amongst the seers, "unless it is insinuated with some delight."[3] It is the first intense realization of God. Then he goes down into the Valley of Vision, his Gethsemane, where he pays the price of light in almost intolerable desolation; where, from the travail of his soul, the new man is put on, the Great Surrender is made—the will is one with the Divine. Thence the saint will issue forth to the Land of Vision, where the sacrifice, already willed, is offered. Calvary is there, but after Calvary comes the risen life that goes on till the end. One can follow this drama in the lives of all God's devoted lovers, especially in the convert's processes. Watch Newman's earlier years—full of interest, agony and final triumph. After 1845 the intense interest ceases; he is on the plain of the land of vision—the risen life.

The beautiful external part of sanctity is that it transforms the large and deep qualities of natural character. It does not destroy; it fulfills. Yet, with what is common to all the saints of certain natural qualities of generosity and a

[2] Gen. xxii. 2. [3] *Rod, the Root and the Flower.*

capacity for the childlike spirit, which is simplicity, these processes are as varied as their own personalities. Some are born to holiness; some are wooed to it; some are driven to it by the scourge of circumstances; some give themselves up; some are hunted down, but there is not one who, sooner or later, does not experience the anguish of the Valley of Vision, where, in the humiliation of his own self-knowledge in the light of that Mount of Vision which he remembers in the dark, his surrender must be made. Of those frustrated saints who might come under the heading of the Great Refusal, the name, alas, is legion.

Let us take the saints of this tercentenary and look at each separately. Isidore of Madrid, with his holy wife, had been popularly canonized in their own lifetime. Children of the soil, toilers, were they both. Isidore may be called "Agricola," but he was, in fact, a day laborer, the hired man of a rich farmer, paid by the day. With his wife and only child, this prayerful, consecrated spirit made of their little hut a very Nazareth of domestic holiness. The agony of the three days loss was there, too, for the child fell into a well, unfathomable by their poor instruments—but the parents prayed the prayer of splendid Spanish faith, and the little creature rose with the uplifting waters and was restored to his holy parents. Afterwards he died, and Isidore and his wife separated to devote their lives to God in austere detachment. It was the sacrifice peculiar to affectionate natures, grown into the ways of deeper holiness by mutual example and understanding. The tale of this holy laborer is a very simple one, but full of quiet charm. The legends that cluster round his name are lovely. When he came late to his work because of hearing Mass, he found an angel at his place ploughing his appointed furrow, and when he was abstracted by the burning love of his heart from his work, angels came to help him and protect his prayer. He does not belong to the brilliant group of his companions in canonization, but the quality of his natural and supernatural life is an appeal to our times in a significant sense—"there hath passed a glory from the earth"—a poet has sung of the "joys in widest commonalty spread," but here is something deeper, more interesting, less earthly and more human because more heavenly.

The remaining four of this great canonizing belong pecu-

liarly to their time. They are the leading spirits of the True Reform, needed, indeed, as the Council of Trent was needed. These will shield the Truth, not break it into a thousand fragments, and show by the magnificent consistency of their own lives what reformation really means.

To those saints called to manifest His Will in publicity, God grants, as a rule, unusual natural gifts. These saints have rich natures, breadth of vision, natural temperaments of, perhaps, great ambition, even of pride, before they are brought under the Sweet Yoke, but everything is on a large scale, excepting in the almost solitary instance of St. Margaret Mary, who, had she been other than she was, might have stood in the way of her own mission. At the head of this brave list of 1622 stands, in order of time, Iñigo of Loyola—a nobleman, a soldier, a courtier and a natural poet, albeit, like most soldiers of his age, he was not a scholar. Indeed, we find him in the early years of his conversion, a man of thirty-three years, conning his conjugations in Barcelona with a class of young Spanish imps, who jeer at him as the verb *amare* throws him into an ecstasy. A finished gentleman, none the less, a man of taste and fine courage, ambitious for military glory, ambitious in his aspirations towards human love, proud with that terrible pride of birth and honor which could, and often did, make the Spaniard so hard. This is the raw material of the Saint whose followers practically saved the Faith in Europe, and whose life work is the greatest wonder of the world since the days of the Apostle Paul.

There is much in common between the two men. One is surprised that the adversaries of Ignatius do not see it. The high spirited nature, the almost instantaneous response of a rich, though faulty, temperament to the fascination of Christ, the swift and lasting conversion, the great heart captivated by the love of Jesus, the flaming senses subdued by the sweet Name above all names. The secret struggle at the background of it all, the self-mastery, that must be effected before the life work can be done, the intensity and simplicity and generosity of the supreme moment of self-surrender; these are noticeable in the two men who, with all the centuries between, are so alike in the character of their holiness. There is indeed a difference in the manner of conversion. Paul's was miraculous and precipitate. Iñigo went the usual way of

purgation, illumination and union. His splendid stand at Pampeluna, his shattered leg, his capture by the French who, recognizing the magnificent quality of his manhood, chivalrously handed him back his sword (the sword sacrificed at Montserrat after the turning toward God), and sent him to the Castle of Loyola for healing and repose.

It is in this circumstance that Iñigo shows his natural character so strongly. The leg is set badly. The nobleman is dissatisfied. How could he sit his horse gracefully with that misshapen thing? "Break it and set it again," he orders. With all their skill, the surgeons find that even after the second setting, to make it perfect the bone must be sawn off. "Break it, and saw it, and set it again," insists this tenacious spirit, upheld by personal vanity alone. What this operation meant in the days when anæsthetics were unknown may be imagined. The thing was done, but he limped to the end of his life. We are watching not only the setting of a leg in tortures of pain, but the gradual conversion of a soul. The drama goes on. Bored and restless, the patient calls for books of romance and poetry. The grim old castle holds none. Ludolph of Saxony's *Life of Christ* and some lives of the saints are offered to him. What a blessing they are there! He accepts them distastefully, but soon is interested, absorbed. Here is something to live for: here is ambition of another sort. "Why cannot I do these things? Why cannot I conquer myself and yield my soul entirely to Christ?" "Jesus"—the name takes his heart by storm—the assault of love and sweetness and irresistible power.

We see him next on Montserrat. The real centenary of St. Ignatius is not his canonization, but this fourth centenary of the making of his sanctity—to 1522 belong Montserrat and Manresa. To the wide world of souls, who for four hundred years have profited by the Great Surrender of that Lady Day and who owe the beginnings of genuine interior life to the fruits of those intense days of trial and illumination in the Cave of Manresa, 1522 is a more interesting centenary than that which records the external glory bestowed on the finished saint.

Father Martindale has given to this important period of the soul history of Ignatius, a most profound and interesting study in his valuable little life of the Saint in the Stella Maris

Series.[4] He is a modern, speaking in modern terms to modern readers, of a saint who, while he may be justly called the last of the mediævalists, is also the first of the great moderns. This author has the courage to show us the man inside the saint, especially in the formative period. The experience of Manresa was the modern experience. From that time, he who had been careless of humanity in his mediæval preoccupations, becomes the man who has searched the human spirit to its depths, and will be henceforward the great expert of humanity in its relation to God, the Shakespeare of the spiritual life. This is the change of the right hand of the Most High. Between the hero of Pampeluna, the pleasant poet, the worldly reader of romances, and this experienced pilgrim who issues forth from the terrible lifetime of eight days in the Cave of Manresa, with the manuscript of his *Spiritual Exercises* in his hands, there is stretched an impassable abyss. We cannot go back in our realizations.

The Great Surrender, the Great Experience, these are part of the soul drama of every saint called to do some unusual work for God. Montserrat was his Thabor, Manresa his Gethsemane, where in the dark he found the Light. Even after the glory of his night vigil at Our Lady's Shrine, where he left his sword as token of his fealty, on that famous twenty-fifth of March, he was a surrendered, but untried saint. He left Manresa a completely educated soul. What followed of his immense life work and its centuries of fulfillment—the glorious army of martyrs, teachers, missionaries, the unnumbered rescues of souls—came through those *Spiritual Exercises*, which were born of the travail of a Saint's experience in a lonely cave.

Francis Xavier, the noble Navarrese poor scholar, is quite another type, albeit the first companion and dearest child of Ignatius. "I have heard our great modeler of men, Ignatius, say that Francis Xavier was, at first, the stiffest clay he had ever handled," writes Polanco. Here we have a man destined also to a great external work. He needs ambition, transformed into zeal, for that work. As Ignatius understood his own old military pride, so he quickly discerned the vanity of this brilliant young professor of Ste. Barbe, who was lectur-

[4] It is hard not to steal from Father Martindale. If I have done so, I crave forgiveness.

ing where he was slowly plodding on for his late-won degree. With his natural sagacity and supernatural enlightenment, Ignatius had long ago realized the need of scholarly qualifications for the project which was becoming more and more distinct in his orderly mind. To the University of Paris, he had at last found his way, after various experiences in the Universities of Spain, where the Inquisition was incessantly holding him up for his "new doctrine"—which was discovered to be a very old and simple one after all. These interruptions hampered him, and he was getting on to forty. At the Sorbonne there was no objection to novelties, and he went on more quickly. Xavier fell under his observation.

Capable of great things, was this vain young man, Ignatius saw, if only he could realize the meaning of life. The clever Navarrese became impatient of the shabby looking man with the deep eyes, who seemed to be piercing his soul with unsought, silent scrutiny. At last, he speaks: *"Quid prodest Xavier?*—What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Even through his arrogance the words reach his conscience. The stranger interests him: his own case gives him uneasiness. Finally, he seeks this unusual, magnetic man, whose scholarship is negligible, but whose personality dominates him. He makes the Spiritual Exercises. God: the soul—its destiny: its obligations—the creaturely attitude: the Incarnation—the perfect expression of God in human terms: not only salvation, but imitation—Jesus—Jesus—that is the name that sums up life. He does not seem to have passed through the travail of soul undergone by the older man. His sweet and generous nature surrenders magnificently and, finally, the Apostle of the Indies rises from the ashes of the proud young professor. His apostolate is the wonder of that age of difficult travel and bad sailing possibilities. It took him a year of seasick misery, uncomplainingly borne, to reach Goa—the redeeming feature of the dreary voyage being his chance of helping souls. All his charm and refinement were pressed into the service of his Master, and the human cargo of that fortunate ship was transformed on the terrible voyage. Again we find St. Paul in the character of the greatest missionary son of Ignatius.

At home the Father General, once the adventurous soldier, was living his quiet official life, organizing the new so-

ciety, gathering together the youth of Europe to be rightly educated by his sons, University men tried in the furnace of Divine Love. More and more sought after were they—these men called Jesuits—whose schools became universally acknowledged as the best. How often in the study of French literature and history we find the words, *"élevé chez les Jesuites,"* of some great poet or hero—Racine Corneille-Molière, even Voltaire. In our own day we find Foch a full-fledged lay product of Jesuit training, universally acknowledged the finished type of high honorable religious education. The great *Lycées* and Public Schools of the world stand aside from their own glories to worship this man as the very best of their kind. Jealousy does not reach him because of the sincerity of his *non nobis*—"Prayer gained the War," said Foch—and he knew. History will appreciate differently his personal military value, but he was right. That daily hour of prayer in the ruins of some village church lay at the bottom of the success of this holy Commander-in-Chief, and this was the outcome of the education formulated by Ignatius who, if there is such relative pride in heaven, must be justly proud of this military son.

Space forbids to follow the extraordinary achievement of Xavier in Asia. His memory is still green in the descendants of his first converts of India, Ceylon, Malacca, Japan. He died, alone, but for a Chinese Christian boy, with his eyes resting wistfully on China—the land of his hope. The East, that East of Xavier's sacrifice, is seething with terrific unrest, a fear to the Occident and even to itself. But the pure body of this great apostle, who loved it and died for it, still rests within its borders, and out of the land of his personal holocaust that clean oblation must ever protect and eventually rescue it from the valley of the shadow. On the day he died, looking longingly towards China, Ricci, of his own Company, was born to carry out his unfulfilled desire. Xavier only converted one Brahmin. Robert de Nobili will come later to live the life of the caste and fill out that which was wanting to Xavier's own success. A martyr, this de Nobili, whose mother in the Spanish court bedecked herself, not with mourning, but magnificence, on the day when the news came of her son's sacrifice. All that has followed of missionary life in Asia is the outcome of the saintly and fruitful life of Francis Xavier.

This also is a glory of that society of Jesus, the work of one Ignatius of Loyola, a man who, like his Master, will ever be a sign that shall be contradicted.

The third saint of this group in order of time, is an Italian, a fellow citizen of Dante and Savonarola, a sweet-faced Florentine youth, not a soldier nor a lawyer, though the son of a lawyer, but a young business man, not from choice but necessity. In the lives of those saints whose work has made them public, one can see more plainly the travail of that Valley of Vision to make the sacrifice required for its own fitness. In the countless number of hidden saints, if we could penetrate the magnificent obscurity of their lives, we should discover the same thing. Ignatius lays his sword on the altar; Xavier breaks away from his intellectual glory; Teresa leaves her father in an anguish of heartbreak. The gentle, considerate and unselfish Philip acts the ungrateful part of forsaking his benefactors and exposing himself to the quite natural pain and resentment of his kinsman, who had trusted him and made his external life. But by these wrenches and separations a new saint is created. Life comes of love and pain. Separation leads to Christ and Christ leads to separation. Philip flees to Rome whither some magnet draws him and, hiding in the Catacombs, gives himself up to the tumult of love which, in its throbbing intensity, breaks the very ramparts of his physical heart; he carries with him through life the pain of two displaced ribs. What Manresa was to Ignatius the Catacombs were to Philip—the preparation for his life work of sweet reform—that which Savonarola failed to do in Florence (and the gentle Philip was a loyal upholder of the austere Dominican) Philip did in Rome by the unconscious insinuation of his prodigious joyousness.

He, too, like Ignatius, began his apostolate with youth, but in a different and more Italian way. He made a conquest of the mischievous Roman *gamin;* by his always young charm he lent himself personally to the noisy games and frolics of these boisterous young Italians and gained their confidence and their souls, and those of others through them. The military discipline of Ignatius did not enter into his plans: things just happened; his presence made all the difference. To see Philip was to be glad; merriment and content surrounded him. He was the perfect child made wise by Divine Love, and the

child-like and the grown-up were beguiled by his glorious innocence. How graceful and prophetic that salutation of the young English levites preparing for the dangerous mission to the country of their birth, where the massing priest will be racked and butchered if he is caught. *"Salvete, flores martyrum"* was sweet St. Philip's greeting as he passed them in the Roman streets. The pang of his happy heart in not being able to join them, would have been healed could he have known that one of the greatest of his own sons of the Oratory would be that John Henry Newman, whose name heads the list of those modern martyrs who go through the agonies of death in recovering the ancient faith. Here, too, in Rome, he meets the great Spanish saint whom he so profoundly loved and honored. The legend goes that he always "button-holed" Ignatius when he saw him, till not a button was left on his cassock. A lovely sight this of the Spaniard and Italian, of no nation truly but the Kingdom of Christ, yet each so genuinely the type of his race. And over against this holiness and refinement and divine love—Luther, Calvin, Henry VIII., Knox and the rest, with their negations and confusions and grossness, are working their works and obscuring the truth from nations yet unborn. These others are the stars of their dark.

The fourth Spanish Saint of these glorious canonizations, and the only woman, is Teresa of Jesus, in the raw material a delightful Castilian girl of the family of Cepeda y Ahumada, a real home girl, an equally genuine convent girl, adoring her father, devoted to her nuns and receiving in the short time of her stay with the Augustinians the first intimations of her future vocation. Teresa always lived to its fullness whatever life was hers at the time. When the world began to encroach upon her beautiful domestic existence, she came very near getting drawn into its vortex by the whole-heartedness of her nature. But there was something too deep in this noble and intellectual spirit to accept the world's vulgar shallowness. It beckoned, and her dancing feet were ready to accept its gaiety, but her acute mind was too fine and too capacious to accept its promises. No, her happy home and school life stood between her and danger. None the less, one is tempted to conjecture what might have been the alternative had Teresa in her young womanhood gone the other way. Even

from the seclusion of her cloistered life one catches the very sound of her voice in the brilliancy of her lively repartee, the raciness of her wit, in the midst of those heavenly favors which transported her pure heart beyond all time and circumstance to the ineffable joys of the mystical life.

If the fascination of Christ had not conquered her, the natural Teresa would have been a famous Spanish woman in any case. The quality of her humor was Shakespearean. She was of his time. How often, in letter or conversation, do we not notice some familiar manner or turn of phrase. In the famous "bantering letter" the memory of Portia comes up over and over again. Teresa's mental quality is Shakespearean though she was of Cervantes' time and race. But how novel and drama and tale of old romance shrivel and fall to ashes beside the true romance of Teresa's beautiful soul. She was mediæval by temper and inheritance, but her glorious spirits and intellect are of the Renaissance, of which she was the richest type. A very splendid Spanish woman is this choice of the Holy Spirit for a hidden contemplative Order, to be restored by her to its primitive austerity.

God's work goes on in violent contrasts. Iñigo, the adventurous cavalier on the benches of an elementary school, learns his declensions at thirty-three, and sits at a desk for the rest of his externally official life, organizing schools. Xavier, the student, who seemingly should have stayed in Europe to lend his professional help to the scheme of education, fares him forth on the great adventure for souls by land and sea. Philip Neri, hiding in the Catacombs, contented with a life of prayer, must go up into the noisy streets of Rome and let the boys play leap frog with him, if only their fun and frolic may serve to keep their innocence as he had kept his. And this splendid Spanish lady, with gifts to grace the Court, a nature for a large and brilliant external life, is a discalced Carmelite with a strict rule of silence and enclosure. Fortunately, the two recreations a day, also of Carmelite rule, kept her racy tongue from losing its fine habit of speech; and the orders of confessors, or implorings of her nuns, set her graceful pen going, while her many friends drew from her those warm, grateful and witty letters which prove that sanctity fulfills and does not destroy.

The Benedictines of Stanbrook have lately brought out

some of St. Teresa's writings hitherto unpublished. The volume of 1912, called *Minor Works of St. Teresa,* contains her authentic poems and a very beautiful treatise called "Conceptions of the Love of God" on portions of the Canticle of Canticles. This ranks with her very greatest work. The manner is grave; the treatment exquisite in its delicacy and penetration. The Inquisition was very alert on this particular subject, but Teresa treads her truthful and inspired way between the Scylla of the watchful tribune and the Charybdis of her own overflowing apprehension, and seems to have come out safely. But the publication was of course deferred. Indeed, she was told by one confessor to destroy the treatise. She at once threw the manuscript into the fire, but fortunately one of her nuns had surreptitiously copied it, and this precious little work of the great mystic was saved after all.

It is extremely curious to notice the coincidence in this work of St. Teresa's, and a poet of our own time who could never have seen this particular book. The saint comments on certain passages of the Canticle. "God help me!" she writes. "Why should we be so amazed? Is not the reality still more wonderful? Do we not approach the Blessed Sacrament? I have sometimes wondered whether the Spouse was asking here for this favor which Christ afterwards bestowed upon us?" In a very often misunderstood chapter in *Religio Poetæ,* Coventry Patmore says almost the same thing. "Should any believing reader object that such thoughts as I have suggested to him imply an irreverent idea of the intimacies of God with His elect, I beg him to remember that in receiving the Blessed Sacrament with the faith which the Church demands, he affirms and acts a familiarity which is greater than any other that can be conceived." Again the Saint: "I advise you whenever you meet with anything that you do not understand either in the Holy Scriptures or the Mysteries of the Faith not to stop and puzzle over it, as I said, nor to be shocked at the tender speeches which pass between God and the soul." And the poet: "Do not violate the integrity of the unknown bliss by forms and apprehensions." In this connection we may quote the beautiful little English version of "O Hermosura," made by the poet's saintly daughter, Emily Honoria Patmore, afterwards Sister Mary Christina of the Society of the Holy Child:

O Beauty that transcendest
All things that beauteous be,
Thou griev'st yet not offendest,
And without grief thou endest
All love that is not thee.

O knot that makest one
Two such unequal things!
Thou canst not be undone;
Once tied, thy power alone
Makes bliss of sufferng.

Thou join'st the things that never were
To Being without end or cause,
Always poured out, yet failing ne'er
Thou lovest without cause or care
And makest great what nothing was.

These passing notices of five very great saints are but snapshots. But who could write completely of any saint? Such biography is the highest romance, of the most profound psychological interest. And far more than that. These are they of whom Christ said in the most intimate moment of his intercourse with His own: "If any man love Me, he will keep My word; and My Father will love him; and We will come to him and will make Our abode with him."

FRANCIS AIDAN CARDINAL GASQUET.

BY PETER GUILDAY, PH.D.

THOUGH separated by a span of more than three centuries, there is an historic parallel, replete with significance, between the first and the latest of the English post-Reformation Cardinals—William Allen and Francis Aidan Gasquet.

There is present in the life of both, for example, the element of the *émigré*. William Allen, the third son of John Allen of Rossall, Lancashire, and the future patriarch of the English Catholic *diaspora*, was born in 1532, a year which marked the beginning of the end of the hierarchy in England. He was already on the road to high preferment under Mary Tudor, when the Act of Uniformity of 1559 turned his steps from his own land into long exile under foreign skies. Gasquet's family was among the best known of the French refugees to England under the terror of the French Revolution. His grandfather, a physician from the neighborhood of Lourdes, settled in London towards the end of the eighteenth century, and Raymond Gasquet, the son of the *émigré*, became a physician and practised in the neighborhood of London where Euston Station now stands. Raymond Gasquet married an English lady, and the third son of that union is the subject of this biographical sketch.

Francis Gasquet was born on October 5, 1846, at a time when the Oxford Movement was reaching its zenith, and when the first intimation was given to the English Catholics of the restoration of that hierarchy which Allen had seen staggering to its fall. Allen was easily the foremost English Catholic ecclesiastical scholar of his day; his works rival in power and attraction the volumes of his great contemporary, Thomas Stapleton, the English professor of Sacred Scripture at the University of Louvain. As one of the little group of Douay erudites who translated the present official Catholic version of the English Bible, Allen's nomination to the Commission for the Revision of the Vulgate by Gregory XIV., in 1591, was a logical one, and it bears a striking similarity to Gasquet's

selection as a member of the Commission for the Restoration of the Vulgate decided upon by Pius X., in 1907. Allen's historic stand on the question of Anglican Orders has its place beside that of Gasquet's work on the Commission appointed by Leo XIII. Finally, Allen's Librarianship of the Vatican Archives completes the parallel, for Cardinal Gasquet received the same appointment in 1918.

As a boy, Cardinal Gasquet attended St. Charles' College, Bayswater, London, where he came under the influence of Father Manning, later Cardinal. From St. Charles' he went to St. Gregory's School, Downside; and here, as he has told us in a charming volume—*Religio Religiosi*—he was first attracted to the religious life as lived by the monks of St. Benedict. Downside has been his spiritual home during the whole of his life, and there his heart has always turned during many long pilgrimages he has made in various parts of Europe, in pursuit of his historical labors.

Downside Abbey stands on a great plateau of the Mendip Hills in Sommersetshire, about half-way between Bath and Wells. The land is bare and stony and in places stern and wild, with miles of rough pasture land broken by endless cross-lines of the great stone walls so characteristic of that part of England. The trees are sparse and the bushes are wind-bent, with here and there a lovely, infrequent, wooded hollow, pale gold in spring with primroses. The broad, white road that passes by the Abbey, running from Bath to Wells, is, in reality, the ancient Roman road of the West. Standing on the spot where this old Fosse-Way makes its plunge from the plateau towards Wells, the sweep of the Vale of Avalon fills the horizon beyond the crowding roofs of the Cathedral city. In the centre, set with delicate surprises, is the beautiful fourteenth century gray tower of St. Cuthbert's. In the distance, the Severn Sea reveals itself like a flash of sharp silver through a vale of haze, and in the distance the ruins of Glastonbury, defying the rust of time, are seen. The first thing that strikes a stranger approaching the little town of Stratton-on-the-Fosse is the extraordinary contrast between Downside Abbey and its surroundings. It seems at first almost impossible that so huge a building should exist in surroundings so unlikely, with sheep and cattle feeding almost beneath its walls, with children picking blackberries in the shadow of the

huge tower, in which the great Bede bell, swinging high up, fills with indescribable music these waste lands and valleys. Thrice a day the Angelus peals forth like a flood over the land, filling the valleys and villages with its great rolling sound. No more perfect home of Benedictine culture has been reared in the world since the days of Subiaco and Monte Cassino.

Francis Gasquet came to Downside well prepared in mind and in heart for the appeal of the place. In 1865, he entered the novitiate at St. Michael's Priory, Belmont, which was then the novitiate house of the English Benedictines; here, he took the name of Aidan in religion, and here he was professed in simple vows in 1866. While at Belmont the shaping of his character was largely the work of Prior Roger Bede Vaughan, the brother of Cardinal Vaughan, and later the Archbishop of Sidney. To Archbishop Vaughan and to Bishop Hedley, Francis Gasquet owes that thorough insight into the past which makes him today one of the foremost historians in the Church. In 1869, he made his solemn profession as a Benedictine at Downside, and at the completion of his theological course, in 1874, he was ordained to the priesthood. His first work was that of teaching in the school at Downside, where he was also for a time professor in theology to the younger monks. In 1878, when only thirty-two years of age, he was elected prior of Downside, and his administration was so successful that four years later he was unanimously reëlected. It was during his term of office that the School which today rivals Eton and Harrow was modernized, and the great Abbey Church begun. Owing to a serious attack of heart trouble he was obliged to resign his priorship in 1885. In order to be near the skilled medical attention he needed, he was granted permission to reside in London as long as it should be found necessary.

With no work to occupy his mind, his leisure became somewhat irksome, and he accepted the suggestion of his friend, the late Edmund Bishop, to try his hand at historical research. This effort resulted in the composition of what many believe to be his best work, *Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries,* published in 1888. Immediately on its appearance, his reputation as an historian was established. His superiors realized that his life work was clearly indicated in the success these two volumes brought, and with all the

wealth of Benedictine historical greatness behind them, they eagerly allowed him to pursue the field which he had unquestionably made his own. From that day down to the present, his literary and historical productions have followed one another in rapid order.

Before following Cardinal Gasquet's historical work in detail, it would be well to recall his official progress. It was in recognition of his merits as an apologist for the pre-Reformation Church in England, that Pope Leo XIII. conferred upon the future Cardinal the Doctorate of Divinity. Some years later, the University of Louvain placed him side by side with Duchesne among its honorary doctors. His Reformation studies had indicated that Cardinal Gasquet was the most capable person to assist the Holy See in the difficult question of Anglican Orders. Though it was much against his inclination to accept the appointment, made by Leo XIII. in 1896, to the Commission on Anglican Orders, he entered into the necessary studies with his accustomed zeal. His work on that famous board of inquiry was invaluable, one outstanding feature being his discovery of Bull *Præclara Charissimi* of 1554, which practically insured the ultimate condemnation of Anglican Orders in the autumn of 1896. For his share in this celebrated *certamen utriusque*, Cardinal Gasquet received a congratulatory brief from Leo XIII. in 1897.

In 1899 Cardinal Gasquet was elected President of the English Benedictine Congregation, being made titular Abbot of Reading, and later, in 1909, Abbot of St. Albans. To this important post in English Benedictine life he was regularly reëlected, until he resigned the office of his elevation to the Sacred College. It was during his tenure of presidentship that Downside, Ampleforth and Woolhampton were, by his zeal, raised to the dignity of Abbeys, and his former residence in London was erected into a House of Studies. He was likewise instrumental in opening Houses of Study at Oxford and Cambridge. He was appointed by Pius X. a Consultor on the Pontifical Commission for the Reunion of Dissident Churches, and, in 1907, the same Pontiff appointed him president of a Commission formed to examine the text of the Latin Vulgate and to collect manuscripts for its emendation. He gathered a body of experts from his own Order to aid him in this work, and he took up his residence at Rome in order to centralize

their labors. A marvelous collection of photographs of the best Scriptural manuscripts have been made under his care. His appeal to the Catholic scholars of the United States for help brought him a generous response, and thus the continuance of his work was made possible.

At the last consistory held by Pius X., in May, 1914, Francis Gasquet was created Cardinal-Deacon of the Church, with the title of St. George in Valabro, the same title having been held by Cardinal Newman. Subsequently, Cardinal Gasquet changed this title for that of Santa Maria in Campitelli. His permanent residence is at the Palazzo di S. Callisto, Trastevere, Rome, and he is one of the Cardinals in Curia. Since his elevation to the Sacred College, Cardinal Gasquet has been appointed on various Congregations, and has been made Cardinal-Protector of the English College at Rome. His last appointment was that of Archivist and Librarian of the Holy See. In this capacity he published last year an interesting series of documents under the title, *Great Britain and the Holy See, 1792–1806—A Chapter in the History of Diplomatic Relations Between England and Rome.*

As a writer, Cardinal Gasquet has won for himself an established place of preëminence as an authority on the Reformation period of English history and on the centuries immediately preceding it. In conjunction with Mr. Edmund Bishop, he published, in 1890, *Edward VI. and the Book of Common Prayer,* an exhaustive study of the sources of that well-known liturgical treasure. In 1893, he published *The Great Pestilence;* two years later *The Abbot of Glastonbury* appeared. His classic introduction to the latest edition of Montalembert's *Monks of the West,* was published separately under the title, *Monastic Constitutional History,* a little work which stands in the front rank of mediæval appreciations. The *Old English Bible,* which appeared in 1897, contains a series of essays of miscellaneous character throwing a remarkably corrective light upon the time of Wyclif. The *Eve of the Reformation* became necessary owing to the considerable amount of interest and comment created by his first historical work, and was published in 1900. On the occasion of the thirteenth centenary of St. Gregory the Great, Cardinal Gasquet edited a St. Gall manuscript life of the Saint, entitled *Vita Antiquissima Sti. Gregorii Magni.* For the Royal His-

torical Society he edited, with historical introductions, the *Collectanea Anglo-Premonstratensia,* in three volumes. This work has re-awakened serious study in the history of a religious Order which was once scattered all over England, but about which singularly little was known up to that time. In 1906, he published a volume of correspondence, entitled *Lord Acton and His Circle.* This was followed by *Leaves From My Diary*—a charmingly intimate account of what took place in Rome during the discussion that preceded the condemnation of Anglican Orders. Many other works also have appeared from his pen since 1888, his last volume being *The History of the Venerable English College at Rome,* published in the course of the last year.

Only one serious attack on his historical ability has been made in that time, and the result of the article in question, entitled "Catholic Truth and Historical Truth," by G. G. Coulton in the December, 1905, issue of *The Contemporary Review,* has been the strengthening of his place as the standard English authority for the Reformation period. His historical works have been written in an excellent spirit, with calm, and in a conciliatory manner; but everywhere in his pages his great learning and ability are manifest. He has taken for his field a vile period of English history, a period filled with the depravity of those who had no conscientious scruples in heaping their slanders upon the religious men and women of the time. He has met the lies of Froude and the misstatements of other English historians in a true Benedictine spirit. His pen has swept across the time of Henry VIII. with a fire that brands forever the impossible monarch as the first barbarian in modern England. "My sympathies," he says, "are naturally engaged, where the Church is in question, but I have striven to avoid anything like presenting or pleading a case, which indeed I felt would defeat my purpose . . . My belief is that the facts speak strongly enough for themselves and I have endeavored to add as little as possible of my own to the story they tell. All I desire is that my readers should judge from the letters, documents and opinions, whether bare justice has hitherto been done to the memory of pre-Reformation Catholicism in England."

Dr. James Gairdner, who for years worked alongside of Cardinal Gasquet in the British Museum, on first reviewing

the Cardinal's work called him the greatest living authority on that period. "The old scandals," he wrote, "universally discredited at the time, and believed in by a later generation only through prejudice and ignorance, are now dispelled forever and no candid Protestant will ever think of reviving them." His reviewers have never denied him the first and essential quality of the true historian, however humble—honesty of purpose and a determination to set forth the truth in all its nakedness.

Cardinal Gasquet takes his place beside the great Catholic historians of modern times. In his own way he has done work which rivals that of Lingard, Pastor, Hergenroether, Baronius, Newman and Duchesne. Augustine Birrell, in commenting on one of Cardinal Gasquet's works, makes a characteristic utterance: "When piety and learning combine, even a Protestant may throw up his bowler hat." By his ample knowledge, his sound scholarship, his rigid impartiality and his critical skill, to quote a tribute from the Duke of Norfolk, Cardinal Gasquet has illumined the darkest portions of English history, and the supreme result of his fifty years of religious life as a monk of the oldest Order in the Church and as a scholar second to none in that Order, is the fact that the inherited Protestant traditions of the Reformation, namely, the general corruption of minds and morals as well as the doctrines and the ignorance of religious truths no less than the neglect of piety on the part of clergy and people, have passed away forever.

THE SUPREME SACRIFICE.

BY R. F. O'CONNOR.

THE changed attitude of France towards the Church and the resumption of official relations with the Vatican, is doubtless due to the generosity and courage with which thousands of clerical combatants promptly responded to the call to arms and heroically made the supreme sacrifice in defence of the fatherland. It seems already a far-off cry when *"le cléricalisme, voilà l'ennemi!"* rallied the revolutionary forces in that country and led to the attack upon the religious Orders and Congregations; to the dispersion of their members and the seizure of their property. All that is changed, at least to a large extent. If the spirit that inspired it is not quite extinct, it is moribund. After the unequivocal proof which the clerical body has given of its self-sacrificing patriotism, it is no longer possible to regard it as in any sense inimical.

Under the title, *"Une Ame Séraphique aux Armées,* Père Paulin relates the brief life story of a young Capuchin religious, René Bériot, in religion Frère Eleuthère, one of several members of that Order who made the supreme sacrifice. It is a story simple in its elements, but significant of the close union between religion and patriotism, between fidelity to the Church and to one's country, showing how, far from being mutually antagonistic, they are mutually inseparable; patriotism, in its moral aspects, being an exercise of charity in the higher sense of the word, the sense in which the Apostle ranks it as the greatest of the theological virtues. "Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends" are words applicable to the patriotism which has stood the test of the sacrifice of one's life in a just cause, the cause of the liberation of one's native land from foreign aggression.

One of the children of the soil, the son of poor country folk, who ambitioned nothing higher for him than to become a good Christian and a good worker like themselves, René Bériot was born at Montreuil on November 11, 1894. He be-

longed to those agricultural peasantry, strongly attached to the land, who were the nation's mainstay in its hours of danger and distress and who formed the bulk of the army. A chance meeting with a Capuchin friar who conducted the exercises for the jubilee in 1904 led to his entering the *Ecole Séraphique*, or Capuchin Juniorate. Partly from motives of humility and partly from doubts of his mental capacity to pursue the usual course of studies preparatory to admission to the priesthood, he wanted instead to become a lay brother, but his spiritual director, who regarded it as a temptation to divert him from his true vocation, dissuaded him from taking this step. René felt a great attraction to the foreign missions, an attraction which was deepened by witnessing the moving ceremony preceding the departure of religious for India, and by a visit from a missioner, who descanted upon the labors, sufferings and merits of these modern apostles in the icy regions of the North or the blazing sun of the Tropics. Opening his mind to the Provincial on the subject, in 1916, he said: "To become a good missioner of the Gospel! That is the dream of my life. From my tenderest years this desire has remained with me and daily increases; I don't hide it from you, my greatest desire is to go to India, to labor for the regeneration of those people still seated in the shadow of death; to spend myself unstintingly, far from the gaze of men, among those creatures slaves of Satan, to bring some of them under the yoke of the Lord, which is so sweet and so light." But his desire of self-immolation was not to be gratified in distant regions, but nearer home, in the hard life of the trenches.

Since the expulsions, Capuchin novices, students and juniors had been huddled together in the Château of Spy, but in 1912 they were transferred to a convent in Dutch Limburg, joined by students of the Province of Paris, who had taken refuge in Kadi-Keui in Turkey-in-Asia under the direction of a saintly and learned religious, Father Raymond of Courcerault, who was later killed in action. On September 8, 1913, René Bériot received the habit and took the name of Frère Eleuthère at the novitiate at Breust-Eysden in Holland. He was a model novice, with a high idea of the Franciscan spirit and life, intensified by association with others like-minded. "Rarely," says Père Paulin, "have superiors found

themselves in presence of such a fine assemblage of aspirants to the Capuchin life. Clerics and lay brothers earnestly vied with one another in fidelity to the various observances and willingness to become interpenetrated with the Franciscan spirit, as later they were to rival each other in heroic courage in the service of their country. It was among them that, in October, 1914, during the first battle in Flanders, God was pleased to select the first victim of the Order in France, Brother Crispin, a brave Vendean peasant who had been the finished model of the perfect novice, favored with extraordinary lights in prayer. Likewise, a fellow countryman, Joseph Neau, Brother Victorin of Roussay (Maine-et-Loire) was to fall on November 7, 1916; a man of faith, gifted with a charming simplicity, he had been a pious and industrious young man in his native parish, worthy of being quoted as a model to all, but only entered the novitiate a few months before the War. Another, only counting the glorious dead, came from Rheims, the martyred city. His life was equally a painful martyrdom, to which, near Verdun, a bullet from the retreating enemy put an end, on September 24, 1917. Brother Désiré had had, in fact, severe trials. Of sound, good sense, but with a mind unaccustomed to intellectual labor and a memory somewhat truant, he met with real difficulties in his studies. His indomitable tenacity and resolute perseverance, no less than his profound faith and ardent piety, alone retained in the Capuchin Order a subject whose military life was to add lustre to his magnificent virtue."[1] He was enamored of the folly of the Cross; folly in the estimation of worldlings, but the truest wisdom in that of ascetics. "Ask St. Francis," he wrote when in the novitiate, "to put into my heart a little of the fire of holy love with which his burned, so that I may pass for a fool and a madman in the eyes of the world, that my life may be like his, a life of prayer, a life of penitence, a life of poverty, obedience and chastity, that I may be, like him, enamored of the holy folly of the Cross and wishful only of knowing Jesus and Jesus crucified."

The convent was rapidly depopulated. Several, within a few months or a few weeks of their profession, were sum-

[1] The Life of Sub-Lieutenant Léon Miané (Brother Désiré of Rheims) has been written and published.

moned to serve France, an order which they willingly obeyed, though heart-wrung at the thought of not being able to consecrate themselves to God. The country claimed Brother Eleuthère; but he had not to answer the call until October. Meanwhile, on the eighth of September, 1914, he pronounced his vows.

The transition from the cloister to the camp, from the convent cell to the barrack, though a rude wrench made no change in his interior; he took refuge in what St. Catherine of Siena called the cell of the soul. "Pray hard that I may always be, in the barrack as in the convent, a religious, and at the same time a good, an excellent soldier, serving what is grandest and noblest, God and France," he wrote.

His elder brethren, who had preceded him, were already in the firing line. At the first call to arms exiled religious crossed the frontier and hurried to the succor of their country; it gained for them marks of esteem and admiration, being greeted at Jeumont, a city by no means pro-clerical, with the cry, *"Vive les Pères, vive les Pères!"* Religious of all Orders were ready to die in its defence. They came from all parts of the world to exchange their habits for the military uniform, encouraged by their patriotic superiors.

During the first three days as a new recruit in barracks at Nevers, Frère Eleuthère thought he would die of grief at having to leave his convent, but, trusting in Our Lady, he got over the crisis and recovered his serenity of mind. They were not altogether a bad lot he was thrown amongst, though he saw and heard many things that shocked and grieved him. They did not laugh at him when night and morning he knelt in prayer. "I never," he wrote, "heard a hurtful word from them; on the contrary, they respected me. I am by no means unhappy. I would prefer to live in peace in my convent at Breust, but since it is the holy will of God, I submit with all my heart." He adds: "Every evening, with few exceptions, I assist at Benediction at the Sisters of Mercy, and, before leaving, pay a visit to Our Lady of Lourdes, whose grotto is in the garden. It was at the Sisters I saw the tomb of Bernadette Soubirous."

After two months at Nevers, he was sent to the front. "This evening," he wrote on November 11th, "we have seen one thousand five hundred of our comrades in arms depart

for the firing line. No doubt, our turn is coming. We do not dread that day, which is not far off. I trust entirely in God and the Blessed Virgin, and I have long since made the sacrifice of my life. Besides, if the good God wants me, He can well preserve me and bring me back to the bosom of my religious family."

The marching order came on December 5th. "I am to go probably tomorrow," he wrote. "I have all my equipment. May the holy will of God be done! I make the sacrifice of my life to God, if it is necessary; I give it up to Him with a good heart."

Two ideas, two strong convictions dominated and shaped the course of his all-too-brief life—duty and sacrifice. "Frère Eleuthère," said a priest-soldier, "considered his call to arms as the will of God, and then fulfilled his military duties with the zeal and spirit of faith with which he had made his religious exercises in community." Just before he went into the firing line, he said: "I shall go gladly, because I am doing the holy will of God."[2] His abandonment to the Divine Will touched the heroic. At the close of March, 1918, when the Germans launched a furious attack upon Noyon, he wrote: "The Boches are fiercely attacking our English Allies and we have come to their help. Is it death? We are at the disposal of Divine Providence. May Mary, my heavenly Queen, do what seems to her best with her little slave." Like De Montfort, whose *Treatise on True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin,* was one of his favorite books, he called himself "a slave of Mary." His trust in her was only second to his trust in Providence. "For a long time," he said, "I have thrown myself into the arms of the Blessed Virgin, and I dread nothing, not even death, although my wish is to remain on earth some years longer to resume my dear religious life and work for the salvation of souls." Five weeks after he had entered the barracks, he wrote: "Pray much for me, particularly to the good Mother. Thanks to her, life in barracks doesn't upset me. She knows how to fix my attention on heaven and feed my soul with the bread of prayer." Later, he added: "I see and hear evil alongside me, but I raise my thoughts higher and find union with God in the life of prayer, the preservative against every evil." In another letter he

[2] October, 1914.

said: "The dangers of military life have passed over me like water off a duck's back."

He was *bon camarade* and liked by his companions in arms. In the heat of the conflict, when shot and shell went hurtling through the air, he often was the first to hasten to the relief of the wounded, a work of charity that cost much. One of the survivors wrote after his death: "I could prove that he was the most affectionate of the boys, the most faithful of comrades, the best of soldiers." He was one of the bravest of the brave. During the terrible times at Noyon, his battalion was the most valiant. After the formidable *mêlée* his chiefs proclaimed his section one of the bravest of the heroic company that had foiled the enemy's effort, and gave it again the *croix de guerre* with this splendid tribute: "Has continuously given proof of bravery and *sang-froid* in the actions on the twenty-fourth to the twenty-fifth of March, 1918, has emptied all its *cartouches*, defending its position foot to foot."

He might have said with Tennyson's ideal knight, "my strength is as the strength of ten, because my heart is pure." He led the life of an angel in barrack and camp, preserving the whiteness of his soul unsullied. All voices were unanimous in praise of his unblemished purity; he was perfectly faithful to his vow of chastity, proving by deeds more than by words that the chaste man is not only the most courageous, but the manliest man.

He was not elated by victory or applause. "As to poverty," he wrote to his former director, "I wish to be a faithful disciple of it. I only buy what is strictly necessary. My ideal is to live as the poorest of the soldiers, like one who possesses nothing and receives nothing from anyone. Ah! how I thank God for not having given me decorations, for having left me in the rank and file. What a magnificent life! What a precious life! How well adapted it is to my position as a slave of Mary!"[3] He had thoroughly imbibed the primitive Franciscan spirit, drinking it in from the pages of Father Leopold de Chérancé's *Life of St. Francis*,[4] over which he loved to linger.

[3] Letter of December 8, 1917.

[4] Nearly 50,000 copies of this popular *Life* of the founder of the Friars Minor have been sold in France, and the English version of it has passed through three editions.

After being wounded in the Somme offensive in June, 1916, he was sent for treatment to an excellent religious house at Saint-Brieuc. The inevitable mortifications imposed on the wounded soldier were not enough for him. At meals he wished only to be served after the others, to have the refuse bits, and by all sorts of little maneuvers found a way of giving his share of the dessert to less austere companions. Undergoing painful operations was to him a favorable opportunity of resembling more perfectly his Crucified Master, and he did not wish to be spared any pains. The surgeon, astonished at such endurance in a frame so delicate, openly expressed his surprise and congratulated the patient. "I am persuaded," wrote the infirmarian, "that from that moment this surgeon, though lax in religion, formed the highest idea of the spirit of mortification and sacrifice of the Capuchins."

Campaigning is a hard life, and it gave Frère Eleuthère many opportunities of mortification. "My position is very well adapted to sanctify me, if I am faithful to correspond with grace," he said. "This War is perhaps for me a second novitiate. I have superiors to command me; consequently, I have only to obey. I am a simple soldier in the lowest degree of the military hierarchy; I must then necessarily be humble. Now, on simple soldiers devolve many painful and revolting tasks. What occasions of mortifying self-will in accepting without interior resistance all these sufferings, all these difficulties, those incongruities inherent to the military life." Elsewhere he says: "For a child of St. Francis, it is perfect joy that comes from this extreme poverty and mortification. We lodge in this damp, cold weather in a tent in a wood, having nothing whereon to rest our bodies but some branches or a little straw. Blessed be God, Who permits a child of St. Francis to imitate his Father's examples of poverty and penitence." To an afflicted fellow-countryman he writes: "Put all your confidence in the good God and throw yourself into the arms of Mary. Accept with submission, even with joy, all the sufferings, all the privations of this long War. And if death comes to you, receive it as a Sister after the manner of St. Francis; it will lead you to the bosom of God." To one of his religious brethren he wrote: "Here we are again for some days in the furnace, exposed to danger, subjected to all sorts of sufferings and privations, worn out with fatigue

and watchings." One day a poor soldier, father of a family, destitute of everything, asked from him boots and bread. He at once emptied his wallet and took off his shoes and gave them to him." "I am a Capuchin," he simply said. "I can walk very well barefooted." It was in the vicinity of Yprès. He had to march, then, barefooted in severe wintry weather in that particularly cold region. In one of his letters he says: "I am in the trenches, living underground in a hole I dug out myself. There, alone like a hermit, I am happy."

He was always the Capuchin friar; true to his colors as a religious, as he was true to his colors as a soldier. Having lost his military *livret,* or booklet, as they were preparing another and asked him his profession, he replied: "I am a Capuchin." Capuchin? It's not a profession, we'll put you down 'student.'" "No," he said, "I am a Capuchin." "Well, 'ecclesiastical student.'" "No, I am a Capuchin. I don't wish to be called anything but a Capuchin; otherwise I won't accept my *livret.*" He did not; for a very long time, up to his death, he had only a simple leaf to establish his identity; a fact which was verified during his furloughs and after his decease. An intimate friend testified: "I can affirm that he would not have kept about him a *livret* on which the word Capuchin was not written." An officer, more intolerant than brave, approached him one day and told him to put his Sacred Heart badge, which he always wore conspicuously when going into action, under his uniform. He promptly replied: "I am going to death and you are remaining behind. Take my place and I give up my flag. (He was then standard-bearer.) I am a true soldier, but I am also a true religious; let me die as I wish." Applause broke out from the ranks. The Capuchin went into the trenches bearing his badge as well as the flag. The brave man who did not fear death was not going to yield to human respect when he knew he was in the right. Fear never got hold of him; nothing could stop him in view of any movement or action deemed necessary.

Frère Eleuthère was equally fearless and uncompromising in his attitude towards the civil authorities of the Maine-et-Loire. When the war allowance was withheld from his parents, who badly needed it, and their efforts to obtain it failed, he wrote to the Prefect: "It seems to me that the Government should, without the least hesitation, deem it a

pleasure to act justly to my parents. Who drove the Religious Orders out of France? It was the Government. Who then hastened to fly to the succor of invaded France, if it was not those very religious who, several years before, saw themselves expelled from their country, not on account of their crimes—bandits are too easily acquitted in France—but because they observed the law of God. In all justice, we were by no means obliged to come; we might have remained peacably abroad; but our hearts, which were still French, despite insults and outrages—not of the country, but of its Government—impelled us to come to defend the land of our birth from which they had violently driven us. Already for three years we have largely done our duty, witness the long list of our dead. At the moment when we are fulfilling the same duties as our fellow-citizens, why should we not enjoy the same privileges, the same rights as they? It would seem that our only right is to get killed." Eight days after his mother had an interview with the Prefect, the allowance was granted.

There have been not a few soldier-saints before and after the great soldier-saints, St. Martin of Tours and St. Ignatius Loyola. This young Capuchin seems to have been one in process of formation, judging by what is told of his inner, as well as his external, life. In his letters, written without the shadow of a thought or suspicion that they would ever be printed, he lays bare his whole soul. It was a soul of transparent candor and simplicity, a typically Franciscan one, like those who formed the *gente poverella* the Saint of Assisi gathered round him in the Umbrian Valley; the Junipers and Leos and Gileses, whose sayings and doings have been handed down to us by the anonymous author of the *Fioretti,* a contemporary who conversed and lived with them.

Though the army is not an atmosphere favorable to growth in holiness—however much it may tend to habits of discipline, duty and order, it is not at all a school of saints—the life of Frère Eleuthère shows that it is possible to practise the Christian virtues, even to an heroic degree, in a barrack, a camp or on the battlefield. "During this War," says the author, "we have witnessed sublime self-devotedness, heroic acts of virtues. Sinners have been converted; the tepid have become fervent; religious and sacerdotal vocations have germinated in the sanguinary conflict. Others, alas too many,

have become weak; their faith could not stand the terrible trial; occasions have caused Christians, faithful until then, to fall. Even consecrated souls will all their lives lament certain weaknesses. Ah! certainly the first months of the War had revealed faith; thousands of Christians, at the front and in the interior, came back to God; unhappily, one is wearied by the interminable length of the endurance; and, perhaps, we have, at least partly, lost the gains so happily registered in the beginning. This point will be long discussed. But who will decide this other question, who will even think of it: Can one sanctify himself in the army? Can one become a saint when he lives for years the life of a campaigning soldier?

No doubt—and all the masters of the spiritual life could support us with their evidence—we should reply, it is possible, with the grace of God: one can sanctify himself in the most difficult situations. And yet we see at this response the skeptical smile of all those valorous *poilus*, laymen, seminarists, religious, even priests, who have had to combat and unrelaxingly defend their virtue in the midst of dreadful dangers. No doubt, one may sanctify himself, they will say to us, but who will show us a saint, not only an heroic, virtuous, faithful soldier—thank God, we have legions of them—but let them show us a soldier who found in the military life the providential means of attaining to the highest perfection, and we will give in, we will proclaim, that if the army may be for certain persons a school of perdition, for others it is really an opportunity of arriving at sanctity. We can admire this example in the person of Frère Eleuthère; the poor little Capuchin is a striking testimony of the fecundity of the power of Divine grace in a faithful soul; and it is a useful work to show how he availed of every opportunity, apparently the most unfavorable, to continue the ascent, as he would say, of "the mountain of Love." It is also to pay homage to God, Author of all good, all perfection, and proclaim His glory. Père Paulin has done this, and done it well.

Frère Eleuthère set before himself sanctity as a thing to be aimed at. "It is the only thing that engages and ought to engage my attention. The War cannot prevent me from working out my sanctification." His surroundings instead

of relaxing, strengthened his resolution. "I do not ask of the good God to be a miracle-working saint," he said. "No, it would be pride; what I ask of Him is, that His divine love should reign sovereign master of my poor heart. I wish to be a saint, indeed, but a hidden saint, loving the Beloved to madness *(à la folie)*." He was ready to pay the price, to earn it by suffering and sacrifice. "Every soldier," he said, "is a true martyr. In the lives of the saints we admire their penances; sleeping on three planks, frequent fasts, passing whole nights in prayer, deprivation of sleep—all that was regarded as extraordinary. It is true that the saints acted voluntarily and under the irresistible impulse of a daily-increasing love of God. But on the soldier are imposed much harder penances: to rest in the mud, shivering with cold, the feet frozen, to spend nights as a vigilant sentinel on guard, to suffer hunger and thirst, harassed with fatigue and yet obliged to make long marches under a crushing weight. To what a degree of sanctity would he not attain if he had understood his life, if he had endured all that for the love of God!" Frère Eleuthère only endured what many other service men had to endure, but he endured it in a different spirit; and it is the spirit that quickens and sanctifies suffering.

He filled many functions. He was alternately baggage-master; *brancardier* or stretcher-bearer, bringing, under fire, the wounded from the front to the base hospital; infirmarian; combatant; grenadier; commandant; liaison-agent, and standard-bearer—two of the most perilous posts—and in discharging difficult and dangerous duties earned the admiration of his comrades and the commendations of his superior officers for his bravery, coolness, devotion to duty and his humanity and unselfishness in caring for the wounded, of which many instances are given. Several times they wanted to make him a corporal—at one time he had temporary charge of a squadron—and it was even proposed that he should go into training to be raised to the rank of officer; but he preferred to remain a simple soldier, one of the rank and file.

It fell to his lot to take part in several of the most momentous movements during the War; was under the murderous fire at Mort-Homme, where of the two thousand six hundred men of his regiment who went into action, only six hundred returned; was wounded in the Somme offensive on July

1, 1916, when in the first line, aiding the wounded under a violent artillery fire, and mentioned in dispatches as having given proof "of the finest qualities of bravery, energy and devotedness;" again in the action of April, 1917, wounded in the head, he displayed magnificent self-possession, valor and heroism, leading to the attack the handful of men under his orders when most of their comrades were losing confidence; in the most tragic episode of all the War, the formidable German advance from Saint-Quentin to Noyon and Montdidier and the projected march on Paris, ending with the second battle of the Marne (July, 1918).

When, after Marshal Foch—as distinguished for his bravery in the profession of faith as in the profession of arms—had consecrated the French forces to the Sacred Heart, on September 30th, a final and decisive offensive was delivered, the regiment to which Frère Eleuthère was attached found itself in the post of honor. On the eighth of that month, feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, the young Capuchin combatant, before taking part in the fight, put himself under the special protection of Our Lady and before an improvised altar, after receiving for the last time Holy Communion, renewed his vows on the fourth anniversary of his religious profession. "The holy will of our Divine Master is unknown to me," he wrote. "I count, however, upon the maternal protection of Mary, my Divine Queen; but one never knows."

On the morning of the sixteenth, always ready for perilous missions, he again placed himself at the disposal of his superior officers, who assigned to him the duty of ensuring a connection with the neighboring company. The situation was grave and the danger very serious; it might mean death, for he had to advance under a hail of bullets. But he did not hesitate, glad to risk his life for God, for France and for his comrades. He did not fulfill his mission before a shell fractured his thigh and caused him to lose consciousness. His companion rushed to his relief, put him with his back to a tree, gave him first aid and went to fetch the *brancardiers*. When his comrades, after vainly searching for him on the grassy slopes of the Vesle hills, at length found him at the foot of the tree, he was dead with his face to the enemy! The wound had probably severed the femoral artery; he bled

to death, thus shedding the last drop of his blood. The supreme sacrifice was complete!

His obsequies were like his life—simple. A priest-infirmarian recited the last prayers, and he was buried in the military cemetery to the north of Courlandon. Loving hands placed over his grave a cross, to which was attached a French cockade—two things emblematical of what was nearest to his heart in life and in death—self-sacrifice for the love of God and the love of his native land.

THE BURNING BUSH.

BY PATRICK COLEMAN.

I saw a whitethorn at the close of day,
New-fledged with tender foliage of May.
Me and the burning west it stood between
And shone translucent, like a lamp of green—
A bush no longer, but a marvel bright,
A mystery of soft ethereal light;
A flaming mist; the spirit of the Spring
Tiptoe on earth and poised on luminous wing;
A dryad's soul by some weird Druid spun
In emerald raiment rendered visible
And airily hovering o'er the lucent stream
Wherein it shone reflected as a dream.

Then suddenly God's glory filled the field,
For there, by His omnipotence revealed,
Stood flaming bright the miracle divine
That Moses, awe-struck, saw on Horeb shine.

So glow, methinks, God's angels in His sight,
All interpenetrated with His light;
So catch the glory of His face divine
And round His throne in ranks resplendent shine.
So round Him burn the radiant Seraphim,
Weaving about them of their pinions bright
A golden mist of luminous shade to dim
The beams of His intolerable light.

KATRINKA'S BELATED CHILDHOOD.

BY GRACE IRENE CARROLL.

MIJNHEER, the American painter, dallying over his morning newspaper and coffee in the little garden off the street, looked absently down the pretty vista of one of Amsterdam's canals.

"Good-morning, Mijnheer," called Jan Valpoort, lifting his Dutch cap smilingly. He was a ruddy-cheeked young fellow in knee bloomers.

"Ah, good-morning, Jan," returned Mijnheer, the American. "I was just wishing to see you. The morning is perfect for painting, and there is a sketch that I am anxious to get. If you are starting on your trip to Broek, I will join you."

Jan looked troubled.

"Mijnheer, how regretful I am! I am not today making the trip down the canal." He hesitated a moment. "I have work in the city and must omit my usual trip today," he ended apologetically, though lamely.

The American artist frowned with displeasure. It was annoying to have his desires frustrated and his plans upset by Jan's private affairs. That the lad must earn a living, and that by more than one means, was to him only an annoying detail. Jan's boat was convenient to reach many paintable spots along the pretty, tree-bordered, aquatic streets, with their carpets of green lily-pads, and this was now many times that he had been mysteriously employed otherwise.

"This is the second time this week that you have disappointed me, Jan," observed Mijnheer, the American, sternly. "I must certainly look for another boat."

"How much I am sorry," protested Jan with well-assumed penitence. "But I am poor, Mijnheer, and must earn if I would marry; and Katrinka will be finding someone else to marry her before long if I do not soon save enough. Already many seek her. But I will arrange the boat for tomorrow morning without fail."

Mijnheer, the artist, dismissed the supplicating Jan with some irritation and returned to his morning newspaper.

Then, as Jan's picturesque figure disappeared down the tree-shaded avenue, his mood softened. He was a comely Dutch lad, seemingly destitute of the sleepiness that characterized the ordinary Dutch disposition. Rather, he seemed animated with unusual desire to work and earn. It was commendable to be proprietor of one's own boat so young, and extra good fortune to find so generous a patron as the American painter, who desired always to find quiet spots in which to sketch. With Dutch thrift, Jan had placed his barge at Mijnheer's disposal, and thereby earned many an extra *gulden* to add to the little store being laid aside against the time when Katrinka should consent to wed him and share his boat as a home. But Jan, it seemed, had other ways and means of picking up *gulden,* and his avidity to utilize them frequently conflicted with Mijnheer's plans to paint in the country. It was annoying, but a sweetheart who was a wife in perspective, was without doubt sufficient incentive for earning every extra *stuiver* possible, and Mijnheer forgave Jan accordingly.

A little late his meditations were again disturbed by a girlish figure gliding past his table like a shadow.

"Good-morning, Mijnheer," said a soft, timid voice.

"Oh, good-morning," he replied, as the girl cast a furtive glance at him and stole quickly by.

It was Katrinka in her short, full skirts and high-waisted bodice, her head covered with a great starched linen cap, her round white arms bare, and her feet in their wooden sabots and homespun stockings. Her round, baby-like face had a complexion of cream and roses, and her eyes, big and child-like, were china-blue. She was scarcely more than a child, yet she had the bloom and grace of a woman.

"You are out early this morning, Katrinka," Mijnheer ventured.

"I go to the studio of the English lady to pose," she answered in a shy, low tone as she passed.

Mijnheer, the American, frowned as he watched her go. How did it happen that the days when she posed always coincided with those on which Jan was to be absent in the city, and why did she steal by as though her act were a guilty one? Jan was a good boy, honestly in love with her, and trustingly foolish over her. Did he know of these frequent posings? There were times when Mijnheer, the American, asked him-

self if after all the girl were really so guileless. Was she not, perhaps, deep enough to be deceiving them all? There was certainly something secretive about her air and manner. He watched the picturesque, childish figure in its multi-colored raiment as it melted from view in the distance. There were many Dutch girls as pretty, but Katrinka's charm consisted in a childish something that seemed to envelope her, though one could not exactly name it. She was eighteen, but there were times when she seemed scarcely eight; and while really old enough to marry her ardent suitor, she impressed one as being still a little girl in many ways.

Mijnheer, the American, had studied her surreptitiously these many weeks past at times when she had waited on him in the *pension* of which Mevrouw Therese Hooge, Katrinka's old grandmother, was the *concièrge*. There was a large family of children, Katrinka being the oldest, and old Therese had been both father and mother to all the brood for many years. Katrinka might be said to have never had a childhood, for from the time that she was old enough to know water from dirt, she had had the Dutch traits of cleanliness and thrift instilled into her, and her days had been spent in scrubbing, polishing and cleaning, outside and inside, every cleanable surface in the *pension*.

"Good-day, Mijnheer," a voice beside him interrupted his musings for a third time that morning, and he looked to see Mevrouw Therese Hooge standing near by, her knitting in her hands, the needles clicking rapidly as she stood. She was a small, leathery-looking, toil-hardened, old woman, with an eye that was as bright and alert as that of a little bird. "Has Mijnheer breakfasted well? Is there anything more I can get him? Katrinka has gone to the English lady painter to pose."

Mijnheer, the American, drained the last of his coffee and set the cup back into the saucer without reply, and the old dame stole an uneasy, troubled glance at him as she watched his deliberate movements.

"Perhaps Mijnheer knows the English artist for whom Katrinka poses?" she ventured questioningly.

"Yes," he conceded briefly, after just a moment of hesitation. He did not find it necessary to add that he did not know equally well that Katrinka was always posing for her when she said she was.

"Yes?" she repeated tentatively, waiting expectantly for him to supplement his laconic answer, which, however, he seemed disinclined to do.

Mevrouw sighed as she busied herself with the dishes on the table. She had worked hard all her life to bring up her little family, and she had labored ceaselessly to train Katrinka in all the useful household arts. Her hand it was that had guided the child from the moment when she had been left an orphan, and she prided herself on the thoroughness of her painstaking efforts. It was with complacency that she had watched the growing fondness between her granddaughter and the thrifty Jan, and her brown, withered, old countenance wore an expression of gratified pride and joy when the two walked forth together on a Sunday morning, for Jan was a steady lad.

It was an immense gratification, too, to share her pride and satisfaction with the American Mijnheer, who was always ready to listen to her garrulous old woman's gossip, and the half-hour's relaxation she permitted herself in the mornings over the breakfast things was a dissipation, the pleasure of which she could seldom forego.

"I have a great worry over the little Katrinka," she confided anxiously. "Here she has a good lad desirous of making her his wife, and she holds him off continually. She is an odd child and not like other girls of her age. Now I would not speak disparagingly of Katrinka, but why will she persist in spending so many hours posing for the English lady, for which she receives no pay? I try to dissuade her from it; indeed, I get quite out of patience with her. But she is a self-willed girl, and the posings have become a passion with her. What Jan would say if he discovered it, is more than I know. He might object, and then if she persisted in keeping it up there might be trouble. But what am I to do?"

"Does she not love Jan enough to consult his wishes?"

"I cannot say. She is only a child in many things, but she is fond of Jan, and he—he is a perfect ninny about her. She spoils him. He indulges her in all her whims. Why, if you would believe me, only the other day he became so offensive as to openly uphold her in opposition to me—he who has hitherto consulted my wishes and authority in everything, and constantly sought my favor."

Mijnheer, the American, smiled quietly at the picture presented to his mental eye.

"The fact is," went on Mevrouw Therese, "I am anxious to get Katrinka married and settled. Jan is ready at any time, and his boat is as fine a one as floats on the canals of Broek. But Katrinka is stubborn, and if I venture a word—I, whose duty it is to see her safely provided for—she becomes as unmanageable as a torn sail. And these frequent absences with the English lady—I do not like them. She says the English lady needs her as a model. But I am not the English lady, and I see no good of all these posing which bring in no *gulden*. I would much prefer that Katrinka made up her mind and were ready to become a decent man's wife. Jan could have his pick of more than one maiden in his village, and who knows but he may tire of waiting her capricious pleasure."

The old dame sighed heavily as she made a pretense of busying herself again about the dishes on the table as an excuse to linger a little longer. Mijnheer, the American, sympathized audibly, yet with an indulgent word for Katrinka's youth.

"That Mevrouw, the English lady painter, has quite spoiled Katrinka," she lamented. "Before she came, the child was as good and obedient as could be found anywhere. But with her open admiration of Katrinka's prettiness, her petting and fostering Katrinka's taste for foolish, childish things, she surely has won the girl's heart, and now there is no doing anything with her. If I could have foreseen that so much harm would result, I would never have agreed to letting Katrinka go to her in the beginning. But it was Jan who first brought his English patron to me, and she was at once greatly taken with Katrinka, and persuaded me to let the child visit her studio a few times."

"Why do you not remonstrate with the lady herself?" suggested Mijnheer, the American.

"But, indeed, I have done," asserted Mevrouw Therese scornfully. "But," she hesitated and sighed, "that English lady, alas! she has a way with her. I go to her with my thoughts, intent on speaking my mind and impressing her with the necessity of agreeing with my point of view, and she puts me into her easiest chair and presses some wine and cake upon me, and asks about my rheumatism, and before I know

it—well, I am on my way home again and nothing accomplished. To be sure, she is very good to Katrinka; but she cannot be made to see that the maiden is no longer a little girl, but of a marriageable age. And the worst of it is, one cannot be angry with her, although the mischief is certainly accomplished."

"Why not tell Jan himself?" offered Mijnheer.

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Mevrouw Therese agitatedly. "I tried that once. But he is so foolish over Katrinka, he can see nothing wrong in anything she does. If the English lady puts ideas into Katrinka's head, since she finds the child so young and so pretty, Jan is only pleased at that, and seconds her efforts to spoil Katrinka. You see the lady is always giving Katrinka little trinkets and things, foolish, childish articles, to amuse herself with. I pass them on to the other children, for it is more seemly for them to make use of such things than for Katrinka, who is now old enough to marry. And this angers Katrinka, and Jan takes her part. What am I to do?" she protested in deprecating despair.

Mijnheer, the American, sympathetically looked his inability to suggest a remedy.

"Then, too, the English lady manages Jan as well," she began again, shaking her head energetically. "He runs her errands and does her bidding at all times. In short, she winds the lad around her finger. I scold at the two of them, but they both love the English Mevrouw and would rather do her bidding than mine."

Still shaking her head, she lingeringly gathered up the tray and reluctantly made ready to depart.

"Mijnheer wants nothing further?" she asked.

"Nothing more, thank you."

Left to himself, he threw down his newspaper and fell into a fit of abstraction, smiling as his thoughts wandered again to the English lady artist of whom Mevrouw Therese Hooge had been complaining. "She has a way with her," the old dame had said. Ah! indeed! Did he not know that himself? He thought smilingly of that "way" which she assuredly had, and his heart accused him of a subjugation akin to that of Katrinka's and Jan's. For was not he himself "managed?" Still, perhaps, she *was* carrying her influence with Katrinka a little too far. The child was away a great deal, for hours

at a time. He really must speak to the English lady and remonstrate with her about it.

But though he duly remonstrated and was laughingly cajoled into believing his anxiety unnecessary, Katrinka's ways did not alter. Her absences were so frequent Mevrouw Hooge became more and more incensed at the girl's willfulness, and more and more voluble in her complaints to her sympathetic listener, Mijnheer, the American.

Her brow was deeply overcast with trouble one morning as she entered the little garden to carry the simple breakfast, Katrinka being gone to the English lady again. Mijnheer's countenance was like the day, smiling and happy, and his hand closed over a little scented envelope hastily, and stowed it away in an inner pocket as Mevrouw Hooge appeared. Quite evidently he was in too serene a mood to be disturbed by anyone's troubles or perplexities. Yet the worried old lady began at once:

"I bring your cream and berries myself, Mijnheer," she said complainingly, "for Katrinka has gone to pose again this morning."

She looked so discouraged Mijnheer felt touched, and could hardly bring himself to convey the news that he himself would soon be leaving her comfortable *pension.* When he had at last announced the fact, her consternation and voluble regrets quite drove her annoyance over Katrinka's behavior out of her head.

"Ah, how much I am sorry," she explained, a note of genuine regret and dismay sounding in her voice. "And you will not then be here to enjoy the festivities of Katrinka's marriage to Jan. For the girl has at last consented to set the day. Her English friend is also leaving for home, so it seems, and Katrinka will not make many more visits to her. She, likewise, is to be married soon. It is a strange coincidence, your leaving to return home at the same time that she does."

Mijnheer's, the American's, hand stole furtively to a little scented envelope resting against his heart, and he laughed quietly as he said: "Well, since she is going, your troubles with Katrinka on her account will soon be ended. Put away your cares for today, and let us take the little ones and go for a holiday. I feel like celebrating one, and since I shall be going away so soon, we will all have one good time together."

The old dame's face lit up with joy. To take the little family out for a holiday at no expense to her thrifty self, appealed at once to her.

"Well, why not," she agreed smilingly. "It is long since we all had a picnic, and the children will enjoy the country. Katrinka will not be home until afternoon, but I can leave word for her. We will go, Mijnheer," she announced, starting about her preparations with cheerful alacrity.

And thus it happened that not long afterward the bright morning sunshine beamed on a group of Dutch children of various ages and sizes, in their quaint, picturesque costumes of wide bloomers and wooden sabots, led in a chain by a benign old lady, also garbed in festive Dutch attire comprising all the colors of the spectrum, with Mijnheer, the American artist, leading the way. The morning was genial and the quiet water of the canals mirrored the azure blue of the sky above, with the pretty reflections of the long rows of tall, narrow, tipsy-looking houses wavering in the placid depths. The brick pavements were mottled with the dappled sunshine and shade of the tree-bordered way.

Is there anything prettier than Amsterdam on a pretty morning? Canals run every which way, long rows of trees bordering their banks, ships sail between the rows of houses and are moored at the doors, and every perspective is a jumble of masts, sails, trees, steeples, gabled roofs and arms of windmills. Little stairways descend into the water, bridges open and shut, there are tiny gardens here and there, docks, barges and charming vistas everywhere; and over all rests the placid Dutch atmosphere of tranquillity and content.

The children clattered along noisily in their wooden shoes, making a joyous racket on the brick pavements. Mijnheer was in high spirits. Somebody besides Katrinka had at last consented to make up her mind and name the day. He bought sweetmeats and fruit at every shop they passed, until the old dame remonstrated at the extravagance and expressed a fear for the children's digestion. Then he bought flowers for Mevrouw and toys for the little ones, until the faces of all beamed with happiness to correspond with his own. Mevrouw Hooge scolded at the recklessness of it all, but he only laughed as he led them into a tiny baker's shop, where they found seats at little tables and were served with

hot chocolate and a quantity of little cakes. When they had all eaten until the limit of possibility was reached, he paid the fee and they fared forth into the street with a comfortable sense of being well-filled, and began to look about for a boat on which to make their little excursion.

"Ah," exclaimed Mijnheer, the American, glancing with surprise at a familiar figure standing on a barge that was anchored not far away, "we are fortunate, indeed. That is Jan's boat, and if I mistake not, Jan himself. I thought he was at work in the city somewhere today. Let us go to him."

They hastened across the pavement, at the edge of which the barge was moored. Just at that instant, Jan caught sight of them. He looked much disturbed, and instead of advancing to meet and welcome them, he darted suddenly out of sight, leaving them gaping in consternation at each other.

"That is strange conduct," remarked Mijnheer, the American, feeling nonplused at the quick action.

"I will see then what ails him," angrily declared the old dame, taking umbrage at the slight to her claim on his attention and deference. She hastened aboard the deck of the boat and down the steps into the little cabin toward which Jan had disappeared.

Mijnheer's curiosity got the better of him, and leaving the five small Hollanders standing in a row on the deck, he spurred up and followed in the wake of the old lady. Reaching the tiny cabin below, their further progress was barred by Jan's stern figure leaning up against the cabin entrance, and his look said plainly: "Who enters my boat uninvited?"

There was a very awkward silence, and then Mijnheer, glancing over Jan's shoulder into the cabin beyond, caught a view of something that made him burst into a peal of laughter. Katrinka was sitting on the floor of the little room absorbed in dressing a large wax doll that was almost as big as one of the little sisters waiting above. Mevrouw Therese's sharp eyes also saw at the same instant.

"What childish foolery is this?" exclaimed the incensed old woman, throwing up her hands in the impotence of her emotions. "Katrinka, have shame for thyself!" she called, ringing indignation in her voice.

Katrinka arose in haste, much perturbed at the unexpectedness of the invasion, and with nervous trepidation

sought to conceal the great doll, its dresses and other accessories, from the view of her grandmother. Mevrouw Therese advanced threateningly into the cabin, with Jan looming close at her elbow.

"Mevrouw," he began earnestly, a restraining hand on her arm, "let her alone. If I choose not to mind, why should you? What harm is there if Katrinka enjoys at last the pleasures that every other child enjoys when they are children?"

"But the foolishness of it," protested Mevrouw Therese impatiently, "and the wicked waste of time. Is it thus then that you spend your mornings? Ah well, this, I suppose, is the work of the English lady and her foolish notions. This is the result of her example and influence. I will no longer permit such doings. Why do you encourage such folly, Jan?"

Accused and convicted, Katrinka stood trembling and voiceless, with flushed cheeks and downcast eyes, the tears beginning to gather and run down her face. Jan went to her and placed a protecting arm around her waist.

"Mevrouw," he interposed gravely, "permit me. Katrinka will soon be my wife, and shall not be meddled with. You do not understand her as I do. The English lady does. She knows that it is only the youth in her that seeks expression, not foolishness or wickedness. The English lady herself is like that. She has dolls from all parts of the world which she has collected on her travels, all sorts and all sizes, in a big cabinet, which she prizes highly. It was she that sent way to England for this beautiful doll, knowing that Katrinka in all her childhood had never had one to play with."

"Oh, the English lady, the English lady!" spouted the exasperated Mevrouw Hooge, shaking with excitement and impotent rage. "Am I never to hear the last of the English lady?"

"You remember," went on Jan calmly, "that whenever Katrinka brought home little toys and trinkets which the English lady had given her, you took them away and gave them to the little ones to play with, and they were soon broken and lost; and Katrinka, who would have treasured them, had no joy of them whatever. So, one day I told the English lady it was so, and she at once sent off to England for this fine doll for Katrinka. You know her kind way of making everything up to anyone."

Mijnheer, the American, nodded wisely, as one who knows; but Mevrouw Therese only continued to sputter, while her eyes snapped and the little red spots in her cheeks burned more brightly.

"Well, she immediately made me bring it here to my boat, which is soon to be Katrinka's home, and she bade me have Katrinka come here to amuse herself with it whenever she liked. 'Say she comes to pose,' she said, laughing; and so here Katrinka comes to enjoy her doll and to amuse herself."

Mevrouw Therese groaned aloud.

"And she made me promise," went on Jan, "to say nothing about it, fearing that you would take it from her for the other children. Also, she said it was a pity to have you worry about so small a thing. So here Katrinka has been happy with her belated childhood's pleasures. What does it matter? She will soon be my wife now and can do as she pleases. Besides, when there are little ones of her own, then the doll will be forgotten."

"And the indiscretion of coming here alone," almost wept the old lady. "It is not seemly. It is not proper."

Jan put up a forbidding hand.

"Mevrouw," he said sternly, "you may scold me all you like. But do not dare to speak one ill word against Katrinka. Here she is as safe as though she were in heaven itself," and Jan's eyes blazed.

Mevrouw Therese wrung her hands, and her eyes met Jan's a trifle timidly.

"But she has never yet been here alone," Jan added. "The English lady comes always. Today she is a little late. She paints the street view from the deck, and Katrinka sits beside her with her doll and talks to her."

Mevrouw Therese was almost reduced to tears. Mijnheer, the American, touched her arm respectfully. "Come, Mevrouw," he said, with his kind smile, "there seems to be no harm done. Let us ask Jan and Katrinka to join our holiday picnic and we will all have a happy day of it."

"And perhaps the English lady will join us," added Jan slyly. "She comes at ten o'clock. We will await her arrival and then the boat shall start for the country."

Mevrouw Hooge yielded ungracefully but silently, and Jan ran above to bring the five patiently waiting little Hollanders

below to view the great doll from the respectful distance of a high shelf, where Katrinka hurried to place it for safety.

As he left the cabin, Jan shot a glance of triumph at Mijnheer, the American, that was partly humor and partly malice. He had scored once more against the tyrannical, overbearing old lady, and his Katrinka had had her way. The two men went up to the deck above to watch for the arrival of the English lady, leaving Katrinka, the old dame and the children to enthuse over the wonderful doll which had come all the way from London. Jan's manner when they were alone together on the upper deck was once more deprecatingly deferential.

"Let us leave them alone for awhile," he suggested diplomatically. "The Mevrouw is like the windmills; when the wind blows hard, the arms fly around fast, but when it quiets down, they grow still again. Her heart is pure gold, but her tongue when she grows excited . . ." and Jan's gesture expressed a man's helplessness before a woman's fury. "She does not understand the little Katrinka who has never had any childhood. But the English lady is very wise and sympathetic."

Mijnheer, the American, nodded an understanding agreement with Jan's point of view; but although his face was grave, his eyes twinkled with suppressed amusement as he looked in the direction from which the English lady would approach.

A LITTLE BOY QUESTIONS THE STARS.

BY CHARLES J. QUIRK, S.J.

So very near God's home,
How happy you must be!
That's why you romp and dance,
And twinkle in your glee?

FATHER TABB'S POETICAL PREFERENCES.

BY D. J. CONNOR.

IT is doubtful how profitable it would be to study the derivation of Father Tabb's poetry as illustrating any strict theory of literary evolution. We know fairly well the models which absorbed, not so much his study as his admiration and love; but it would be very difficult, indeed, to make out that he is a logical successor to any of them, or that he represents a further development of any process which they initiated. His chosen poets were, with the exception of Shakespeare, all of the nineteenth century; whereas, as far, at least, as the spirit of his poetry is concerned, he himself is thought to have more affinities with the seventeenth-century school of Crashaw and Vaughan (with whom he had only the most casual sympathy. He was fond of quoting, however, Crashaw's famous line: "The conscious water saw its Lord and blushed") than with any of his more immediate predecessors. Barrett Wendell wrote him once, for instance, upon reading that gem of compression, "The Cliffs," that we would have to go back two centuries to find anything that would bear comparison with it at all.

His reading of poetry, as of general literature, was, as we should expect, far from eclectic. I asked him once about George Eliot, and he confessed that he had never read one of her novels. What may be a matter of still more surprise is that he had but the slightest acquaintance with Wordsworth. Outside of stray sonnets to be found in Palgrave's *Golden Treasury,* which, by the way, was the most-thumbed book in his possession, and lyrics like "The Daffodils," it may be assumed, I think, that they were entire strangers. Browning he knew by the eight-lined "Eurydice to Orpheus," which, for him, was an allegory depicting the unreasoning vehemence of passion at the moment of temptation.

The côterie amid which his spirit lived, and which he loved with a kind of family jealousy that could easily be piqued—and often was, as, for instance, by Harry Thurston Peck's criticisms of Poe—consisted of Shakespeare, Keats,

Poe, Tennyson and Shelley. As well as I can make out, this was the actual hierarchy in which his habitual preference would have arranged them, though this was liable to fluctuate according to his daily moods, at least as regards the latter two. There was never any doubt, however, about Shakespeare's primacy, nor about his unvarying worship of Keats. But, if Shakespeare was supreme, it was for him largely a matter of lyrical supremacy. He deliberately placed Ariel's Song in *The Tempest* ahead of every other lyric in the language, and often used to tell with unconcealed complacency about Palgrave's haste to redeem the grave error he had been guilty of in omitting it from the first edition of *The Golden Treasury*. Whether it was as a result of Father Tabb's representations or not, he did not say, but I have always suspected that it might have been the case.

In fact, the lyric was, for Father Tabb, the ultimate; perhaps, if we except the dramatic, the only authentic art form. It required a dictum of Poe's to encourage him to formulate even this modicum of a creed. "I hold," Poe writes in "The Poetic Principle," "that a long poem does not exist. I maintain that the phrase, 'a long poem,' is simply a flat contradiction in terms. It is to be regarded as poetical only when we view it merely as a series of minor poems." That the proposition only erected a personal taste and limitation into a dogma, and was not the result of analysis, is as true of Father Tabb as it was of his predecessor. Father Tabb was, above all things, not a theorist. He was congenitally a lyricist, and it was only natural that it was the lyric element in all poetry which appealed to him most. Tennyson, for instance, he admired; but it was not Tennyson of the "In Memoriam," Tennyson, the prophet of nineteenth century optimism articulating itself in verse, but Tennyson of the "Tears, Idle Tears" and "Break, Break, Break." Tennyson's dominion over him, while never as consciously recognized as Keats', was, I think, more effective and profound. Father Tabb's two most noble utterances are, I submit with due humility, "The Reaper" and "The Half Ring Moon." In the first choice I am sustained by so ripe a critic as Dr. Garnett, late of the British Museum; and, as an indication, at least of the thought bestowed by the author on the second, I have an annotation of his to the effect that it was "ten years coming." Both have the exquisiteness,

the subtlety, the pastel haziness of phrase and the poignancy of suggestion, which make the perfect idyl. Both of them could have been written by Tennyson just as they stand. The two lines,

> Down the dusky slope of noon,

and,

> At night, where the new moon loved to be,
> Hangs the half of a ring for me,

are word-landscapes characteristically Tennysonian.

Although Father Tabb worked diligently with the sonnet, and with flattering success, he shared the common prejudice against it as a vehicle for English poetry. He made two notable exceptions to this general proscription: the first, Dante Gabriel Rosetti's "Venetian Pastoral," and the second, Keats' "On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer." At times he admitted Shelley's "Ozymandias" to a share in this distinction. With the help of specimens like these and other notorious favorites of his, such as Keats' "Ode to a Nightingale." "Ode on a Grecian Urn" and "La Belle Dame sans Merci," Shelley's "To a Skylark," Poe's "Raven," "The Bells," "Eulalume," and, in fact, all of his mature pieces, Tennyson's shorter lyrics, especially the songs from "The Princess," and William Watson's "Song," anyone can determine fairly well the qualities which he found most alluring in poetry. They were, in one word, the ethereal and the musical. Poetry was for him, no less than for Poe, preëminently an escape from the real, the matter-of-fact, the earthly—"a fiddling in harmonics on the strings," not "of sensuality," as Diana Merion put it, but of the less ignoble sentiments of the heart, which admit just as readily as sensuality of sublimation. It will be more perfect the more closely it approaches the ideal of music; which is the typical art-form of our own day, because, being "freed from the stern exactions of the intellect, it is also freed from the terrible responsibilities of realism." I am not rationalizing arbitrarily. The quotation is from one whom he himself would be willing to acknowledge as his spokesman. It occurs in an essay of Sidney Lanier's, included in the volume entitled *Music and Poetry*. Father Tabb gave me the copy from which I make the citation, commending it strongly to my perusal. In this essay—"From Bacon to Beethoven"—

Lanier formulates the axiom, that "the art of any age will be complementary to the thought of any age." In the Middle Ages, for instance, when thought was predominantly metaphysical, the artist was a painter, and he sought refuge from the vagueness of generalities in the sharply-outlined figures which he could fix on canvas. So, simultaneously with the rise of physical science with its mania for exactness and reality, arose the modern art of music, which deals with the most plastic of all materials, and departs most widely from the rigid definitions and firm outlines which the intellect demands.

If I were to select one poem as the most faithful index of Father Tabb's taste and the most undisputed sovereign of his affections, it would certainly be Keats' "Nightingale;" and the "Ode on a Grecian Urn" would come next. The high point of the magic which these two lyrics invariably exercised over him was reached in such lines as:

> Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
> She stood in tears amid the alien corn;

or,

> But here there is no light,
> Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
> Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways;

or,

> What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape?

"No one but Keats," he used to say, "could ever have written that." This combination of voluptuous music and rich imagery touched him to finer frenzies than the loftiest apocalyptic flights of Coleridge or Byron could do. In fact, I more than half suspect that some of his preferences were determined by one or two lines, and they were almost always lines where the witchery of music vied with some masterstroke of painting. In Keats' sonnet, for instance, it was the end which commended the whole; and certainly it is such gold as could stand the alloy of more commonplace than Keats was ever guilty of:

> Like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
> He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
> Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
> Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

In Rosetti's "Venetian Pastoral," where the one mood is

perfectly sustained throughout, and the successive episodes are nearly equal in spirit and charm, it was the gurgling, which is so admirably imitated in the fourth line, that set the seal of final approval on the Pre-Raphaelite's work and made it for him the first sonnet in the language:

> But dip the vessel slowly—nay but lean
> And hark how at its verge the wave sighs in
> Reluctant.

To show how a single phrase or allusion could work upon Father Tabb and influence his judgment of a composition, an incident of the classroom might be more conclusive than anything else I could adduce. Fancy has a license to be capricious in occupations that are purely fanciful, and I may be condemned for Boswellizing unnecessarily in thus following my subject almost to the vanishing point. But, on the other hand, no better method occurs to me of reaching a true appreciation of Father Tabb's poetry than to analyze thus his own appreciation of poetic values in others. But—to descend to his practice.

I once had to read for him a batch of essays which had been written by his pupils of the fifth English in competition for a prize. A half dozen were neatly written compositions, and his preference was setting towards one or two on the merits of their superior spelling, punctuation and general correctness. Then his eye glanced upon an antithesis which one of the youngsters had introduced between the light of the lamp, which can be rekindled, and the life of the body, which cannot be recalled. He read no further. Every incorrectness in the paper was forgotten. The claims of all the others vanished. The little stroke of fancy had reminded him of Othello's conscious-stricken qualm before smothering Desdemona, and he paced up and down the room reciting the lines:

> Put out the light, and then put out the light:
> If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
> I can again thy flaming light restore,
> Should I repent me: but once put out thy light,
> Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
> I know not where is that Promethean heat
> That can thy light relume.

His choice was made on the strength of that one allusion.

Master as Father Tabb indisputably is of the art of musical versification, one of his critics, and he one of the most sympathetic and intelligent of all, has alleged that his poetry does not deserve to rank as lyric, because, as he says, "it has little singing quality," and again, "it lacks the free and spontaneous gush of song." He would make his art excel rather by its static than its dynamic beauty. "For sheer lapidary perfection," he goes on to say, "Father Tabb hardly has his mate among American poets, or, for that matter, among the English poets of his time."[1] It is easy to see how Mr. Mather has been led into formulating this verdict, but it contains a fallacy just the same. Father Tabb's poems are short, and it is natural to think of the miniature, especially if the workmanship is clean cut, in terms of statuary or ceramics; but it is a fallacy for all that. Of course, his quatrains necessarily lack the wide sweep, the long stroke, the undulating ease and expansiveness of Lanier or Swinburne; but that does not mean that they belong to a merely crystalline or petrified order of beauty. They have not exuberance, but they have the genuine flow of song nevertheless. Or, I should say, enough of his poems have, to negative Mr. Mather's sweeping generalization. The point to determine, in deciding whether or not they deserve to be classed as real lyrics, or "songs," is: Do they sing? Browning's "The Year's at the Spring" has only eight lines, but it has as much gush and flow as if there were forty. It runs its gamut swiftly, that is all. Now with this, compare, for instance, Father Tabb's "Mocking Bird," and decide if it does not belong just as rightfully to the order of song. In fact, it can be put to a very easy test.

Father Tabb's poetry not only can be made into songs, but it has been. It is even a treasure-trove to musicians. It would not require more than one hearing of Mr. Howard Brockway's setting of the "Mocking Bird" to convert anyone from Mr. Mather's inconsiderate heresy. Besides the "Mocking Bird," Mr. Brockway has set "Intimations," "The Water Lily," "Fern Song," "The Half Ring Moon" and "The Humming Bird" to music, and the musical and poetic *motif* blend so perfectly that I have often thought it would be a difficult matter to determine which inspiration came first. In addition

[1] "The Poetry of Father Tabb," by Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., *The Nation*, New York, December 2, 1909.

to Mr. Brockway's versions, there are three by Mr. Blair Fairchild, "Intimations," "Content" and "Grief Song;" three by Mr. Turnbull, "The Reaper," "To a Rose" and "One April Morn." Mr. Frank J. Daniel, organist at St. Peter's Cathedral, Scranton, has also made a beautiful arrangement of "My Star," which was published in *The Pictorial Review*. I might add a personal discovery, which is not without significance in such a connection as this. Father Tabb's "Water Lily" and Macdowell's sketch of the same name are, presumably, entirely independent compositions. Yet Father Tabb's poem can be sung to Mr. Macdowell's music without any revision, and the meaning of the one is only helped and accentuated by the accompaniment of the other.

THE DEBAUCHEE.

BY MABEL J. BOURQUIN.

THE summer night, with golden arch and span,
Has flung the Milky Way in space afar;
But little of that glory sees the man
Who bears within his heart a fallen star.

Across the forest, with its living lyre,
The winds in symphonies, like breakers roll;
To him is dull the most melodious choir,
Who bears a blighted song within his soul.

The pageant of the clouds across the skies,
On shifting screens the Unseen Painter flings;
But what cares he for all the sunset dyes,
Whose gaze has dwelt upon forbidden things?

New Books.

WORK, WEALTH AND WAGES. By Joseph Husslein, S.J., Ph.D. Chicago: Matre & Co. $1.00.

This book is a brief exposition of the underlying factors and principles of the great social problems of the present day. A really comprehensive and clear summary of such a vast subject is difficult, but Father Husslein has accomplished it admirably. To show the theme of the work—the necessity of a moral and religious basis for industrial ideals—the pronouncements of the Catholic Church, the Protestant Churches and the Socialist Party, are given as a foreword. The noting of this common meeting-ground arouses in the reader the feeling of friendly coöperation and generous liberality. It dissolves at the beginning all barriers of bigotry, intolerance and prejudice, religious or otherwise. The work is divided into two parts, the first dealing with Capital and Labor, and the second with Christian Democracy. In the first part are included discussions of a living wage, labor organizations, women in industry, the Church's attitude toward capitalism, reconstruction and coöperation. In the second part we find the ideals through which these problems must be seen.

There is nothing in the book which is new. The same truths have been voiced and the same light of Christian ideals has been shed on the subject before, in the former works of Father Husslein himself, in the works of Dr. Ryan and in Pope Leo's Encyclicals. However, it is a very successful attempt to offer in attractive capsule form the doctrines which too many seem to have passed by—the doctrines on the acceptance of which depends the salvation of the industrial world. The style is simple and direct, appealing alike to minds well versed in the subject and to those as yet unacquainted to any extent with the problem. This appealing style, the conciseness, the brevity, all unite in carrying out the purpose of the author, namely, in "getting across" to the people at large the ideas and ideals which he and his associates have for so long been striving to establish. Not only the literary, but also the material style of the book accomplishes the same effect. The book is comparatively small, extremely light and neatly bound in cloth. The size of the print and the unglazed texture of the paper are restful to the eyes. Thus, from both the material and literary viewpoint, the book is attractive, and from the literary viewpoint, far more than attractive. It is substantial.

THE SECOND PERSON SINGULAR AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Alice Meynell. New York: Oxford University Press. $2.00.

A new volume from the pen of Mrs. Meynell is, whenever it comes, one of the few certain distinctions of a literary season. For she is not merely a rare artist in words and a critic of almost superhuman delicacy. She has also, in these days of hasty, youthful and impressionistic writing, become a symbol of that fastidious devotion to letters which shrinks not at all from the Flaubertian threat of "two lines in two days"—provided only those two lines shall reveal with clearness, with truth, something not visible before.

The Second Person Singular is a collection of twenty brief essays, ranging in subject from "Superfluous Kings" to the pregnant little pronoun which is borrowed for title. Any one of the critiques, whether devoted to some scarcely remembered lyrist, or to "Pessimism in Fiction," or to that masterly appreciation of Jane Austen's art—an appreciation still so acutely aware of her "worldliness," her "lack of tenderness" and the essential "triviality" and "derision" of her attitude toward humanity—would easily justify the volume. But the discussions of George Meredith and Coventry Patmore are two of the permanent prizes of recent criticism, since there is probably no living writer so completely equipped both by knowledge and personal friendship to interpret those towering Victorians as is Alice Meynell.

This little book, which has come from the press so quietly in a year of much literary sarcasm and sensationalism, will be one of that very little flock which every lover of the best will want to lay hold upon and keep. It is, to use the old and perfect phrase: "Infinite riches in a little room."

THE HOME OF FADELESS SPLENDOUR OR PALESTINE OF TODAY. By George Napier Whittingham. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $10.00.

This good sized volume is descriptive and historical. It does not deal with any of the political problems which are to the fore at present in Palestine. It gives faithfully the impressions of a pilgrim-traveler who sees with the eyes of faith and enthusiasm. It will help the vision of many another, whether he has already seen or whether he hopes to see or whether he will never see, with bodily eyes, the Holy Land. There is no book in English that we would recommend more highly to the prospective pilgrim. This work, which is not a guide book, may be supplemented by the *New Guide to the Holy Land,* written by the Franciscan, Father Barnabas Meistermann, and which the author of

the book under consideration mentions in terms of highest praise.

The pictures of the present, which the author gives, are heightened by the historical settings unobtrusively supplied in the book. The author, as we gather from his pages, is a clergyman of the Anglican Church. He has caught the secret of a successful and satisfactory visit to Palestine, the dominating thought of Our Lord's association with that land. This is shown, for example, in a passage in which the author regrets that the site of Calvary has not been left open to the sky. He adds: "However, since this is impossible, one can at least rejoice in the sure and certain knowledge that here He redeemed the world, for still the whole place is saturated with His Presence, and tawdry surroundings and religious animosities fade into insignificance" (p. 173).

In such a spirit one may journey with delight with him from one place to another, and see vividly the scenes of today as brought into relief upon the background of the past. There is almost an excess of enthusiasm. He describes, for example, a service in the church of the Holy Sepulchre as conducted by the Franciscans, and then goes on: "At the back of the Sepulchre, the Copts were holding a service of their own, singing in slow monotony: yet it did not seem discordant: on the contrary, it was but part of a beautiful and symbolic tableau." Ears, of course, as minds, are variously attuned. The present writer witnessed and heard the same, and he must confess that to his ears nothing has ever sounded more discordant than this clash of chants, symbolic indeed, but symbolic of division rather than of unity and harmony.

The *"Patria splendida"* of the hymn of Bernard de Morlaix furnishes the title of the book. It may be high praise, but well deserved, to say that this work, instinct with the spirit of faith and love, splendidly adds to the tributes of song and praise that, through many ages, have been paid to the Holy Land.

VEILS OF SAMITE. By J. Corson Miller. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.50.

Mr. Miller is a prolific writer of verse, and the present volume represents by no means all of his poetic output. Gathered here in a handsome volume are many poems which treat a wide variety of themes, all with an unfailing grace and poetic touch. Some of the finest poems are "The Trysting," *"Salve Regina Æterna"* (a striking expression of Mr. Miller's Catholic devotion), "In Memory of Madison Cawein," "At the Grave of Rupert Brooke" and "The Dead Astronomer" (in memory of Percival Lowell). Mr. Miller is particularly successful in his personal poems where he pays

tribute to some friend or hero, whether among the quick or the dead. He sings of Walt Whitman for the latter's centenary, of Edmond Rostand, the greatest dramatist of our time, of James Whitcomb Riley, of Robert Hugh Benson, of Pius X., Cardinal Mercier, Joyce Kilmer and Francis Ledwidge, and, unfailingly, he shows an exquisite sympathy, a delicate understanding, and (by no means least of all) a nobility of spirit which is among the finest of his gifts. The final stanza of "The Last Trail," in memory of Jack London, may be taken as typical:

> O King of proud adventure, fare thee well!
> Master of silvery words, with tales to tell,
> May thou by day have hunter's winey zest,
> And by thy nightly camp-fire happy rest,
> Through sun or wind or rain, or snow-lashed gale,
> On this, which is for thee the last—
> The Unknown Trail.

STUDIES IN THE THEORIES OF HUMAN SOCIETY. By Franklin Henry Giddings, Ph.D., LL.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.00.

Every student of Sociology is familiar with the works of one of America's foremost sociologists, Franklin H. Giddings. His most recent book will be regarded as a distinct contribution to social science. The aim and course of reasoning is statistical throughout, and points decidedly to the sources and methods of study whence sociology can expect to attain the most fruitful results. In keeping with this viewpoint, the chapter on "Possibility and Order" will ever rank as a marked advance in sound sociological method. The chapter on social self-control, which Giddings makes the end of society, is truly delightful. Though a profound student of Spencer, the author has not stultified the human mind and blocked the road to progress by making the social choices a purely mechanistic process. For him, social self-control flows from the "capitalized fund" of the individual experiences of the group.

There are two criticisms of Dr. Giddings' book, which may be leveled at his system as a whole. Religion, for him, is the initial product of the struggle to react, to hold out and go on. It should be evident to sociologists by this time that the law of the struggle for existence is no explanation of the most sublime and effective code of religion ever formulated—the religion of Christ. The law of the struggle for existence has never worked out a civilizing norm of human conduct. It makes compassion a weakness, and war a necessary means of progress. If international

treaties are a measure of the extent to which Darwin's and Spencer's law has tamed the combative instincts, then it is an unqualified failure. If this world is ever to be placed in that mood of good will; "if men are to be of the same mind" (Romans xii. 16) and "if they are to speak the same thing" and be of one mind (2 Corinthians xiii. 11); and if they are to "have the same love, being of one accord" (Philippians ii. 2), the world must follow the Christ Who said: "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life." It was Christ Who taught men the value of a human soul. Pope Benedict, of pious memory, in his first Encyclical letter of November 1, 1914, outlined the four prominent disorders making for the dissolution of human society: I. Lack of mutual love among men; II. Disregard for authority; III. Unjust quarrels between the classes; IV. Material prosperity made the object of human endeavor. Social self-control is indeed the remedy. But as a means to attain it, over against the ten propositions of Herbert Spencer, we would array the eight beatitudes of Christ's sermon on the Mount.

The second criticism of Dr. Giddings' system as a whole is that he takes no thought of motivation. But desires do influence response—or states of affairs within man. A turbulence of unknown character would thus enter into the integration of reactions, which would skew the normal curve of conduct. There would be no such turbulence in St. Thomas' system of sociology because human desires, rooted in the remote principle of action—the soul—are found to give "the drive" to human action at least, St. Thomas would know whence to expect the "swirl." It is hard to see how any system of sociology can afford to omit a formulation of the categories of human action. In justice to Giddings, it should be remarked that he has never forgotten the part that human desires play in shaping human action, but simply that he has felt that more could be accomplished by a study of behavior. Nor has he labored in vain. Truly fruitful have been his efforts. The position of the *Studies in the Theories of Human Society* cannot be disputed. Its appearance marks an era in sociological advance.

LOTZE'S THEORY OF REALITY. By Rev. E. E. Thomas, M.A. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $5.00 net.

Rudolf Hermann Lotze is an important figure in the history of philosophy in the second half of the nineteenth century. He wielded considerable influence over the philosophical, as well as theological thought of the world. In this country, his name figured prominently in the Boston Lectures, whilst his thought

has been incorporated in the writings of G. T. Ladd. Ritschlian theology makes its own the ideas and tenets of his philosophy. Lotze is classified among the Real-Idealists, but the aim of his thought and writings is better expressed in the term teleological idealism.

The present author takes for the theme of this work a part, probably the most important, of Lotze's philosophy, *i. e.*, his theory of reality. The subject has actual value in the present day revival of Realism. The expositor of a system is frequently in danger of reading into the thought of another ideas and convictions which are his own. Dr. Thomas avoids this danger almost with complete success. Still the work is not merely an exposition of Lotze's theory of reality. It is a critical study, pointing out the genesis of thought, implications of conclusions, the bearing of views upon subsequent theological and philosophical endeavor. The author shows with what success Lotze avoided the morally and æsthetically valueless mechanistic philosophy of his contemporaries, while he refused to accept Idealism, as it annihilates existence as independent of cognition. Lotze leans towards the pan-psychism of Leibnitz—making value as the ultimate purpose and nature of existence. The work shows painstaking study, exactness of thought, correctness of presentation. It is a valuable contribution to the history of philosophy of the nineteenth century.

THE CHRONICLES OF AMERICA. Edited by Dr. Allen Johnson, Professor of American History in Yale University. New Haven: Yale University Press. Fifty volumes at $3.50 per volume by the set.

Washington and His Comrades in Arms. One welcomes this volume by Professor George M. Wrong of the University of Toronto, written in the same detached spirit as his former book in the series, *The Conquest of Canada.* While a citizen of the British Commonwealth of Nations, Mr. Wrong is a lover of Washington and a Whig in his sympathy for the American revolutionists, whom he rightly conceives as saving England from her Tory friends and teaching liberal principles, since translated into practical application in the self-governing dominions. His account resembles in fairness the chapters in Lecky's *History of the Eighteenth Century,* though it cannot be charged with the pro-Americanism of Trevelyan's *American Revolution.*

To describe a critical period in American history and satisfy each class and every racial element is quite impossible. Sentences may be torn from their context, and Mr. Wrong, like other his-

torians and writers of texts, will be found biased and condemned. For instance, he declares: "Washington had met defeat in every considerable battle at which he was personally present" (p. 148); "France fought less for freedom than for revenge" (p. 189); "La Fayette rendered no serious military service to the American cause . . . He had, however, little military capacity . . . The great Mirabeau tried to work with him for the good of France, but was repelled by La Fayette's jealous vanity, a vanity so greedy of praise that Jefferson called it a canine appetite for popularity and fame" (pp. 169, 170).

The author has failed to name Pulaski, Barry and Nathan Hale, but are such omissions to be charged to a principle of selection or determined neglect? He sees faults in New Englanders, and he is not aware that either the Irish or Scotch-Irish won the war. He dares emphasize the mistreatment of Loyalists, often robbed of their property on patriotic pretexts, and he makes light of the usual crop of enemy cruelties and barbarities. Hence, there are those who will charge him with British propaganda, for they will ignore his criticism of George III. and the un-reformed Parliament and his eulogy of the Whig friends of the Revolution, Burke, Fox, Chattam, Sir George Saville, Conway, Coke of Norfolk and others. Yet England tolerated Whig opposition, while patriots persecuted Loyalists, even Washington most bitterly, probably justly, condemning them as traitors.

Washington, the Commander-in-Chief, is well depicted in the first chapter, which had the benefit of Mr. W. C. Ford's scholarly familiarity with the period. Here is a "true Washington," whose greatness stands out the more when his faults are admitted. The thesis is urged, too, that: "Posterity has agreed that there is nothing to be said for the coercing of the Colonies so resolutely pressed by George III. and his ministers. Posterity can, also, however, understand that the struggle was not between undiluted virtue on one side and undiluted vice on the other" (p. 25). Yet he agrees that "the Colonists believed they were fighting for something of import to all mankind, and the nation which they created believes it still" (p. 29).

The importance of the French alliance is stressed. It made Spain an enemy of England, at a time when Holland and the Northern States were grossly annoyed by trade restrictions, when Frederick the Great was showing signs of hostility and Ireland was disaffected. Burgoyne's failure, assuredly, brought dangers in its wake. The French fleet made Yorktown possible. The alliance made independence a fact.

Concluding chapters outline the bloody fratricidal campaigns

in the South, where tory and patriot gave little quarter, and the final affair at Yorktown. Charts and bibliographical aids are appended, and illustrations of a dozen leaders add merit to a highly satisfactory volume.

The American Spirit in Education. Dr. Slosson's book deserves a wide constituency and warrants careful study. Intended for the general reader rather than the pedagogue, it is clear, comprehensive and untainted by a technical tone. Breathing the tolerant spirit of the series, the writer has devoted a long, sympathetic chapter to Catholic education, with which he is quite familiar and whose bibliography he has amply used.

In the chapter, "School Days in New England," Mr. Slosson outlines early legislation in Massachusetts, which was so readily accepted by the other congregational Colonies, the hardships an impoverished people bore to give their children primary and even secondary training, the establishment of Latin schools, such as that of Boston in 1635, the type of text, the minister-teacher of Calvinist views and the backwardness of Rhode Island where, with Church and State separated, the latter cared little about educating a ministry. Schools in New Netherland or New York were primitive, for the Hollander was largely practical and Anglican domination was little relished. Yet the Church of England was supreme, for no teacher could keep a school without the consent of the primate of Canterbury or the provincial governor. In Pennsylvania, outside of the Penn Charter School with free scholarships for the poor, little attention was paid save to elementary, practical schooling. Public schools were opposed by racial and sectarian units, the Dutch resenting later attempts of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge of the Germans, established in London, 1754. Southern Colonies followed the English practice of keeping the poor ignorant and allowing the well-to-do private schools and tutors. Gentlemen's sons were encouraged to go to English academies, for as Mr. Slosson urges: "Some discerning Englishmen saw in this intellectual dependence on the mother country one of the surest bonds which kept the British Empire from disintegration, and they viewed, with a mixture of sympathy and apprehension, the rise of new academies and colleges" (p. 44).

The influence of Franklin for practical education in mechanics, medicine, the social sciences and modern languages is seen in the advanced position of the University of Pennsylvania, of which he was a trustee for forty years. Jefferson urged state education in Virginia, where tradition had been on the side of ignorance for poor whites and negroes since Berkeley's time.

Ultimately, Jefferson was successful, as he had been in dethroning the state church, in setting up the University of Virginia. Another chapter depicts Washington's interest in national education as a means of lessening the danger of foreign influence, and the century-long agitation for a National University.

Valuable chapters deal with the work of Horace Mann and Henry Barnard as educational reformers. De Witt Clinton and Seward are seen struggling to give New York a public school system, freed from the taint of charity and the blighting control of the Protestant Public School Society. In Pennsylvania, Thaddeus Stevens carried a similar crusade to a happy conclusion. "The Western Movement" and "the Rise of the State University" are described as typically American, with their democratic plea of colleges for the masses and education for women. Short chapters sketch the rise of technical schools, government land grants for universities and agricultural colleges, and the establishment rather late of Eastern, endowed colleges for women.

Mr. Slosson's account of Catholic education is prefaced with Archbishop Spalding's thesis: "The greatest religious fact in the United States today is the Catholic School System, maintained without any aid except from the people who love it." The author suggests that Catholic schools are not recent, but quite as early as Protestant, with records of a school at St. Augustine in 1606 and a Jesuit school at Quebec in 1635, followed shortly by an Ursuline convent and a seminary erected by Bishop Laval. What the Sulpicians and Récollets were to do in Canada, the Franciscans did for California. In New Orleans, the Capuchins established a boys' school in 1722 and the Ursulines an academy in 1727. In Maryland and New York, the Jesuits had short-lived schools as early as 1677, but the penal laws caused their suppression. Maryland families kept tutors, though detection meant a fine of forty shillings a day, or sent boys to St. Omer under an alias despite a statutory penalty of five hundred pounds. Even the forty-shilling head tax on Irish Catholic immigrants was turned over to the Anglican school fund of Maryland. Yet, at Bohemia Manor, the Jesuits managed to give instruction from 1706 to 1765. Independence brought happier days; penal laws were abolished, modified or left unenforced.

The first Washington administration was scarcely begun when Bishop Carroll established a college at Georgtown; St. Mary's at Baltimore and Mount St. Mary's at Emmitsburg were chartered in 1791 and 1808. Relative to the coming of the Sulpicians, Mr. Slosson writes: "America has been the gainer by every outburst of intolerance in Europe, and has often found its most valuable

men among those who were thought unfit to live in their native land. The outcast dissenters of England founded New England. The Huguenots from France have given to America many of her foremost men of science. So, likewise, when Catholic churches and schools were suppressed by the French Revolution, the expelled clergy gave a great impetus to Catholic education in the United States" (p. 192).

The work of the Sisterhoods is touched upon, providing, as they did, higher education for girls, when female training beyond the village schools was looked upon as unnecessary. The New York school question, Archbishop Hughes' position, Ireland's Faribault-plan, Dr. Bouquillon's moderate theories and their opponents are noted in brief. With the present status of Catholic schools, the author is familiar, as he is conversant with the Catholic University in Washington as the cap-stone of our whole system.

Mr. Slosson's work is splendid, and his essay on Catholic education should prove stimulating and suggestive to educators both within and without the Church.

THE SPIRIT OF THE COMMON LAW. By Roscoe Pound. Boston: Marshall Jones Co. $2.50 net.

"The real danger," declared Professor Pound in this extremely valuable and learned treatise, "to administration of justice according to law is in timid resistance to rational improvement and obstinate persistence in legal paths, which have become impossible in the heterogeneous, urban, industrial America of today." He holds that "when the lawyer refuses to act intelligently, unintelligent application of the legislative steam-roller by the layman is the alternative." To combat this danger, Dean Pound has made this presentation of the fundamental principles underlying our judicial system. The matter contained in this book had formerly been given in a series of lectures at Dartmouth College on "The Common Law."

In the first lecture he shows the vitality and tenacity of the Anglo-American legal tradition, which is known as "The Common Law." He indicates the number of influences that have reacted in the development of our legal system in the United States, but all have been merged into, and made subject to, the underlying principles of the common law. In the common law's mode of treating legal problems on the basis of relation rather than that of contract, he believes we have a capital institution of legal importance for the law of the future.

In "Puritanism and the Law," he points out that the Puritan

influence was detrimental to the growth and application of the common law, because of its over-emphasis of individualism—an influence which was the cause of such judicial conceptions as the assumption of risk and the general theory of contributory negligence. He next shows that the struggle between the Courts and the Crown continues in the expressions of the popular will in enacting legislation. He feels, however, that through the influence of the common law we shall have not merely laws, but "law, an expression of reason applied to the relations of man with man and of man with the state." The chapters on "The Philosophy of Law in the Nineteenth Century," "Judicial Empiricism" and "Legal Reason" contain the exposition of vastly important principles of legal philosophy.

It is impossible in a review such as this to set forth these principles, far less, to go into adequate criticism of them. It is sufficient to say, however, that Professor Pound shows a mastery not only of the history and development of our legal thought, but also a keen, analytical mind that arrives at conclusions justified by the premises he sets forth. The volume is further evidence of the unquestioned leadership of Dean Pound in the field of law and legal philosophy.

MORE THAT MUST BE TOLD. By Philip Gibbs. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.50.

As an observer and recorder of events, Sir Philip Gibbs ranks high; he is one among the many chroniclers of contemporaneous conditions whose clarity of vision is equaled by his lucidity of interpretation. Moreover, he has an ease and fluidity in writing which not only attract attention, but persistently arrest it. By giving to the world *Now It Can Be Told* and *More That Must Be Told*, he has performed service of which any journalist might be proud. He has made possible a more just estimate of men and movements of these days; he has disclosed causes and traced effects; he has shown the nations as they are—as they see themselves and as others see them.

So far so good—and that is very good. But when the impressionist becomes the prophet and the adviser of the nations—his own more particularly—one begins to wonder whether, after all, the rare reporter exactly fits the new *rôles*. There may seem to some a lack of logic in the argument that because the older men failed in the great testing time of the world, youth will find, some time in the distant future, a solution of the problems by which a sick and suffering world is confronted.

Youth, in its present manifestations, does not show any

marked intention of recasting the world, any purpose of making perfect the future. Rather it appears to have adopted as its motto: "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we shall die." It cannot, as Sir Philip admits, formulate a positive faith, and it will not assert the negative faith which he outlines for it.

The surprising thing is that one who can see so clearly and report so accurately, should be able to persuade himself that the best thing obtainable is a future negative faith "annihilating the folly of the past."

There is a positive faith which can redeem the world. It is made very simple—much simpler than the author's declaration of negative principles—in this very book he has written. In *More That Must Be Told,* he tells of a brief audience with Benedict XV. The words spoken by His Holiness were not sensational; "to be quite truthful, I was disappointed with them," says Sir Philip. Yet "Justice and Charity" remained in his mind, and after the interview he wrote: "Those two words, now, at the present day, in this Europe which I see so full of suffering, revolt and passion, hold perhaps the truth toward which mankind is groping desperately, in all manner of ways, with divers philosophies. They overturned the pagan world when Peter came to Rome and still have power."

Dispense with that "perhaps." Here is the truth to which mankind must come. It is not sensational, but it is substantial, which is more to the purpose. The old may discover it just as readily as the youthful. Truly, it overcame paganism when Peter came to Rome, and just as truly it, and it alone, can overcome the paganism which threatens to engulf the world today.

THE NIETZSCHE-WAGNER CORRESPONDENCE. Edited by Elizabeth Foerster-Nietzsche. New York: Boni & Liveright. $4.00.

Madame Foerster-Nietzsche has supplemented her biography of her brother by this detailed account of his relations with Wagner. She renders a valuable service to his memory by the portrayal of his finer social sensibilities as they revealed themselves to her sympathetic eye, and by the admirable tone and temper of her commentary on the correspondence. The book marks a notable accession to Nietzsche literature, as many of his letters, which had been lost or destroyed, are here recovered through her solicitous research from his unpublished notebooks. The friendship, which began when Nietzsche sensed in Wagner's operas the Dionysianism he regarded as the authentic motif of Greek drama, and which ended in estrangement with the compo-

sition of the Christian *Parsifal*, finds in her dignified treatment a worthy memorial. The translation is capably done by Caroline V. Kerr, but the preface, written by H. L. Mencken, lacks temperance and decorum.

RICH RELATIVES. By Compton Mackenzie. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.00.

In this tale—it can hardly be called a novel—we have the story of Jasmine Grant, a pretty girl of twenty, left an orphan on nothing a year after having spent most of her life in Italy, and the various "rich relatives" who discharge their consciences by inviting her to make her home with them. To each domicile she goes in turn, only to encounter confirmed selfishness under a variety of disguises and to chafe vainly (though sometimes too unconcealedly for the uses of diplomacy) against being treated as a foreigner, an oddity, an imprudent maiden, an interloper who dares to be attractive enough to win the admiration of Prince Charming. The Prince, in the person of Henry Vibert, heir to a title and a fortune, finds Jasmine attractive, and we are left to infer that, like Cinderella, Jasmine was not going to be doomed forever to shed her sweetness on the desert air. Compton Mackenzie belongs to the younger school of British novelists, one of whose hallmarks is the depiction of women from whom the bloom is rubbed off, and whom the reader—if indulgent enough to stick to his task—finds hopelessly dull and unattractive. The characters in *Rich Relatives* are drawn with broad strokes, are faintly humorous and utter bores. The book is, from point of view of construction, a mere torso and has, all things considered, nothing to save it from swift oblivion.

THE RATIONAL GOOD. By L. T. Hobhouse, D.Lit., LL.D., Professor of Sociology in the University of London. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.00.

If this be the best that modern ethical science can offer for the guidance and uplift of humanity, then the sooner the cosmic cataclysm referred to in the closing chapter arrives, the better. That man has nothing better to live and strive for than to effect a Universal Harmony on earth, where the ordered life of the individual redounds to the good of the whole, and the progressive good of the whole reacts to the best interests of the individual is the conclusion reached—such is the ethical ideal to control human conduct. Moral obligation is nothing more than the innate goodness of this ideal, and virtue brings its own reward in the fruition of well doing. Experience expressed in terms of pleasure and

pain taken in the widest sense as affecting life *in extenso* is the sole test of good and bad actions. The function of the mind is to effect a synthesis of our impulses and emotions and desires so as, in the light of progressive experience, to bring about a Harmony of interests. In this sublime ideal is the happiness of the individual, the perfection of the race, to be accomplished.

In the ethical Harmony thus delineated there are no absolute principles of right and wrong, no Supreme Ruler of the moral order: no sanctions of reward and punishment: no eternal life to balance up the disharmonies between virtue and happiness, vice and misery in this world. In fact, "to rest moral obligation on such prudential or external considerations is to annihilate it, as all clear-headed thinkers have realized!" While the treatise is attractively written, and contains interesting analyses of biological and psychological phenomena, out of which is woven a beautiful system of Social Harmony by which is to be measured the rational good, yet the author's mind is so completely charged with modern evolutionary and rationalistic philosophy, that the general impression left on the mind of the reader is one of sad disappointment that so much talent is wasted in a vain effort to supply a system of human conduct to fill the vacuum left by the secular desertion of Christian principles, which alone can satisfy and save mankind.

ANDIVIUS HEDULIO. By Edward Lucas White. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.00.

This interesting romance gives us a most striking picture of Roman Society at its best and worst in the days of its athlete Emperor, Commodus. In its pages we study Rome's nobility, her peasantry, her slaves, her gladiators, her legionaries, her merchants, her sailors; we visit her palaces, her amphitheatres, her prisons, her taverns, her barracks, her baths.

The story relates the marvelous adventures of a Roman noble, Andivius Hedulio, who flees from Rome in disguise after a false accusation of plotting against the Emperor. He travels all over the Empire from Marseilles to Carthage and Antioch, and often saves his own life and the lives of his friends by his wonderful mastery over animals—lions, tigers, leopards, stallions—all of which become as meek as lambs when he talks to them. We find him wintering in the highwayman's hut in the mountains, enrolled in the robber band that was plotting the Emperor's death, posing as an Imperial courier in the barracks of Marseilles, suffering as a slave in the hideous Ergastulum of Placentia, marching on to Rome with the mutinous legionaries, acting as an animal tender in the Coliseum, disguised as the "Greek" confidential slave of a

wealthy colonial, facing torture and death under a false charge of murder, etc.

Many a chapter is devoted to the remarkable exploits of the Emperor Commodus in the arena—as charioteer and as gladiator. A love that triumphs over many obstacles wins our hero the hand of Vedia in the end, and the stern Severus restores him to his rank and possessions.

THE BELOVED WOMAN, by Kathleen Norris. (Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.75 net.) Mrs. Norris' twelfth novel is a study in contrasts. Norma Sheridan, a wholesome girl of the working class, suddenly finds herself received as an intimate by one of the most exclusive families of New York's fashionable set. Without at first suspecting the cause of this strange condescension—she finally realizes that there is a skeleton in the Melrose closet—she takes to her new life like a duck to water, and revels in the many luxuries that are hers for the asking. In a very short time her moral sense is blunted, and she becomes infatuated with the cultured and brilliant Christopher Ligett. Of course, the fact of his being married does bother Norma a little, but she manages to silence the promptings of her conscience.

Gradually, however, Norma learns to detest the inane life of the idle rich, and to loathe their selfishness, insincerity, heartlessness and immorality. She yearns for the poverty of the old days with its gospel of work and love, and at last musters up enough courage to give up the Melrose millions and marry her poor lover of the early days.

The story is written in Mrs. Norris' best vein, although no one, for an instant, would consider its happenings probable. It is a good character sketch, however, of a thoughtless, impulsive and wayward girl, who comes through the furnace of temptation unscathed, more by good luck than by good management.

THE POTTERS' HOUSE, by Isabel C. Clarke (New York: Benziger Brothers. $2.00 net), brings out most clearly the Catholic Church's absolute condemnation of divorce. The heroine, Gillian, is an orphan child, brought up in the house of her narrow-minded, straight-laced maiden aunts—a very poor school for the formation of character. At eighteen, Gillian marries an immoral writer twelve years older than herself, who soon divorces her to marry her chum and bridesmaid, Deborah. Heartbroken, the deserted wife leaves England to forget her troubles in the excitement of a trip abroad. While in Rome, she becomes infatuated with Giacomo, a young Italian of good family, but she allows him to think her a widow, even after he has fixed a date for their wedding. He is shocked at finding out that she is a divorced woman, and, as a good Catholic, sends her word that the marriage cannot take place.

She at once leaves Rome for Assisi, traveling with some English

friends, who know nothing of her second love affair. In this city, the memory of St. Francis makes her consider for a time the claims of the Church, but she resists the proferred grace, and indeed rebels against the Church's law against divorce. She returns to England, determined to marry an old lover of hers, her cousin, Paul Pallant. But the appeal of St. Francis is too much for her, and in a short time we find her a Catholic. She rejects Paul for conscience' sake, and he, without a word of reproach, goes to fight in the World War. Luckily, Gillian's husband is killed on his motor cycle while carrying dispatches, and Paul finally receives the answer, "Yes." Gillian is a very "mushy" heroine at best, but she had no mother or religion to guide her. She is a character that would require a long course of instruction before being admitted into the Church.

The novel teaches the Church's position on marriage without being too preachy. It contains many a beautiful landscape—English and Italian—and gives us about a dozen portraits of men and women drawn to the life.

DAMIEN AND REFORM, by Rev. George J. Donahue. (Boston: The Stratford Co. $1.50.) There is always room for a new book on a popular hero. Father Donahue has made Damien's place on the world's list of heroes even more secure, if that were possible. We have here not a detailed biography, but an appreciation of the spirit which animated the apostle of the lepers, with, however, sufficient reference to the story of his life, even for one not familiar with Damien's career. The author's theme is not only to exalt the Flemish priest, but to show wherein non-religious efforts at reform fail of attaining lasting results: because they lack the spirit of Christ-like charity that animated Damien. The book is well written in a rather oratorical style. The many quotations in poetry and prose would have added interest were the sources given.

THE CHILDREN'S KING, by a Sister of Notre Dame. (St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. 75 cents.) The author says that "this is a story with a meaning," and she has made the meaning very clear for the little ones, who will delight in this story of the "King." They will see in Him the dear Lord, learn the sorrow that sin brings to His Heart, and the meaning of Confession, Imperfect and Perfect Contrition, the punishment of sin and the reward of virtue, for all this is taught them in a language that they love and understand—the language of allegory.

LOVE OF THE SACRED HEART, Anon. (New York: Benziger Brothers. $2.00 net.) "The Sacred Heart and St. Gertrude" would be a more appropriate title for this volume. Archbishop Goodier, S.J., who writes the preface, gives us the key: "The author has been using the words of St. Gertrude as material for prayer, for raising the mind and heart to God, keeping the Sacred Heart in view as a goal." The devotion of St. Gertrude differs somewhat from that of St. Margaret Mary.

The latter is more apostolic, more a devotion of reparation and atonement, more demonstrative of the pain of the heart that is wounded and broken. The devotion of St. Gertrude draws us on by its intimacy, its loving fondness, its lavish promises, its gladness of union. The book will be a decided help to meditation for those who can appreciate the writings of the mystic.

THE PARABLE BOOK. (Chicago: The Extension Press.) The subtitle, "Our Divine Lord's Own Story Retold for You by Little Children," describes this book fully. The children who retell the Parables are very real, very human and very dear, and there is an interesting story woven around them, in the course of which the Parables are recited. It is a handsome volume, the print is clear and the illustrations are many and varied, some being pictures of the young people of the story and their friends, and others pictures in the Life of Our Lord, taken from the Old Masters and modern artists of note. *The Parable Book* will be a valuable addition to the nursery library.

WHEN LIGHTHOUSES ARE DARK, by Ethel Claire Brill. (New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.75.) Lawrence, Margaret, Ralph and Jack have a winter of wild adventure on an uninhabited island in Lake Superior. Both boys and girls will find this a thrilling story, beginning, as it does, when the launch breaks down and the party drifts in a heavy fog to an island, where they find only deserted summer cabins, fishing shacks and very near them an abandoned lighthouse. Navigation has been suspended. Their adventures and the ingenuity they use to provide themselves with food and other necessities while they are marooned, holds the attention from start to finish. An unexpected rescue brings the story to a happy end.

THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM, by Stephen Vincent Benet. (New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.90.) This book has received, at practically all critical hands, a respectful, even an enthusiastic, welcome. The present commentator cannot pretend to explain this, unless on the supposition that the enthusiasm is hedged in, in each case, with the unspoken qualification: "Considering the extreme youth of its author." Mr. Benet is indeed reported to be one of the phenomenally juvenile trio who have given to the world, in addition to this present volume, *This Side of Paradise* and *Three Soldiers*. It is possible, therefore, that, as a precocious litterateur, he has come in for less drastic comment than would have fallen to his share if his creative wings were known to be full-grown. *The Beginning of Wisdom* is neither very good nor very poor, but merely an unstartling account—interspersed, it is true, with some few rememberable passages—of the youth, college career, first romance, irruption into the "movies," contact with the I. W. W., training-camp experience, and second romance, of one Philip Sellaby, who is himself no extraordinarily significant or even viable character. It has not the candid sophistication of Mr. Fitz-

gerald's book, mentioned above, nor the brilliant technique and murderous purpose of Mr. Dos Passos' *Three Soldiers.* It is amorphous and self-conscious, and offers little to counterbalance these faults, except the record of several intrinsically unremarkable facts. It suffers from diffuseness, besides. Those who have admired Mr. Benet's pert, and often irreverent, but always accomplished, bits of verse in the past, will probably feel that the shortest of his poems is more finished and expressive than the longest of his chapters.

THE PORTAL OF EVOLUTION, by a Fellow of the Zoological and Geological Societies. (London: Heath Granton. $3.00.) The anonymous author of this amazing book set himself under the influence of a sudden inspiration, as he thinks, to "work out a series of intermarriages between the different attributes of the Trinity of God, treating all the attributes of God the Father and those of God the Holy Ghost as being males, and the attributes of God the Son as being female." At the end of two hours' work, he was "thunderstruck," for there he "beheld, with the exception of the first two stages or days of Creation, Evolution and History, nineteen out of the twenty-one days of existence in the order that they had taken place"—and so on, for we need not complete the quotation, which is a long one. The effect produced upon us by the endeavor to find out what the author is trying to convey, is similar to that induced by the study of the writings of the late Mrs. Eddy, that is, that there is a kind of a nightmare philosophy somewhere, but that it is always round the corner. We cannot say that we have found any light to have been shed by this book on any of the problems of Evolution.

ADVANCED LESSONS IN EVERYDAY ENGLISH, by Emma Miller Bolenius. (New York: American Book Co.) This text is designed for two years of work in the upper grades of the elementary school. Resembling most language books in the scope of its grammatical material, it differs from them in its extreme emphasis on the pedagogical principle that only through well-motivated practice can good language habits be formed. Accordingly, the book is divided into forty lessons, or projects, which provide an abundance of material for "purposeful activities." Voting, club organization, health and safety-first campaigns, Red Cross work, aëroplane log-writing, gardening, newspaper editing, "nations of the world" pageants, these are a few of the types of work utilized in the successive projects and ingeniously woven around rules for the adverbial accusative and the dangling participle. That the practice thus given the language powers is well motivated, no one will care to deny; but that it really facilitates the learning process, some will seriously doubt. Indeed, it is hard not to feel that most of the elaborate apparatus of the book is more likely to hamper than to assist efforts towards mastery of the mother tongue.

Incidentally, the book is interesting for the light it throws on the latest tendencies in education. From cover to cover, stress is laid on

the socialization of the child; on the development of individual character there is hardly a word.

THOSE interested in Archæology and Ethnology should read the account of the *Excavation of a Site at Santiago Ahuitzola,* in Mexico, given by Alfred M. Tozzer and published by the Government Printing Office, Washington, for the Smithsonian Institute Bureau of American Ethnology (Bulletin 74).

A BOY KNIGHT, by Martin J. Scott, S.J. (New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.50.) Librarians and other bookish persons tell us there is a much to be regretted scarcity of Catholic story books for boys of from twelve to fourteen. These are then at the age of hero-worship, of delight in narratives of vivid adventure, in tales of fighting out to win. But Father Scott knows there is in the boy-heart an even deeper craving at this age, for the spiritual adventure, the spiritual struggle and victorious overcoming. Such is the theme of *A Boy Knight,* and the boys of all ages who love Father Scott's writings, will read it with pleasure.

It is greatly to be regretted that the illustrations are not worthy of the theme, and we wish this defect might be remedied in the next edition.

TESTIMONY TO THE TRUTH, by the Rev. Hugh P. Smyth (Chicago: The Extension Press. $1.50), is a volume of short essays on some of the doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church adopted from discourses delivered by the author, the Rev. Hugh P. Smyth, and intended to meet the need of honest inquirers and of Catholics who have to answer the questions constantly asked about these teachings.

The spirit of these essays is admirable, and they are well adapted to fill the purpose for which they were written. A glance at the table of contents shows the wide range of the book: The Eucharist, Fast and Abstinence, Indulgences, Infallibility, The Church and Secret Society, The Church and Evolution, Clerical Celibacy, The Index—are some of the subjects discussed. This is a book it would be well for every Catholic family to possess.

LAMPS OF FIRE, by Marian Nesbitt. (Chicago: Matre & Co. $1.00.) The heroine of this novelette tells its story, that of the legendary, "Doom of Rossall," a demon of jealousy, which falls to the lot of all men of the race of Rossall, who bear the Christian name, Eustace. A fifteenth century rhyme gives, as a popular saying, the belief that the Doom will pass away if a Eustace dies to the world. The twentieth century Lord Rossall, named Eustace, is betrothed to Molly Desmond, to whom he laughingly relates the tradition. All too soon the legend verifies itself.

The tale would be strengthened by more imaginative handling. The author does not touch at all upon the circumstances which estab-

lished the tradition originally, a matter that rouses the reader's curiosity; but, though not rising fully to the possibilities of her theme, she tells her story well and leads directly to its dramatic climax.

PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS.

The Catholic Mission, Pondicherry, India, with the avowed purpose of making as many friends as possible for the Mission Schools, has published two pamphlets, in the "Hope Series," by Rev. T. Gavan Duffy, Missionary Apostolic, one being Meditations on *The Seven Last Words of Our Lord*, and the other a collection of eleven religious poems, entitled *The Star-Dusty Road.* (Single copies, 25 cents; ten copies, $2.00; one hundred copies, $15.00.)

From The Catholic Social Guild, Oxford, England, comes its *1922 Year Book*, giving an account of the Catholic Social Study Movement of today, and the History, Purposes and Future of the "Catholic Worker's College at Oxford." (1 *s.*)

Rev. V. F. O'Daniel, O.P., has issued a pamphlet answering *Rev. W. J. Howlett's Review of Father O'Daniel's Estimate of the Early Secular Missionaries of Kentucky*, which has opened up a lively controversy.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, offers *Some Notes, Historical and Otherwise, Concerning the Sacred Constantinian Order*, a very interesting little pamphlet, by Ernest Gilliat-Smith.

The Catholic Truth Society, Brooklyn, sends us two pamphlets (price, 5 cents), *Why Catholics Have Parochial Schools*, by Thomas F. Coakley, D.D., and a sermon delivered by Rev. William F. McGinnis at the thirteenth annual Pan-American Mass, at St. Patrick's Church, Washington, D. C., on Thanksgiving Day, 1921, entitled, *America's Thanksgiving—Our Blessings and Responsibilities.*

At twopence each, we have *The Miracles at Lourdes, An Outline of the Medical Evidence in Some Selected Cures*, by Rev. F. Woodlock, S.J.; and *Catholic Social Reform Versus Socialism*, by Hilaire Belloc, from The Catholic Truth Society of London, while from The Catholic Truth Society of Ireland (Dublin), we have *Was Christ God?* by Rev. Peter Finlay, S.J.; *Can We Be Saints?* by Frank Duff; *The Rule of Faith*, by Rev. P. Gannon, S.J.; *St. Joseph*, based on a Pastoral of Bishop Gaughran of Meath; *First Aid*, a very useful little pamphlet by Dr. Louis Cassidy, F.R.C.S.I., and a leaflet, entitled *Do Babies Build Slums?* an argument, by Dr. Halliday Sutherland, against the evils of Birth Control.

A Programme of Catholic Rural Action, by Rev. Edwin V. O'Hara, LL.D., based on a Religious Survey of Lane County, Oregon, can be had on request from the Rural Life Bureau of the Social Action Department, National Catholic Welfare Council, Eugene, Oregon.

The American Association for International Conciliation (New York City), No. 172, treats of the Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armaments, giving the full text of the "Treaties and Resolutions;" No. 173 gives the documents relating to the Irish settlement. (Single copies, 5 cents; subscriptions for one year, 25 cents; five years, $1.00.)

The Outlawry of War, by Salmon O. Levinson, is published by the American Committee for the Outlawry of War, Chicago, Ill.

Recent Events.

France.

The general European economic and financial Conference began its sessions at Genoa on April 11th, and on the following day four principal committees were organized—those on Russia, Finance, Economics and Transport, with various sub-committees. The opening meeting saw a clash between M. Tchitcherin, the chief Russian representative, and M. Barthou, head of the French delegation, when the former attempted to introduce the subject of land disarmament. The next attempt of the Russians was to exclude Japan and Rumania from the conference, but here, too, they met with failure.

Since then work has begun in earnest, the outstanding feature of the first week's sessions being the decision of Messrs. Lloyd George, Barthou, Schanzer of Italy and Jaspar of Belgium, the dominating figures at the Conference, to act as a unit when the Soviet submits its counter-propositions for the restoration of Europe. This action is understood to imply acceptance by the four Powers of the report recently drawn up by Allied financial experts in London. This London report, among other things, advocated the adoption of gold as the common European monetary standard, the balancing of national budgets, and the making available, as security, their national assets by those countries needing outside assistance. With regard to Russia specifically, the report recommended that the Soviet Government be called on to make certain reforms in its judicial procedure, and to abrogate or change a number of regulations affecting foreigners who reside in Russia.

On April 14th Premier Lloyd George held at his villa a private meeting of the French, Russian, Belgian, Italian and British representatives, with the purpose of clearing up certain points in the London report before the Russians present their final reply to it. The keynote of the Allied position is that Russia first must satisfy past pledges before obtaining any concessions for the future. In other words, Russia must recognize the debts of the Tsarist Government before Soviet claims against the Allies can be entertained. Germany was not asked to attend this private conference, as she was not a party to the making of the London report.

The dominating factor in the Genoa meetings will be the respective attitudes towards Russia and Germany of France and

Great Britain. The British programme, which it is popularly supposed will be more conciliatory in both directions than that of France, has not yet been disclosed. The French plan for Russia is contingent on the Soviet's acceptance of the conditions explained above. Regarding Germany, French spokesmen, since the opening of the Conference, have stated that France would join heartily in the discussion of suggestions which would be helpful to Germany's restoration, and especially looking toward the raising of loans for her. They declared, however, that questions touching on a postponement or a reduction of the German reparations payments must be left to the Reparations Commission.

On March 22d the Foreign Ministers of France, England and Italy met in Paris to revise the Sèvres (or Turkish) Treaty, and to evolve terms looking towards peace between the Greeks and the Turkish Nationalists in Asia Minor. On March 27th proposals were made to Greece and the Governments at Constantinople and Angora, the chief of which were as follows: cessation of warfare between Greece and the Turkish Nationalists; retention by Turkey of Constantinople and a large part of Eastern Thrace; demilitarization of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus; Turkish sovereignty over all of Asia Minor; the placing of the Armenians under the protection of the League of Nations; the cession of Adrianople and the Peninsula of Gallipoli to Greece. On March 28th the Greeks and on April 5th the Turkish Nationalist Government at Angora accepted the armistice proposal, with technical reservations as to military conditions. If the Turkish counter terms are accepted, the Nationalist delegates announce they are ready to meet the delegates of the Allies and Greece, in three weeks, to discuss peace.

On March 31st Secretary Hughes sent notes to the Powers participating in the Washington Conference, notifying them of the ratification by the Senate of all the Conference treaties. The notes added that the United States Government was ready to exchange ratifications at the convenience of the other Governments. It is expected that the other Powers, which have been awaiting action by the United States, will quickly proceed to ratification. Great Britain will, probably, not adopt any reservations, but France may adopt one or perhaps more, chiefly with regard to her interpretation of the word "merchantmen," it being the contention of the French delegates at Washington that the moment a merchant ship mounted guns, it ceased to be a merchantman.

On April 4th the British Government notified the French Government that when the United States calls on Great Britain to pay interest on her war debt to Washington, London will call on Paris

to pay interest on the war debt France owes England. France's debt to England amounts to 14,000,000 gold francs, or about $2,750,000, much of which England, in effect, borrowed from America and placed at France's disposal. The note to the French Foreign Office advises that the three-year arrangement between England and France, made in 1919, by which England excused France from payment of interest on the debt, will not be renewed on its expiration this month. If America, as England expects, asks the Allies, including England, to begin interest payments on the bonds to be arranged for in the American war debt funding plan, then England will ask interest payments from France.

On March 31st the Reparations Commission approved the Wiesbaden agreements, for German reparations in kind, signed by Louis Loncheur for France and Dr. Walter Rathenau for Germany last October, the Commission, however, making certain reservations, chiefly regarding the rights of the Powers not represented on the Commission. The Franco-German agreement signed in Berlin, March 15th, by Controller Gillet also was approved with certain modifications, yet to be considered. These modifications propose, among other things, that France and Belgium may deal directly with German firms for supplying materials rather than deal through the Foreign Office.

The negotiations looking to a settlement of the Upper Silesian situation have again reached a halt, owing to the challenge by the Poles of the competence of the Silesian Commission's President, Dr. Felix Calonder, former President of Switzerland, named by the Council of the League of Nations. The Poles contend that Dr. Calonder's right of final decision on disputed questions is limited to certain points, while the Germans acknowledge his authority on all phases of the controversy. Poland has also declined a recent offer by Lithuania to submit the Vilna controversy to the Hague Court of International Justice, and refuses further discussion of the question, as she considers the dispute to have been settled by the decision of the Vilna Diet in favor of incorporation with Poland. As told in these notes last month, the League of Nations has definitely washed its hands of the whole affair. Meanwhile Vilna is still occupied by Polish forces.

Late in March the Polish Minister of Finance, explaining the financial situation of the country to the National Assembly, stated that the national deficit on December 31st last was 222,000,000,000 Polish marks, the national debt amounting to 523,000,000,000. In recent months, however, Polish finances have been making better progress, taxes are coming in well, and the note circulation is no longer expanding. In consequence of this improvement, the Poles

were able last month to negotiate a credit with Great Britain for £4,000,000, £1,000,000 of this sum to be expended in buying raw materials in England.

That certain sections of French opinion are alive to the serious consequences of the declining birth-rate, is evident from a recent article in the Paris *Matin*, which predicts that France, if she does not awaken to the danger, will be, by 1965, a nation of 25,000,000 people. The prognostication is based on the alarming decrease in marriages and births during the last two years. Referring to the present agitated discussion in the Chamber of Deputies over military service, the *Matin* urges that body to remember that the safeguarding of France's natality is the most essential part of national defence.

On March 29th the Government of Premier Poincaré received a vote of confidence in the Chamber of Deputies, 405 votes to 157, on the army service question. By this note the Deputies defeated the Eight Months' Military Service Bill sponsored by Paul Boncour, Moderate Socialist, and accepted the Premier's measure providing for a full eighteen months' military service.

Seven hundred men, belonging to two French columns, were reported killed or wounded in a surprise attack late in March by tribesmen in the Moulouya Valley of French Morocco. The Moulouya Valley lies on the boundary between Spanish and French Morocco and close to the country, south of Melilla, where the Moors have been successfully fighting the Spanish armies for several months. President Millerand of France recently left Paris on a long tour which is to take him through French Morocco, Algiers and Tunis, his route bringing him close to the scene of the reported uprising. Meanwhile fighting continues in Spanish Morocco, with varying success. Recent dispatches state that the Spanish Government intends to introduce a complete change in its Moroccan policy, substituting political action for military operations. By this means it is hoped to bring about the submission of the powerful Beni-Urriagnel tribe without further bloodshed, and the repatriation during May and June of 25,000 to 30,000 soldiers.

The report of the French savings bank organization, for 1921, shows that during the last calendar year deposits exceeded withdrawals by 80,000,000 francs. This figure has only once before been exceeded in the history of French savings banks institutions, namely, in 1919, when the excess of deposits was 954,000,000 francs. In other recent years they fell far short of the 1921 total—610,000,000 francs in 1920, 311,000,000 francs in 1918, and 142,000,000 in 1917.

Germany.

On March 22d, the Commission on Reparations sent two notes to the German Government establishing the conditions under which a reduction was to be made in this year's reparation payment, and according Germany till May 31st to satisfy the Allied demands. The amount fixed for this year's payment was the same as that fixed at Cannes, namely 720,000,000 gold marks in cash and 1,450,000,000 gold marks in goods. Cash payments were to be made the fifteenth of each month from April to October inclusive, in amounts of 50,000,000 and in the last two months the amounts were to be 60,000,000. Laying down definitely the measures which, in the Commission's opinion, Germany can and must take for reform of the budgetary and financial situation, the Commission demanded among other things the preparation and putting into effect before May 31st of a taxation programme calculated to give additional revenue of 60,000,000,000 paper marks, and the appointment of a Commission on Guarantees, which was to exercise sufficient control to enable it to advise the Reparations Commission at any moment how far the proposed legislation had been carried out.

These two proposals particularly raised a storm of disapproval in Germany, and on March 28th, in a strong speech of almost two hours before the Reichstag, Chancellor Wirth declared the proposed plan subversive of the national dignity and summarily rejected the Commission's demands. The next day Foreign Minister Rathenau followed his chief with an equally strong speech of rejection, and two days later the Reichstag, by a vote of 248 to 81, passed a resolution declaring the demands of the Commission intolerable, and expressing approval of the Chancellor's rejection of them. Since then there has been talk by the French to the effect that if the Berlin Cabinet fails to perform the acts demanded of it before May 31st, France may be obliged to insist upon a policy of military coercion. This, of course, could only mean occupation of the Ruhr by purely French troops. It has since become evident, however, that there is no likelihood—and perhaps even no possibility—of Germany's raising the amount specified, especially by May 31st; and the probability of a military occupation by the French has, in view of the Genoa Conference, become exceedingly remote.

The Wirth Government, in its sharp, defensive policy against the Reparations Commission, has aroused enthusiastic support extending far into the ranks of the Independent Socialist Party and embracing practically all of the German People's Party, so that, as far as the answer to the reparation vote is concerned, the

Wirth Government today is backed, for all practical parliamentary purposes, by an unprecedented coalition, which takes in all parties except the extreme reactionaries and radicals, the German National Party and the Communists. So far this year, Germany has paid, in seven installments, about 282,000,000 gold marks ($70,500,000). This has been done at the expense of the paper mark's value, which has been shrinking steadily, and the Berlin Government raises the question, how is it to pay another 438,000,000 ($109,500,000) in cash and 1,450,000,000 ($362,500,000) in kind during the next nine months without the mark's complete collapse? This is one of the problems that probably will be threshed out at the Genoa economic Conference.

One of the demands of the Reparations Commission was to put into force within fifteen days all the taxation measures announced by Chancellor Wirth on January 26th, last. And on April 4th, the Reichstag passed the entire taxation programme of the Government, including the compulsory loan. This adoption automatically makes effective fourteen major tax laws, which have been in the making for more than a year.

The Federal Cabinet of Australia has definitely decided to resume trade with Germany on August 1st. This will end a period of seven years during which the embargo on trade with enemy countries was enforced. It was decided to postpone the resumption of trade till August, in order that measures may be taken to prevent the dumping of German goods.

On April 2d, the German Government signed a commercial treaty with Latvia providing, in a qualified way, for most favored nation treatment, and obliging Germany to give the Latvian importers half a billion marks of industrial credit, for repayment of which the Latvia State undertakes responsibility. Meanwhile, German merchants are actively pushing their commercial interests in the other Baltic countries, and German financial opinion welcomes what seems to be the prospect of negotiation between Russia and the Baltic States, because such a movement is regarded as a foil to the plan for a Baltic League under Polish leadership. Regarding that plan, German business men have believed that the coöperation of Poland, Finland, Latvia, Lithuania and Esthonia would completely exclude Germany from the Russian markets, since Poland commands the only land approach to Russia, while the other four States command the approaches by sea.

On March 20th, President Harding ordered the return to the United States of all American troops in Germany. The order became effective immediately, and Secretary of War Weeks, in

announcing the President's decision, stated that it was planned to have all American soldiers out of Germany by July 1st.

The United States Government has agreed to the appointment of the Krupp Director General, Dr. Otto Wiedfeldt, as German Ambassador at Washington, much to the relief of the Berlin Government. Some fear of his rejection had been entertained because of his Krupp connections. The new Ambassador is credited with extraordinary ability as an economist and economic politician, and has a fluent command of English. An American Ambassador to Germany, in the person of Alanson B. Houghton, has also been appointed and accepted. Mr. Houghton has already departed for his post.

The promulgation of the patent treaty of 1909 between the United States and Germany is being delayed pending a change in American patent laws, so as to prevent a revival of conditions prevailing when the United States entered the World War, under which Germany had extensive holdings in key industries in this country. At present, there is before the Senate provision for an amendment which will amply protect the rights and interests of the Unites States Government and of American citizens, which might otherwise be seriously impaired.

Russia.

The Volga Valley will be able to feed itself and will not require American food after September 1st, in the opinion of the Provincial officials and of the peasants themselves in the city of Samara and in villages along the Samara-Orenburg Railway, which runs through the heart of the famine district. The suffering is now at its worst in many villages far from the railways, or which have received only limited relief supplies by reason of the blockade in transport. American corn is already reaching the communes, and, with spring near, it is expected that it will only be a matter of a few weeks before the worst will be over. The Soviet Government, at present, is giving preference to seed grain shipments, and if the approaching harvest is a reasonably fair one, the Province of Samara will speedily recover.

On the other hand, the spread of disease has reached alarming proportions. Reports submitted to the Medical Congress of the League of Nations, in session at Warsaw, show that typhus, cholera, smallpox and diphtheria have such a hold in Russia and Siberia, it will require heroic measures for their control. It is said that every railroad train in Russia is infected with typhus. Municipal health organizations have ceased to function everywhere, and nothing has been done by local authorities to check

the spread of cholera. On March 31st, the American Relief Administration telegraphed to the Paris headquarters of the American Red Cross to rush to Moscow immediately a special courier with 2,000,000 doses of antitoxins, the largest single order for serum ever placed in France, exceeding even the war-time requirements of the French Army. Six million doses of vaccines have already been sent to Moscow from Paris. The Medical Congress of the League of Nations, in an effort to prevent the spread of the epidemic and, if possible, to stamp it out in Russia, has decided on three lines of action: to open Russia to international sanitary help, to draw tight the line on the Western Russian frontier and to organize outside of Russia expeditions against the epidemic within that country.

The Soviet authorities have announced that more than ten tons of silver and one hundred and twenty-seven pounds of gold have been requisitioned so far from the various churches, all of which, according to the official Soviet organ, will be used exclusively to buy food for famine sufferers. The treasures already collected are said to amount to more than 20,000,000 gold rubles, 1,000,000 of which already has been sent abroad to buy food. Intense feeling has been aroused throughout the country by this confiscation. In a few instances rioting has occurred, but generally there has been no active resistance to the seizures.

Special dispatches from Vladivostok on April 4th, report a clash between Japanese troops and forces of the Far Eastern Republic of Chita, when eight hundred of the latter refused the demand of the Japanese near Spasskoye that they disarm. Eighty of the Chita soldiers were reported killed. Later, the Chita troops attacked in force with field guns, and according to the reports, fighting is continuing along the Ussuri Railway.

The above dispatch followed reports late in March and early in April of various activities in this region. On March 28th, troops of the Far Eastern Republic were reported advancing steadily towards Vladivostok, "pursuing the demoralized and completely defeated bands of the Merkuloff troops," which were supposed to be operating under the more or less tacit approval of the Japanese. On April 3d, the Japanese Cabinet was reported to have decided on the immediate evacuation of Siberia, but this was never officially confirmed.

One effect of the recent clash is said to have been to hurry the Dairen negotiations between the Japanese and Chita delegates, which are now reported to be approaching a satisfactory conclusion. The final Japanese note has been answered, and the acceptance of the Chita proposals means, according to certain Japanese

papers, the beginning of Japanese withdrawal from Siberia in May. Meanwhile, the Russian Soviet Government has sent notes to Great Britain and the United States, protesting against the sale to Japan of ships and other Russian property by the Merkuloff Government at Vladivostok. The notes ask Great Britain and the United States to use their influence to prevent the delivery of these ships until the Government of the Far Eastern Republic has been reëstablished at Vladivostok.

Steps designed to maintain peace in the Baltic States were taken at the pre-Genoa Conference, held in Riga on March 31st, when delegates from Soviet Russia, Poland, Latvia and Esthonia signed an agreement favoring the principle of armament limitation and providing for semi-neutral zones on their frontiers, in which only a few guard-duty troops will be permitted. The agreement expresses a "sincere desire for universal peace," and stipulates that in the event any disputed questions arise, an endeavor be made to reach solutions by pacific means.

After hearing the grievances of malcontents concerning the recent changes towards capitalism, the Communist Party Congress, meeting in Moscow at the end of March, again resolved to follow the lead of Premier Lenine and approved his statement that "the retreat is finished." A suggestion was also approved to the effect that the power of the Council of Commissars should not encroach upon the legislative powers which the Soviet Constitution gave to the Executive Committee of the All-Russian Soviet, Lenine, appearing for the second time in the final debate over his previous speech, said: "To conclude that we are returning to capitalism is laughable. If we do not make political mistakes, then I say it is ninety-nine to one we will surmount this crisis, and the whole party, as well as most of the non-party workers and peasants, will be with us."

On March 16th, the first anniversary of the signing of the Anglo-Russian trade agreement, the feeling in both British and Russian official quarters was that the continued development of Russian trade depends upon the success which the Soviet delegates have at the Genoa Conference in obtaining foreign credits. The British Government, however, which is Russia's best customer at the present time, both as regards imports and exports, is by no means disappointed with the progress made in the first year of Russian trading. In spite of the famine and the many other obstacles to the reincorporation of Russia into the world's commercial system, it is held that the experience of the last year has done much to prepare the way. But not much more can be done, unless it is deemed advisable to extend credits to the Rus-

sian Government. With adequate credits, provided good harvests succeed the famine period, it is estimated that another five years would see Russian trade approaching its pre-war level.

Italy.

Outside of the Fiume troubles, and the resumption of factional fighting by the Fascisti throughout Italy, the most important matter of discussion has been the economic Conference at Genoa. At a preliminary session of Allied experts in London, on March 23d, it became apparent that Italy means to conclude a treaty with Russia, whatever the other Powers may do, and it is probable that Lloyd George means to do the same; if the proper guarantees are forthcoming. Contrary to previous announcements, the Soviet Premier Lenine finally decided not to go to Genoa because of illness, though there is a chance that he may go later if the Soviet position becomes critical.

The situation at Fiume still continues complicated, and the Italian Government is faced with conditions there approximating those created by d'Annunzio's refusal to evacuate the city after the Treaty of Rapallo had been negotiated. Meanwhile Signor Zanella, the expelled President of Fiume, and forty-nine other members of the Constituent Assembly who took refuge in Jugo-Slav territory after the recent coup, are holding official sittings in the latter country. These members, constituting two-thirds of the Assembly, have decided not to return to Fiume until all the legionaries have evacuated the city. At present Italian carabineers, occupying Fiume and Alpini to the number of 2,000, have been moved to the Fiume border. The Government of Jugo-Slavia has sent a note to the French Foreign Office suggesting that France and Great Britain coöperate in reëstablishing order in Fiume and in assuring the execution of the Treaty of Rapallo, but such action is regarded in French official circles as improbable.

Sanguinary encounters between Fascisti and Socialists have been resumed with all their former terror in various parts of Italy. Bologna, Mantua, Cremona, Leghorn, Forli, Parma and several smaller towns have been the principal scenes of disorder. The National Council of the Fascisti has passed a resolution asking the Italian Government to prevent the resumption of power at Fiume by President Zanella.

The Government of Premier Facta received its first vote of confidence from the Chamber of Deputies on March 18th, the vote being 275 to 89. The Minister of Finance, in a financial statement to the Chamber, estimated that the revenue for 1922 would amount to 12,500,000,000 lire, compared with approximately 11,000,000,000

lire in 1921. The Government, he said, proposed to coördinate taxation, whereby it was hoped gradually to return to a normal budget.

On March 18th, a general strike was proclaimed in all the ports of the Italian Kingdom as an act of solidarity with the port workers of Naples, following the latter's refusal to allow non-union men to be employed on the docks. For twelve days, all work at Genoa, Spezia, Bari, Leghorn and Brindisi was at a standstill. At Genoa alone more than a hundred ships, containing 300,000 tons of merchandise and forty shiploads of coal, stood unloaded, and for lack of coal many industries in Northern Italy were forced to shut down. The strike ended on March 30th, when the men accepted the Government's promise to introduce changes in the working conditions at Naples. A commission will be appointed to investigate, and make the necessary adjustments.

On March 19th, Italian military forces landed on the Greek island of Karpathos and arrested a number of the inhabitants. The prisoners, persons of note on the island, were removed to Rhodes. This incident was apparently the outcome of the seizure by the Greek Government of the Italian steamship, *Abbazia*. The *Abbazia*, which was seized by a Greek war vessel on the ground that it was carrying contraband of war for the Turkish Nationalists, has been since released, the cargo, however, being retained. Greece has also released the Italian steamer, *Umbria*, which was held in custody twenty-four hours, and the relief ship, *Francesca*, which was among the four Italian vessels that were seized in the Ægean and Black Seas. Italy, as well as France, has sent strong protests against these seizures to the Greek Government, and this has created a disturbing impression in the Greek capital.

A revolution against Italy broke out in Tripoli on a large scale in March. A Tripoli dispatch, by way of Rome, on February 13th, told of fighting between rebels and the Italian forces at Misurata, near Azizia. It was then stated that the Italian Government regarded the trouble as an isolated demonstration. Later dispatches, however, state that the rebels have cut the railway in many places and attacked the Italian garrisons. At Azizia, two companies of Italian soldiers have been surrounded. The Italians have evacuated Chater and Zavia, the last named town being on the coast, about one hundred and twenty-five miles east of the city of Tripoli.

April 14, 1922.

With Our Readers

FOR some time past, the honest leaders in non-Catholic religious bodies have been confessing the need of religion in education. The firmest supporters of the Public School System have been led to acknowledge the inadequacy of that system, in that it has failed to give the religious training, which is the only sure basis of moral life. This awakening has been the cause of many suggestions and plans through which the lack may be supplied. All such suggestions, thus far, have approached the difficulty, have, in some instances, partially met it, but have in no instances either fully realized the problem or adequately solved it. In practically all such plans, religion, which should have first place and which should be coördinated with other studies so that it may not appear to be an extraordinary and abnormal phase of life, is relegated to the last place and subjected to makeshift ways and haphazard methods.

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IT is, indeed, something to rejoice over and to be thankful for, that our non-Catholic brethren are awakening to the need of religious training for the young. It is to be hoped that they will succeed in securing and employing some method to meet the situation adequately. For it is quite plain to all students of our country's life, that if that life is to be vigorous and right, there must be constant instilling of moral principles backed up by that sanction which religion alone can afford. We wish, however, that they would come to see a psychological truth, one that they have seen in other matters, as, for example, in patriotism, that a subject that is treated as a kind of exotic or a luxury, as something that is not related to all other things, as something that has not to do with our daily life or our ordinary behavior, will never exert its just influence upon the mind and the will.

Perhaps some day our friends will arrive at that conclusion, and when they do they will find themselves in the Catholic camp of educators. They will then realize that Catholic educators have fostered and defended and put into practice the one policy as to religious training which can make religion itself not a subject of passing and momentary concern, but rather one of permanent, vital import in all the actions of life.

* * * *

TO such of our non-Catholic educators who have the best interests of our country at heart, we would highly recommend the study of a brochure on Catholic Education, lately issued by the Education Department of the National Catholic Welfare Council. The title of this contribution of one hundred pages is *A Catechism of Catholic Education,* and it is written by Rev. James H. Ryan, D.D., Ph.D., Executive Secretary of the Education Department of the Council. Presented in the form of questions and answers, the principles of Catholic education are there outlined with a clearness and convincingness that could not be surpassed. The success met with in the application of these principles: the sacrifices made for the sake of these principles: the facts that illuminate the history of the maintenance of these principles within the limits of our own country: these are all thoroughly treated and presented in their own objective strength. It is a work that must convince the non-Catholic reader of the supreme seriousness with which Catholics view the necessity of religion in education; and, we think, must convince him likewise that he and his colleagues will meet with success in introducing religious principles into the daily training of children, only when they bring to the subject a like seriousness. May we not hope, too, that the constructive character of this little work and the sweet reasonableness of its tone will go much further towards convincing our non-Catholic fellow-citizens of the need of religion than many volumes of diatribe and invective.

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WHATEVER its effect upon the non-Catholic mind, it is just what has been needed for supplying to Catholics themselves the great facts about Catholic education in our country that should not only give us pride in that history, but also inspire us to renewed and increased effort towards the maintenance and the perfecting of our school system. The very practical questions of the cost of educating the individual child; the cost of keeping up the teaching staff, the cost of school buildings; the average term of Catholic teachers in their profession as compared with that of teachers in other systems; the hours devoted to the various branches of study: these are but a few of the interesting topics placed before the reader in a concise and yet in a thorough way. For the one who would delve deeper, there is given at the end of each chapter a list of lengthier works upon the special topic.

The author has done the cause of Catholic education an inestimable service in a masterly manner. The National Catholic Welfare Council in the few years of its existence has accomplished

untold good for God and Country; but we do not believe that any effort it has put forth will ultimately surpass in results this statement of the necessity, the advantages, the system, the needs and the history of Catholic education in our Country.

CERTAIN self-constituted heroes have organized themselves into a brave body for the repulsion of a dire enemy that is invading our land. It is true, the foe against whom they propose to wage war is not the armed force of an enemy nation. The "number of gentlemen" forming the organization would probably, in such a contingency, be found far in the rear. Neither is the foe they go out to meet the body of criminals that are at present attacking the country in various ways and by diverse methods. No, the enemy against whom these brave men and heroes bold range themselves, is indicated in the statement of their purpose "to defend American democracy against the encroachments of Papal Rome."

* * * *

IT seems that most of us have been blind to the iniquity of Rome, especially those of us who are persistent in professing the Catholic Faith. We have not been properly aware of the growing malign influence of Papal Rome in this country, nor have we been aware of the insidious and injurious character of its encroachments upon the liberties of our beloved country. Now, then, has arisen this body of enlightened, not to say inspired, men who are not only willing to sacrifice themselves on the altar of patriotism, but who are also willing to give of their wider, deeper knowledge to their poor, benighted fellow-citizens; even to share all that they possess in this respect—for they are most charitable as well as brave—with the blinded dupes of "Romanism" themselves. In these selfish days, such an example of unselfishness stands out in striking relief. In these avaricious times, this generous concern for the ignorant and the deluded is refreshing.

* * * *

HERE are men of honest purpose—we must take their own word for it—who are determined to rid our country of a great pest. Here are highly educated men—for they are for the most part clergymen of Protestant churches—who deem it their duty to throw the light of "pitiless publicity" into dark places. Here are men of religious activity—for they are to carry on a campaign of Protestant evangelicalism throughout the country—whose hearts must be torn with irrepressible grief as they wit-

ness the delusion and deception of millions of their fellow-citizens who are led astray by the machinations and the fascinations of Rome.

Unfortunately, these soldiers of bigotry have supplied themselves with anything but up-to-date weapons. They lack the machine gun and the armored car. They have taken down from the walls the old-fashioned blunderbuss and rusted sword, weapons which may very reasonably fail them in the great crusade to which they have called themselves. "Romanism—submission to a foreign power." "Romanism—opposition to American liberty." "Romanism—the conquest of our country by the Pope." Such are the labels upon their old-fashioned arms, which, with their labels, had been scrapped long since.

* * * *

THESE brave fighting men stood in need of a great cause—and so they created one. They had tried other causes but had succeeded in none. Notably, they had tried to people their churches by preaching a diluted and negative form of Christianity and, in spite of their own personal qualifications, the cause had unaccountably failed. They had tried to obtain followers by descanting exclusively upon civic, political, economic topics and, again, as clergymen, they had failed, because they gave not "the bread of life." Now and again, separately, they have sought to attract by valiant attack upon the Church of Rome but, even with this potent advertising, they had failed.

There looms up the Great Negation with its uniting power and transcendent opportunity. Rome is so great that even to oppose it creates a great cause. True, the millions of Catholics here in America go about their daily duties and meet their civic obligations as conscientiously and as honestly as others, but, after all, these millions are dupes that need to be enlightened as to the evils of the religion they profess. True, in the recent War, as in past wars, the Catholic citizens of America flocked to the defence of the Flag in numbers far beyond what the percentage of Catholic population would demand, but these soldiers of the Republic, many of whom gave their lives, are now to be decried and despised because, forsooth, they acknowledge a Spiritual Head of their Church.

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IF one more proof for the justice of President Harding's recent regret as to the existence of religious intolerance were needed, surely we have it in this latest creation, "The Evangelical Protestant Society," with its professed purposes. We beg the mem-

bers of this society to meditate upon the President's words: "Religious liberty has its unalterable place, along with civil and human liberty, in the very foundation of the Republic. I fear it is forgotten sometimes. In the experiences of a year in the Presidency, there has come to me no other such unwelcome impression as the manifest religious intolerance which exists among many of our citizens. I hold it to be a menace to the very liberties we boast and cherish." The charter members of "The Evangelical Protestant Society" possibly stand, in their own minds, as valiant knights, brave men, exponents of liberty and tolerance, moral leaders of gigantic proportions, mental leaders of unlimited intellectual power, personifications of freedom. Such men deserve to have their names inscribed upon a Roll of Honor. Were the country duly alive to their greatness, surely such a roll of honor would be officially created. These "gentlemen," however, have created their own Roll of Honor. Let it be preserved, for it is useful to know the names even of those who are traitors to Country and to Christ.

A REACTION towards the philosophy of life that is Catholic in its character and history, is being evidenced today by many writers and students of our civilization. For example in an article, entitled "Dante and His English Readers," in the *North American Review* for April, Ruth Shepard Phelps has this to say: "Modern science tends to belittle the individual, to discourage him from imagining himself distinct from anybody else, almost from anything else, in the universe; but Dante conceived of humanity entirely in terms of separate souls. Man was insignificant to him, to be sure, in comparison with God, but important in comparison with the world. The sun itself was set in the heavens to 'light him by every path.' Today it is just the opposite: man questions God, denies or ignores Him, coöperates with Him, or even creates or evolves Him; but in the face of the physical universe he feels humiliated. And if modern science diminishes him, modern psychology bullies him, assures him that his own motives and emotions are not what he thinks they are, interprets his behavior by that of the lower animals, and informs him that he is not even in possession of his own personality, but must always be sharing it with various subconscious unknowns, fellow-lodgers in his *ego*."

* * * *

IN the same magazine, in the article, "Mediævalist and Modernist," John M. S. Allison writes: "To break with the past! That is the slogan in school and college. Yet, do we ever ponder, I

wonder, upon this strange fact? Without the Middle Ages, you and I would not be here; our universities would be things unknown, our Gothic structures would be unconstructed and our fundamental principles of liberty would be without foundation.

"After all, it was the Middle Ages that gave us these, and it is the antithesis of the Middle Ages that would destroy them. It is true, the Middle Ages meant groping in darkness, but it was not the groping of a man alone, for the mediævalist possessed faith and enjoyed the discipline of a reasonable authority that guided but did not limit too much his wanderings. The Middle Age man was our intellectual, as well as our physical, progenitor. But with the callousness of youth we deny his worth. In our pride at having invented steam engines, sawmills, movies and phonographs we have forgotten that the mediævalist accomplished a more fundamental work for us."

* * * *

A COGNATE sentiment has been expressed by the author of *The Mirrors of Downing Street* and other books that have attracted attention. He writes: "I am now fully persuaded by my studies that all guidance and all example in human life is determined by one's attitude to the universe. If we would have honesty in politics, and excellence at the head of social life, the atmosphere of our nation must be the atmosphere of religion. A nation must conceive of itself, not as a herd, but as a brotherhood. It must have in its mind a definite realization that materialism is as intellectually wrong as it is morally dangerous. It must know as it knows nothing else that 'the spiritual alone is the real.' It must feel itself infinitely responsible both to God and to posterity. It must believe, and it must act on the belief, that life is an evolution of spiritual power."

* * * *

NEEDLESS to say that the philosophy of life at least implicitly advocated, in these passages, is not strange to Catholics. For them the adherence to such a view of existence is in no sense a return, for we cannot be said to return to that which we have always possessed. The faith of Dante and the faith of the Middle Ages has been the faith of Catholics of all centuries and of all degrees of intellectual attainment. Of course, among many writers, there is evinced a tendency to ignore the Catholic view of life, as if it were something foreign to the scientific world. What suddenly dawns upon them as a great discovery of the shortcoming of intellectual appreciation today, is an old and everyday thing among Catholics, one of those immutable truths

bequeathed to the world by Christ. That a great portion of that world, especially in modern days, has disdained the divine bequest does not vitiate the validity of that bequest nor totally destroy its influence.

WITHIN the last few months a number of appeals have come to THE CATHOLIC WORLD from India. These appeals bring to our attention one of the Catholic activities in that far land, and explains why our magazine has been approached for aid. The requests are principally for reading matter, whether in the form of books or pamphlets, magazines or papers. In Alleppey, for example, in connection with the local Catholic Young Men's Association there is conducted a Reading Room, which is visited daily by a great number of Catholics and non-Catholics. In Palai there is another Catholic Library and Reading Room, inadequately supplied with only 1,500 volumes, the collection of which represents a year's painstaking labor.

* * * *

THE general condition and needs are graphically outlined in letters received from various parts of India. One writer puts the case as follows: "This place, as the rest of India, has a predominating Hindu population, which is fast becoming enlightened and educated. The various Protestant missions of England and America are helping these awakening people through numerous channels. They have their colleges in all educational centres and their Y. M. C. A. Hostels in all populous cities. They have opened their free libraries and reading rooms in all villages and towns, and they distribute, free of charge, thousands of Protestant Bibles, pamphlets and leaflets. It is needless to say that most of these publications make direct or indirect attack on the practices and doctrines of the Catholic Church and give a false record of her history.

"We have ample opportunity for work. Hindus find Protestantism 'dry,' while Catholicism, with its Mass and ceremonies, has an untold charm for the adherents of Hinduism, who love mysticism and are devoutly religious by nature."

Another, in referring to the missionary activities of a Congregation of native priests, writes: "That the Congregation has done good service in the Vineyard of the Lord, upwards of 10,000 souls in the mission field alone, converted through its instrumentality, bear witness today both by word and deed."

* * * *

THESE are but some indications of the Catholic missionary effort now being put forth through the preaching of the word of God, and through the Apostolate of the Press, among the 350,000,000 pagans of India. That the work should appeal to us is beyond question. That we should aid, if aid be within our power, is equally beyond question. THE CATHOLIC WORLD will be glad to furnish the proper addresses to any of its readers who wish to forward either literature or alms to the needy missions of India.

THE following letter explains itself and will be received with interest by our readers who will recall the Dante number of the magazine. We might note here that this number is still in demand, although the edition has long since been exhausted. Should some of our readers have no further use for their copies, we would be glad to have them returned to us that we might again distribute them.

NATIONAL DANTE COMMITTEE.
23 WEST FORTY-THIRD STREET,
NEW YORK CITY.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD,
120 West 60th Street,
New York City.

GENTLEMEN:

I take great pleasure in announcing to you that the National Dante Committee at its last meeting, held in the house of Mr. Thomas W. Lamont on March 9th, by unanimous vote, assigned one of the Dante Memorial Medals to THE CATHOLIC WORLD. The report reads as follows:

"THE CATHOLIC WORLD—in September, 1921, published a special number entirely devoted to Dante, which for variety of material and interest of subjects has been termed the best publication of its kind."

The Dante Medal was coined by the Italian mint with special permission from the Government for the Casa di Dante in Rome. A limited number of these same medals, were, by the Casa di Dante, given to the American Committee for distribution in this country, to institutions and persons who had mostly contributed to the six hundredth anniversary of Dante.

The medal will be sent to THE CATHOLIC WORLD as soon as the engraver finishes the work on it.

I am, Yours sincerely,

(Signed) JOHN H. FINLEY,
Chairman.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

The Spiritual Life, Collection of Short Treatises on the Inner Life. By Elizabeth Leseur. With an introductory letter from His Eminence, Cardinal Amette. Translated from the French by A. M. Buchanan, M.A. $2.00. *Manual for Novices.* Compiled from the *Disciplina Claustralis* of the Ven. Fr. John of Jesus and Mary, the *Vade Mecum Novitiorum*, by a Master of Novices, and other authentic sources. Translated from the Latin. $2.00. *Bunny's House.* By E. R. Walker. $2.00 net. *Short Sermons on the Epistles and Gospels of the Sundays of the Year.* By Rev. F. P. Hickey, O.S.B. $2.00 net.

BONI & LIVERIGHT, New York:

My American Diary. By Clare Sheridan. $3.00. *Anthology of Irish Verse.* Edited with an introduction by Padraic Colum. $3.50. *The Le Gallienne Book of English Verse from the Tenth Century to the Present.* Edited with an introduction by Richard Le Gallienne. $3.50. *Kimono.* By John Paris. $2.00. *Revelation.* By Dulcie Deamer. $2.00. *Vocations.* By Gerald O'Donovan. $2.00.

BLASE BENZIGER & Co., New York:

The Man Who Vanished. By John Talbot Smith. $1.75 net.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

The Oppidan. By Shane Leslie. $2.50. *Tide Rips.* By James B. Connolly. $1.75. *The Crisis of the Churches.* By Leighton Parks. $2.50.

HENRY HOLT & Co., New York:

The Veil. By Walter de la Mare.

THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:

Religion. Second Manual. By Roderick MacEachen, D.D., with a preface by Most Rev. Neil McNeil, D.D. *Religion.* Second Course. By Roderick MacEachen, D.D.

ROBERT MCBRIDE & Co., New York:

Youth Grows Old. By Robert Nathan. $1.50 net. *Hepplestall's.* By Harold Brighouse. $2.00 net.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & Co., Garden City, N. Y.:

Lucretia Lombard. By Kathleen Norris. $1.75 net.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:

Painted Windows. By a Gentleman with a Duster. $2.50.

THE PAULIST PRESS, New York:

Paul, Hero and Saint. By Rev. Leo G. Fink. $2.00. *The Indwelling of the Holy Spirit.* By Rev. B. Froget, O.P. Translated by Sydney A. Raemers, M.A. $2.25. *Why God Became Man.* By Leslie J. Walker, S.J. $1.50 net.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:

Liturgical Prayer, Its History and Spirit. By Rt. Rev. Fernand Cabrol, O.S.B. Translated by a Benedictine of Stanbrook. $4.50. *God's Wonder Book.* By Marie St. S. Ellerker, O.S.D. $1.50. *"On My Keeping" and In Theirs.* By Louis J. Walsh. 80 cents. *Saint Benedict.* By F. A. Forbes. $1.00.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS, Boston:

Consolation, a Spiritual Experience. By Albion F. Bacon. 75 cents.

THE FOUR SEAS Co., Boston:

Myrrha, a Tragedy. By Charles V. H. Roberts. $2.00 net.

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS, Princeton, N. J.:

Philosophy and Civilization in the Middle Ages. By Maurice De Wulf. $3.00 net.

FRANCISCAN HERALD PRESS, Chicago:

Little Office of the Passion. By the Seraphic Doctor, St. Bonaventure. Pamphlet. Single copies, 12 cents; in quantities, 10 cents.

B. HERDER BOOK Co., St. Louis, Mo.:

The Religion of the Scriptures. Papers from the Catholic Bible Congress held at Cambridge, July 16-19, 1921. Edited by Rev. C. Lattey, S.J. Second edition. 75 cents net.

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRUBNER & Co., London:

The Bridgettine Order, Its Foundress, History and Spirit. By Benedict Williamson with an Introduction by the Lord Bishop of Plymouth. 2 *s.* net.

P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris:

La Messe, par Adrien Fortescue, traduit de l'Anglais. Par A. Boudinhon. 15 *frs. Retraite Spirituelle, sur la Connaisance et l'Amour de Notre Seigneur Jésus-Christ.* Par Jean-Nicolas Grou, S.J. 4 *frs.* 4. *Le Choix d'une fiancée.* Tome I. et II. Par Louis Rouzic. 4 *frs. Sainte Gertrude, Sa Vie Intérieure.* Par D. G. Dolan. 6 *frs.*

P. TÉQUI, Paris:

La Vie Spirituelle à l'Ecole de la Sainte Vierge. Par Abbé Henri Lanier. 1 *fr. Devant l'Autel, Cent Visites à Jésus-Hostie, ouvrage traduit de l'Espagnol.* 3 *fr.* 50. *La Vie Spirituelle et l'Action Surnaturelle d'après l'Enseignement des Mystères du Rosaire.* Par Régis G. Gerest, O.P. 3 *frs.* 50. *L'Evangile de Paix.* Par Abbé Lecomte. 1 *fr.* 25. *Lettres d'un Bleuet—Henry Canoville, Aspirant d'Artillerie Une Année au Front, 4 Août 1917—29 Août 1918.* Par Th. Mainage, O.P. 7 *frs.* 50. *L'Idéal Nouveau et la Religion.* Par Mgr. Herscher. 3 *frs.* 50. *Le Règne de la Conscience.* Par Mgr. Gibier. 6 *frs.*

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APOSTOLIC AUTHORITY AT WORK.

BY H. E. CALNAN, D.D.

IT has occurred to the minds of most of us, I suppose, at one time or another, that to appreciate Divine Revelation in general, and the Church of Jesus Christ in particular, a man must be either exceedingly clever and learned, or just simply honest and sincere. And this is not surprising. For the works of Divine Wisdom and Power are wide enough and deep enough, on the one hand, to provide scope for the fullest activities of human intelligence; and they are plain enough and evident enough, on the other hand, to prove their own identity to any average intelligence that is moved to consider them. Indeed, this universal appeal of Divine Revelation is but the corollary of the supernatural destiny that lies before every individual of the human race. And within the wide limits of exceeding cleverness on the one side, and simple sincerity on the other, each one of us can find a niche for himself if he really wants it.

A man has no need to be a scientist, or a philosopher, or a historian, or an anthropologist, in order to obtain complete and accurate information about the way to his eternal destiny. He has merely to be capable of recognizing a trustworthy informant when he meets one; and he is capable of this almost as soon as he is able to distinguish his own mother from—let us say—the gypsy who wants to kidnap him. The true Church of Jesus Christ stands up, as a City set on a Hill, clear and unmistakable

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to the simple man who knows what he is looking for, and is looking for it honestly. Hindrances to his acceptance of it, or rather to his submission to it, will arise only from the prejudice which cripples simplicity, or from the incomplete knowledge which confounds it. If he depart from his simplicity at all, he will be obliged either to retrace his steps at once, or to plod right on through the wearying maze of increasing cleverness until at last he finds the gate of complete knowledge. He will open that gate and pass through; and, behold, he will find himself standing in front of that same little door of simplicity—a door which stands always open. And now he will be clever enough and big enough to bow down and creep through that little door, wearily perhaps, but gratefully, into the Outer Courts of the Kingdom of God.

Some such thought as this was doubtless in the mind of St. John Chrysostom, when he described the pagan saying: "I wish to be a Christian, but I know not whom to join. You have so many quarrels, so many seditions and disturbances. Which teaching am I to choose? What am I to select? Each one says, I speak the truth. Whom am I to believe? I cannot decide: I who know nothing of the Scriptures. I want to be a disciple: I want to be taught; whereas you require me to be already a learned expert." [1] The saint is thus led to point out the simplicity of the true method of finding the Church, viz., by means of certain distinguishing marks or notes, easily perceived, easily recognized as the property of the true Church of Christ and of none other.

Now, chief place among these marks or notes is given in the polemics of the early Fathers to the Note of Apostolicity: the fact that the true Church must be identical with the Church of the Apostles, having the same doctrine, the same organic constitution as the Church taught and governed by the Apostles. And this identity is sufficiently demonstrated by the unbroken and legitimate succession of its pastors right back to the time of the Apostles, finding its origin in the person of one of the Apostles. The whole question is covered by Apostolic Succession. It obviously presupposes Apostolic origin; for this is the *terminus a quo*, without which the succession cannot even begin. And if, as the hypothesis demands, the succession is legitimate, this secures Apostolicity of Mission. In less tech-

[1] *Cf.* Chrysost., *Homil. 33, in Acta.*

nical words, if there are any lawful successors of the Apostles in the Church of today, those lawful successors of the Apostles have received, by the very fact of their lawful succession, the mission to govern and to teach, which Jesus Christ gave to the Apostles: a mission to teach with divine right and authority, and to govern by virtue of a right and of an authority that shall be and is unfailingly supported, and ratified, and, if necessary, vindicated, by God's supreme Majesty.

The limits of the task which we have set ourselves here, do not require that we prove in detail that Apostolicity must be a mark of the true Church.[2] But the intention of Christ is, in any case, clear. He gave the Apostles plenitude of power and authority: "As the Father hath sent Me, I also send you" (John xx. 21). "All power is given to Me in heaven and in earth. Going therefore teach ye all nations: baptizing them . . . teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world" (Matt. xxviii. 18-20). And that the Apostles grasped this idea is clear from their solicitude to provide for the continuance of their work: the election of Matthias, the coöption of St. Paul, Paul's instructions to Timothy and to Titus, the Apostles' scornful repudiation of all unauthorized teachers, and a dozen other incidents. Moreover, if Christ's life and teaching mean anything at all, they mean an effort to place at the disposal of all men in all ages, reliable information touching man's relations and duties to God. In face of Christ's life, His character, His Divine Personality, it is flatly unreasonable to suppose that He meant to shut out any later generations from sharing this information. And we know that, in point of fact, He did provide for all nations "all days even to the consummation of the world." This in itself means Apostolicity somewhere.

That none of the religious systems separated from the Church have Apostolicity, can be shown of course on *a priori* reasoning, from the Unity of the Church. But in these days of the cult of the catch-word, when men's minds are so robust that they can no longer tolerate creeds and formulas and *a priori* reasoning: when, with magnificent gesture, these things are swept aside and replaced by hazy catch-words to be adored

[2] The main lines of this article were suggested by a conversation with a man who is staking his immortal soul on the truth of the Continuity Theory. And such men not only grant the need of Apostolicity: they claim it.

or feared as supreme and final, we must run with the mob and "produce the goods," we must avoid the *a priori* and proceed by demonstration.

We can, of course, rule out non-Christians.

Turning, then, first to the East, we see a dozen or more Communions springing from such early heretics as Nestorius, Eutyches and the rest: to whom their position was made clear by the Fathers and Popes in language of which Celestine's to Nestorius is typical: *"Aperte igitur hanc nostram scias esse sententiam . . . ab universalis te Ecclesiæ Catholicæ communione dejectum*—Understand, then, quite clearly that this is our sentence . . . you are cast out from communion with the universal Catholic Church."

We see, too, what a great living theologian calls the "Photian Churches." [3] And in all of them we find the same human origin. "These are they who separate themselves" (Jude 19). They separated themselves from the duly constituted body of the Church whose unity is inviolable. "I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world." Separation from the Church means separation from the Apostles; and this means separation from Christ. Their spurious origin is betrayed by the very fact of separation.

Moreover, when a new thing comes into existence, it requires a new name to distinguish it from the old. And in our present matter, the new name incidentally convicts the new thing of having separated from the old. Arians, Nestorians, Manichæans, Eutychians, Monophysites, Marcionites, Valentinians, Basilidians, Satiornilians, Encratites, Hæmatites, Docetæ, Photians—"these are they who separate themselves." This is the argument of men like Clement of Alexandria,[4] Justin,[5] Chrysostom. The point is, as the last named put it: "To speak more clearly, they have certain men after whom they are called. They bear the name of some heresiarch: so do all heresies. Our name no man gave us, but our faith itself. . . . They have a name which brands them, and stops up their mouths." [6]

The point where a sect broke away can always be distinguished: the torn place remains, ever raw, ever bleeding. So that the character of self-dependence, or self-sufficiency—in it-

3 Billot, *De Eccles.*, q. 2, §2.
4 *Strom.*, lib. 7, cap. 15.
5 *Dial. cum Tryph.*, n. 35.
6 *Loc. cit.*

self directly opposed to Apostolicity—can never be covered up, or hidden, or laid aside. They come from Arius, they come from Marcion, they come from Eutyches, they come from Nestorius: the Apostles are beyond their reach.

The Photian Churches, too, have lost the name that has belonged to the true Church from the beginning. They have lost the name Catholic: the name which appears already in the Apostles' Creed, is used by Ignatius, Martyr: "Where Christ Jesus is, there is the Catholic Church;" [7] by Polycarp, writing from the Church of God which is at Smyrna, "to all the '*paroeciis*' of the Holy and Catholic Church all over the world." Clement of Alexandria [8] distinguishes the true Church from all heresies, precisely by this name. Cyril of Jerusalem says that this name is the particular property of the Holy Mother of us all.[9] Then there is that well-known passage from Pacianus, who writing to Sympronianus, trenchantly sums up the position. The name, he says, which has stood firm for so many centuries, was certainly not borrowed from men. That name Catholic does not mean Marcion, and it does not mean Appelles, and it does not mean Montanus; it acknowledges no heretic for its author. He appeals to the use of this name by the "Apostolic men," by the first priests, by the blessed Martyr and Doctor Cyprian, by so many *annosi episcopi,* by so many martyrs, by so many confessors. And then he turns with shrewd thrust: "If these men were not competent to assume this name, shall we be competent to reject it? . . . But don't get excited, brother. Christian is the name of my stock *(nomen),* but Catholic is the name of my family *(cognomen).* That merely names me, this points me out: by this I am identified, by that I am only designated. . . . Thus from the whole race of heretics, our people is distinguished by this name: it is called Catholic."

The Photian Churches have, of course, never dared to claim this name as their own proper appellation; nor does anyone I have ever heard of imagine that the name Catholic Church means, unqualified, all or any of the Greek Churches. We do hear of Orthodox Catholics, it is true. But this is merely an aspect of a question which we may touch presently. And it is worth remark that even the term Orthodox requires qualification, in practice, to meet the needs of accurate and in-

[7] *Ep. ad Smyrn.*, cap. 8. [8] *Strom.*, lib. 7, cap. 17. [9] *Cath.* 18, n. 26.

telligible thought. Thus we have Russian Orthodox, Greek Orthodox, etc. The name Catholic does not identify them.

The point of rupture is there, too, still bleeding, still prominent, evident and unhealed. This is not the place to tell the story of the Eastern Schism. But we know how Photius tried to get confirmation from the Pope; and we know how he lied in his efforts to secure it. We know, too, that he was very soon deposed by the authority of the Church; that the Fourth Council of Constantinople declared him guilty of unprecedented insolence and audacity, and condemned and anathematized him. And we know, too, that when Michael Cærularius, two centuries later, decided to complete the evil work, and took upon himself the prodigious title of Universal Patriarch, and with an effrontery as ludicrous as it is amazing, reared himself up and brayed an anathema against all the Latin Churches, he, too, very effectually cut himself off from the See of the Prince of the Apostles. As Leo IX. told him, his act was detestable, lamentable and sacrilegious: *"Cum omnis Dei amicus hujusmodi hactenus horruerit honorari vocabulo*—For every friend of God has hitherto been horrified to be honored by such a title." You can hear the saint's disgust and execration in the very sound of the syllables. Once more a new thing had come into existence. The Apostolic connection had been lost. "These are they who separate themselves." From the moment that these churches, collectively or severally, became a separate entity, and inasmuch as they, collectively or severally, became a separate entity—separate, that is, from the authority of the See of Rome—they had an origin of their own, an origin independent of, indeed opposed to that Apostolic Authority from which severance had been effected. That is the point of rupture; that is where the limb has been torn off: the raw wound that can never be healed, save by a return to the parent-trunk where runs the vital sap that springs from the Apostles.

This is perhaps the place to remark that, of all the Sees founded by the various Apostles in the course of their individual labors, none save Rome alone retains, in point of fact at the present day, even a merely material succession of bishops from the time of the Apostles. Peter founded Antioch before he went to Rome; but Antioch fell into the hands of the Monophysite patriarchs under the Emperors Zeno and Anastasius, at the end of the fifth century. Alexandria, founded by

St. Mark, gradually lapsed into extinction under the influence of the Arian and Monophysite heresies. And in both these cities, the episcopal Sees were abolished at the hands of the Persian and Saracen invaders. The Apostolic See of Jerusalem, of course, came to an end when the city was destroyed by Hadrian in the year 130. As Bellarmine points out, Calvin admitted that in Asia and Egypt, hence in Antioch, Alexandria and Jerusalem, Apostolic Succession had been broken.

Constantinople having been accounted for, there now remains the See of Rome alone historically capable of claiming direct Apostolic Succession. We have not yet produced the proofs to substantiate this claim. But before doing so, we must turn and consider the position of the Lutheran and Calvinistic churches in general, and the Anglican confederation in particular.

We have pointed out above that the whole question of Apostolicity is summed up and decided in Apostolic Succession. And Apostolic Succession evidently presupposes, *inter alia*, episcopal consecration. For it consists precisely in the legitimate succession of legitimate bishops, succeeding each other in unbroken line from the Apostle who founded the See. Now, Calvin was not even a priest; and Luther and Zwingli admit that they were never consecrated bishops. Nor would it have helped them if they were. Their whole contention was that the Roman Church from which they broke away, was no longer the Church of Christ: the Church of Christ had lapsed. Whence then could they derive Apostolic mission, or any kind of mission at all? Their answer is ready. The ordinary Apostolic mission had lapsed; therefore by virtue of the common vocation of all Christians, every Christian was bound to do his utmost to fulfill the Apostolic office; called thereto by the extraordinary vocation rendered necessary by the extraordinary state of the Church, sent thereto with the authority of an extraordinary mission. Sent whither? To re-form God's Church.

But this answer is indeed "extraordinary" from beginning to end. It stultifies Christ's charge to the Apostles to go into the whole world and teach all nations: it ignores Christ's promise of His own personal and efficient help to those Apostles all days even to the consummation of the world; and it involves an astonishing failure on the part of Him Whose deliberate claim was: "All power is given to Me in heaven and in earth;" a

failure all the more astonishing, since it would stand out in rather impudent isolation in a life in which the Divine Omnipotence was used in every conceivable direction, entirely and absolutely and consistently at the will and pleasure of Him Who, to the exasperation of His enemies, and to the joy of His friends, very conclusively and very triumphantly proved Himself to be, by all the rules of common sense, the Christ, the Son of the Living God.

Moreover, it would be reasonable to require that extraordinary proofs be forthcoming of this extraordinary mission. And since the eternal destiny of all men would be at stake, these proofs should be such as would be evident and conclusive for all men. The original Founder of Christianity produced these proofs in His miracles. Indeed Luther and Calvin seem at one time to have realized the desirability of miracles. But the accounts of eyewitnesses of attempts in this direction, speak very plainly of failure in Luther's case; and in Calvin's case, of very crude and clumsy chicanery with a tragic ending.[10] It is not surprising, then, to find both Calvin and Luther repudiating the need of miracles. For, indeed, as Erasmus remarked of them and their followers: "There was never one of them yet who could cure a lame horse." The claim of extraordinary mission is undoubtedly very extraordinary: a word and nothing else: *vox, et præteræ nihil!*

Let us turn finally to our separated brethren in England. Can the words of Chrysostom be applied to them also? Have they a name which brands them, and stops up their mouths? We do not wish to be severe or unsympathetic. But it is the facts that matter. An interesting side-light is perhaps thrown on this aspect of the question by the fact that it is not easy to find a name for them. This may at first seem unfortunate for Chrysostom's line of argument as applied to them. But I think it will prove merely to illustrate that argument, and show that it is correct. I mean that it is difficult to find a name which they will now accept. The name Protestant, which, to judge by its legal use, would seem to be technically accurate, is frequently in practice faintly offensive. Many subscribers to the Thirty-nine Articles object to the name Anglican; and similarly to Church of England. Of course, they want the name Catholic. They might just as reasonably want the name

10 *Cf.* Gotti, *De Eccles.*, 1, chap. 2, §6.

United, or even Roman. Wishes are not horses; and if you say black when you mean white, or rock when you mean sand, or solvent when you mean bankrupt, or pounds when you mean pence, or right when you mean wrong, you will sooner or later get your life into a frightful tangle. We can play with words: but we do so at our peril. And, meantime, facts remain unaltered. Church of England, Anglican, Protestant, these are the new names that naturally became necessary to mark the new thing which came into existence by the fact of separation from the Apostolic See. The words of Chrysostom may be severe in this application; but they are to the point. The torn point of severance is still there, still raw, still bleeding, still painful: hence, perhaps, the desire to make contact elsewhere.

If there is one thing clear in history, it is the break-away of the Protestant Churches from Rome. There is no need here to labor the point of the precise connection between the Reformation movement on the Continent and the events in England under Henry VIII. and Elizabeth. Those units in the Anglican confederation[11] who claim the Continental reformers as their founders, are included in what has already been said. Those who claim an origin independent of Continental affairs, fall under our present consideration. We can grant them all the appearance of an episcopal hierarchy, a worship which largely preserves the lines of our liturgy, doctrines, however haltingly proclaimed, which do form part of the deposit of faith. But the facts of history are merciless.

Having recalled, first of all, that direct Apostolic Succession today exists nowhere save in the See of Rome, we must notice that full Apostolicity is secured for the whole Church by the fact that this Apostolicity exists in the principal See, and flows thence, in due measure, to all other Sees in communion with the principal See. This was the point of the oft-quoted text of St. Irenæus: "For to this Church (Rome), on account of its more potent principality, it is necessary that every Church, that is those who are on every side faithful, resort, in which (Church) ever, by those who are on every side, has been preserved that tradition which is from the Apostles."[12] It is a difficult text to translate, of course; and I have given the

[11] I must ask that this term be granted to me. I can think of no other. And present-day efforts towards greater comprehensiveness and so-called reunion, are merely, in fact, a movement towards the greater confederation of additional independent units. And this, of course, is not Unity.

[12] *Contra Hær.*, 1, 3. c. 3.

translation adopted by Berington, Kirk and Capel, in *The Faith of Catholics.*[13] The point is that in that Church, "the greatest and the oldest, recognized by all, founded and constituted at Rome by the most glorious Apostles Peter and Paul," the faithful scattered over the whole earth retain their contact with the Apostles. This is why it is not necessary for Irenæus to enumerate the succession of all the churches; because in any case Apostolic Succession cannot be retained independently of communion with Rome.

The point of contact is in that Church. The text simply does not bear the interpretation that the faithful coming from all sides are the agents preserving Apostolicity within that Church, and *for* that Church. This would introduce a patent contradiction into the context. Irenæus is confounding heretics with an appeal to the need of Apostolicity. He insists that all must agree with (or resort to) that Church of Rome; and this not for her sake, but for their own. She is safe enough: she has "more potent principality;" she is the greatest and the oldest, recognized by all, founded and constituted by the most glorious Apostles Peter and Paul: she has her "faith from the Apostles, coming down to us through the successions of her bishops." All others must have recourse to her, for in her they retain their Apostolicity. That is why it is not necessary to trace the successions of all Churches. If the others want Apostolicity, they must resort to her. And so Irenæus proceeds to trace her successions alone. To make "the faithful on every side" into the agents preserving Apostolicity in the Roman Church and *for* the Roman Church, is to make the usually very coherent Irenæus suddenly and inexplicably break out into some very inconsequent nonsense.

Apostolicity then can be had only by means of union with that one See in which direct Apostolicity exists. Separation from that See must involve the loss of the Apostolic authority which flows only through that See.

And now, was there a real rupture in England in the sixteenth century? Many Anglicans would have it today that there was not. But in that case, why were the bishops deprived for not complying with the Act of Supremacy? Why were they imprisoned for their non-compliance? Why were they branded as traitors for their non-compliance? Why were

[13] Vol. i., p. 248. Second edition.

so many recusants put to death for their non-compliance? Why was death the punishment for celebrating Mass, the central act of Catholic worship, as it had been celebrated up and down the land, in church and chapel and chantry, for hundreds of years hitherto? The words of the Act leave no room for doubt:

> No foreign person, prince, prelate, State or potentate, spiritual or temporal, shall at any time after the last day of this session of Parliament (*i. e.*, May 8, 1559), use, enjoy or exercise any manner of power, jurisdiction, superiority, authority, preëminence or privilege, spiritual or ecclesiastical, within this realm or within any other your Majesty's dominions or countries, that now be or hereafter shall be, but from thenceforth the same shall be clearly abolished out of this realm and all other your Highness's dominions forever.[14]

If this means anything, it means a clear repudiation of the authority of the Holy See. And the form of Oath included in the Act ran thus:

> I, A. B., do utterly declare and testify in my conscience that the Queen's Highness is the only supreme Governor of this realm as well in all spiritual or ecclesiastical things or causes as temporal; and that no foreign person, prince, prelate, state or potentate has, or ought to have, any jurisdiction, power, superiority, preëminence or authority, ecclesiastical or spiritual, within this realm; and, therefore, I do utterly renounce and forsake all foreign jurisdictions, powers, superiorities and authorities.

In face of language of this kind, it is frankly astonishing to meet apparently sincere men who will assert that nothing more was meant than a disciplinary enactment governing procedure rather than principle. Archbishop Heath and his fellow-bishops understood what it meant. Convocation of 1559 understood what it meant. Heath, speaking from his place in Parliament, said it meant the abandonment of all the General Councils, and of all the ecclesiastical laws of the Church of Christ.[15] If this is not separation from the centre of authority, then what, in the name of sincerity, is it?

[14] Cap. 1, 1st Elizabeth.

[15] *Cf.* Dom Norbert Birt, in *The Line of Cleavage Under Elizabeth* (Catholic Truth Society. Third edition), for a succinct demonstration of the radical changes effected in Jurisdiction, Worship and Orders; also, Cardinal Gasquet, *England's Breach With Rome* (Catholic Truth Society).

Then Trent pronounced anathema against all who rejected its doctrines; an anathema which holds good today. And certain of these doctrines are explicitly denied by the Thirty-nine Articles, and, presumably, by those who subscribe to them.

Further, in 1571, as the Prayer Book is careful to inform us, the Thirty-nine Articles were "deliberately read and confirmed again by the subscription of the hands of the Archbishops and Bishops of the Upper House, and by the subscription of the whole clergy of the Nether House in their Convocation in the year of Our Lord 1571."

Finally, whatever may be said of the undesirability of the Bull, *"Regnans in excelsis,"*[16] the Bull is there. Doubtless it did add to the embarrassment and the trials of Catholics (a fact itself significant in our present matter), but it does declare quite plainly that those who adhere to Elizabeth in the "aforesaid proceedings," have incurred the sentence of anathema, and are cut off from the unity of the Body of Christ. The "aforesaid proceedings" refer to Elizabeth's order "that books containing manifest heresy shall be used throughout the kingdom," *i. e.*, clearly, the Prayer Book, and the Book of Articles.

You have then the separation effectually achieved by all the parties concerned: by Act of Parliament, by General Council, by the hierarchy and clergy, and by Papal Bull. It was thoroughly done, indeed. And a final seal and confirmation was put to it all by the sweeping enactment of 1581,[17] which qualified as traitors all who should absolve or reconcile others to the See of Rome, or willingly be so absolved or reconciled. And thenceforth the rack stood seldom idle in the Tower.

No stretch of imagination or of words can call all this a mere change of procedure. There were principles at stake here: principles for which men laid down their lives. A new thing had come into existence. The part had risen against the whole; and the part fell away, broken off, to wither and die.

The protection of the State, and the accidental advantages arising from social prestige and an easy sufficiency of wealth, have secured to this new thing a spurious sort of life for a few centuries. But it is not the life of Christ's mystical Body: it is not the sap that runs in the parent-trunk: it is not the Life which is also the Way and the Truth. And now the protection of the State is failing; there are signs that the State begins

[16] Pius V., 1570. [17] 23d Elizabeth.

merely to tolerate it, often to criticize it, not infrequently to dictate to it, sometimes to laugh at it. Social prestige is declining as the age grows more democratic, and the largely irresponsible voice of a cheap press grows more clamorous and more irreverent. And what once was an easy sufficiency, has now become perilously close to the pinch of poverty. The sources of the spurious life are drying up; the life itself is becoming thin and feeble. And thoughtful men whose sincerity we have no right to question, see the need for new life and new strength. Some make a fresh bid for popularity and popular support, by the futile and all-unconscious foolishness of trying to accommodate religion to the undisciplined vagaries of what are euphemistically termed modern needs and aspirations. Others take refuge in social works for the care of men's bodies and men's purses. Others seek strength from confederation mistaken for unity. And some, looking back with longing to their Father's House, to the Mother from whom they are separated, with lamentable assurance that can only deceive and hinder themselves, claim that they are still members of that family. Their Mother, longing for them still, as a Mother will, tells them, No; they are cut off; they may come back to her welcome and her love and her care, only when they come back to her obedience, as soon as they submit to her authority, the authority received from her Divine Spouse, their Father Who is in heaven.

And now very few words are necessary to show how Apostolicity is the glorious prerogative of the Roman Church. For all that has been said hitherto, has had the object of showing that the others have broken off from this Church. And indeed, what an appalling state would she be in today, had she kept them! They rebelled: and she, conscious of her Authority and her inviolable Unity, cast them off, as in duty bound.

That glorious name Catholic has ever been her property. Her children throughout the whole world are known as Catholics. No addition is necessary, and all men know it. When an addition is made, it is made not as a qualification, but either as expressing a particular point of view of a particular individual with a particular ax to grind, or in deference to that particular point of view of the particular individual with the particular ax to grind: a mere act of toleration, a mere *modus vivendi*, a mere makeshift to avoid discussion here and now undesirable. And all men know it. I must confess that I

have never been able to be frightfully distressed at the term Roman Catholic. It can be used in a right sense, as pointing to that definite centre of that universal Unity which is the reason for the name Catholic. It adds nothing necessary for the precise definition of the Church. And no one save those with a particular ax to grind, ever affects to hesitate as to which Church is indicated by the name Catholic. That name is ours by right commonly acknowledged from the beginning. And in so far as the term Roman is used in the wrong sense with which we are all acquainted, we can afford to smile at it. It really scarcely deserves notice: it will fall by its own weight: it will die of its own suggested falsity. Other heretics have done this sort of thing before, as Augustine told Julian.[18]

It is not wonderful that heretics should try to give a new name to the Catholics whom they have left. The Arians tried to call us Homousians or Athanasians; the Pelagians tried to call us Traducians; the Donatists tried to call us Macarians; the Manichæans tried to call us Pharisees. It does not matter. The point is that only those with a particular ax to grind will try to give us a particular name to modify Catholic pure and simple. As Augustine said of the epithet Traducian, and as De Maistre said of the epithet Papist, it is merely foolish and impolite: *"Une pure insulte, et une insulte de mauvais ton, qui chez les Protestants même, ne sort plus d'une bouche distinguée."* So will it be with this spurious and artificial sense attached to this use of the word Roman. The whole thing is an illustration, conversely, of the force of Chrysostom's argument from names. It is the new thing that demands a new name; and the name, in this instance, remains.

And where in the history of the Church is there to be found any point of rupture: any raw wound marking a break from a parent-trunk? No founder, no time or place of origin, can be indicated for the Roman Church later than the Apostles sent by Christ. And of these Apostles, one was selected by Christ to feed both the lambs who are fed by the sheep, and the sheep who feed them: to be shepherd of the whole flock; to hold the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven; to bind and to loose; to confirm his brethren.

In virtue of his office, Peter preaches the first public sermon after the descent of the Holy Ghost: Peter is there to an-

[18] *Contra Jul., passim.*

swer for the Apostles when they are under arrest: Peter is there to cure the lame man: Peter is there to receive Saul on his conversion: Peter is there to preside at the Council of Jerusalem. He silences the confused arguments by a few authoritative sentences. It was no light matter to settle: it involved the whole question, whether Christians must observe not only the Gospel, but the whole Law, too. Peter spoke; and where there had been great discussion *(magna conquisitio)*, there was now silence: *(tacuit omnis multitudo)*. James and the others, whatever may have been their former opinions, accepted Peter's ruling as a matter of course. And the Council wrote to the brethren of Antioch, Syria and Cilicia, communicating the decision of the Prince of the Apostles.

Prince of the Apostles has been his title, right through Christian antiquity up to the present day. In his person he sums up the whole of the Apostolic Mission. And in the Apostolic See founded, as history shows, by him in Rome, and retained by him until his death, the succession of bishops has, in point of historical fact, been maintained without intermission, and without loss or change of Apostolic jurisdiction.

From Peter to Pius XI., the Bishop of Rome has, in point of historical fact, ruled the universal Catholic Church. From Peter to Pius XI., communion with the Bishop of Rome has been the link with the Apostles, the channel of Apostolicity for the Faithful everywhere. From Peter to Pius XI., separation from the Bishop of Rome has meant loss of Apostolic Mission. From Peter to Pius XI., the Bishop of Rome has been the centre of authority and of unity, through whom alone can be derived Apostolic Authority, Apostolic Mission, Apostolic Succession of Pastors ruling and teaching the Church of Christ, with the authority and the certainty and the efficiency of Christ, the Son of the Living God.

THE INCLUSIVENESS OF CHAUCER.

BY KATHERINE BRÉGY, LITT.D.

IT is in the spring or early summer that Chaucer should be read—or else, perhaps, upon New Year's day. For he is the poet of perpetual youth, of new beginnings, of vernal love and fresh enthusiasms. His symbol of joy, repeated again and again, is the cock crowing lusty welcome to the dawn. He sees and sings about the peculiar brightness of March sunshine. He starts off his Canterbury Pilgrims in April, the month of new-washed earth, when the

> Smalé fowelés maken melodye,
> That slepen all the nyght with open eye,

and folk feel the prick of the open roads in their heel. In the *Romaunt of the Rose* he declares "hard is the hert that loveth naught in May," that month of mirth, when his thrice-beloved birds bring everywhere their "blesful sweté song pitous." And in his *Parlement of Foules* he paints a landscape which to our northern imaginations must forever conjure up June, drenched with color, music, activity; leaves shining emerald-like, the smooth garden beside the river starred with flowers of white, blue, yellow and red, its cold well-streams full of silver-bright fish, the birds still singing on every branch "with voys of angel," the little coneys scurrying off to their play, the great buck, the hart and hind, never forgetting the

> Squerels and bestés smale of gentil kynde.

To some natures, youth is an explosive or a brittle loveliness, but to Geoffrey Chaucer it was so robust that he carried it all through his sixty years. To be sure, the later poems are more realistic, more wistful: they have learned the weight of the empty purse—the sad wisdom which makes its guess that "no man is al trewe." . . . But they are still incorrigibly interested in the world and everything in it. They never forget

what it has meant to be young. If they have grown up at all, it is simply that they have acquired that tender and humorous *inclusiveness* which never comes until youth is mellowed by the bitter-sweet of experience.

It was Chaucer's gain, no doubt, to have lived when the modern world was itself young and rather boisterous and very much alive—in that fourteenth century which was for his beloved England practically what the teeming thirteenth had been for nations further south—the seed-bursting of modern Christendom, the *vita nuova*, with all its unplumbed possibilities for better and for worse. But superficially, at least, it is our loss. Because from the very fact that Chaucer came as a "morning star," he came before his nation was quite awake. He came before its language, its institutions, its literary conventions, were steadfast; his own work was, in fact, to play an enormous part in stabilizing them for future centuries. Consequently, he himself must forever be read either in translation or with the help of a glossary. And there never was a writer to whom the letter of criticism applied less, nor for whom the spirit of understanding was needed more. There never was a poet who would have been more amused to find himself the admired subject of a seminar course! He was hilariously human, even in his most devout and most romantic moments, so that in the last analysis he must be judged by human even more than literary standards. And all the immense labors of the Chaucer Society, and of such scholars as Dr. Furnivall and Professor TenBrink, of Skeat and Pollard and the American Professor Lounsbury—work that is not merely valuable, but invaluable—may best be thought of as a ladder leaning up against the wall of Chaucer's garden. From the height of this ladder newer students may gaze across the top, and all in a moment drink in illumination.

For example, there is Professor Kittredge (of Harvard), whose vivacious and sympathetic lectures[1] recently pointed out the similarity between the fourteenth century and our own. As no small part of the poet's peculiar virtue of *inclusiveness* was chargeable to his age—with another large part attributable to the circumstances of his life—the point is worth following up. "It was an age of intense activity—a singularly 'modern'

[1] *Chaucer and His Poetry*, by George Lyman Kittredge. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press.

time," says this suggestive volume. "One is tempted to assert that all the problems which vex the world today either sprang into existence or made themselves especially troublesome in the sixty years of Chaucer's life. . . . Labor gave trouble in a dozen ways. The Black Death cut down the supply of farm hands throughout the country. Those who were left, once little better than slaves, asserted themselves in a manner that terrified vested interests and prompted futile legislation." Also, as he points out, industrial problems had been made doubly acute in Edward III.'s time by immigration; there were the changes brought into practices of war by the waning of chivalry—and the "Eastern Questions"—a quite excited interest in learning and the spread of education—and, finally, the fact that "anarchy borrowed the language of democracy" in challenging a thousand accepted rights of human government, and both the spiritual and political prestige of the Church. "It was a scrambling and unquiet time, when nobody was at rest but the dead. In a word, it was a good time to live in, and so Chaucer found it. But . . . it differs from our own in one regard: the man of intellect read everything he could lay his hands on; he did not confine his interests to his specialty, even if he had one." And with this crowded world Chaucer, whose "specialty was mankind," rubbed elbows early and late, working, bearing arms, holding public office, writing poems (and reading them), knowing *everybody*—high and low, hierarch and heretic, romancer, tradesman, astrologer—proving all things, but, as it seems, holding fast to that which was good.

The poet's biography must next come in for a share of benediction, since it so admirably developed, instead of deflecting or repressing, his native gifts. Indeed, that rather brief and much interrupted life story—a balance of thought and action, learning and firsthand creativeness, familiarity with the Court and friendliness with the people, pleasure and adversity—was in every way contrived to develop a universal genius like his own; or else, it may have been his universal genius which made it seem so! The date upon which most scholars agree for Chaucer's birth was the year 1340, and the place London. In any case, Geoffrey was the son of a London vintner of French descent—and as early as 1357 he was in the service of Elizabeth, Countess of Ulster, a daughter-in-law of the reign-

ing sovereign, Edward III. Two years later he went to war in France, where he was taken prisoner; but being amicably ransomed by royal favor, he returned to England and entered the King's own service.

It is distinctly pleasant to read of Edward granting, in 1367, a yearly pension of twenty marks to this *dilectus valettus noster;* and from this post of royal valet or yeoman, the young Chaucer was duly raised to the state of esquire, and launched upon the busy diplomatic career for which he was so happily suited. His wife, Philippa, was already one of the Queen's "damoiselles;" and if one accepts the legend that this Philippa was a daughter of Sir Payne Roet, and sister of that adventurous Katherine Roet who eventually became third wife to John of Gaunt, it explains several incidents of princely favor (and the lack of it) through his career. In any case, Chaucer's first poetic work on record was that *Book of the Duchesse,* which he wrote with even more than a courtier's grace upon the death of John of Gaunt's first wife, the Duchess Blanche, in 1369.

Three years later he seems to have performed a State commission to Genoa so satisfactorily that the King granted him the amiable additional pension of "a pitcher of wine daily." He was often abroad on diplomatic business after that—to France, to Flanders, to Italy. Sometimes it was to arrange peace, sometimes to secure trading posts; after his patron, Edward, had died, it was to discuss the marriage of young Richard II. But one suspects that these voyages meant much for literature also, and one of them probably included a meeting with Petrarch. At home, Chaucer seems (possibly because of John of Gaunt's continued friendship) to have been a rather constant office-holder: now as controller of the custom and subsidy of wools, or of the petty customs of wine; again, as official forester of North Petherton Park and clerk of the King's Works at Westminster and Windsor; last of all, as commissioner for repairs along the Thames embankment between Greenwich and Woolwich. And instead of playing "absentee landlord," it would have been quite true to form for the genial fourteenth-century poet to take real interest in these rather prosaic employments.

Throughout those younger years, it seems obvious enough that Chaucer could have had small time for poetry: although

they must have included, in addition to the *Duchesse*, the translation of the *Romaunt of the Rose*, and all the works now ascribed to his French period. But after his last foreign mission—it was to Italy in 1378—he produced continuously for fifteen or twenty years. He produced, for instance, the great tragedy of *Troilus*, and all the works of Italian influence. Then, in the fullness of his genius and experience, he conceived the plan of the *Canterbury Tales*, created that immortal and inimitable *dramatis personæ*, and gathered from new treasures and old his materials for the peerless whole.

Not that he was a recluse during those literary years—Geoffrey Chaucer was never a recluse! In 1385 he was Justice of the Peace for Kent, and the next year he was elected to Parliament from the same county—upon which no one seems to have laid excessive stress in those days. It is thought that Dame Chaucer may have died about 1387 (perhaps the very year the *Tales* were begun in earnest), and it is certain that from this time he walked more thorny ways than had been his wont. John of Gaunt, thanks to his heterodox views and his futile habit of kingdom hunting, was no longer a name to conjure with; and while there is not a shred of evidence connecting Chaucer with these vagaries, he naturally fell with his royal patron. In 1398 the poet was sued for debt—and probably about the same time, since he was always capable of seeing the humor of his misfortunes, he wrote that ironic little *Complaint to His Purse*. When Henry IV. became King, he was besought to grant Chaucer a new pension; and while he acceded to this after the usual delays, the poet-philosopher, the lover and server of his fellowmen, was soon to pass beyond its need. In the little tenement he had recently leased in the garden of St. Mary's, Westminster—on the very site now covered by Henry VII.'s chapel—Geoffrey Chaucer died on October 25, 1400. He was buried in the Abbey Church close by—where, sleeping quietly in that south transept, he was to leaven forevermore the Poets' Corner of his fatherland.

It was suggested awhile ago, that if one part of Chaucer's warm inclusiveness might be attributed to his century, another slice must be borrowed from the versatile circumstances of his life. But by far the lion's share must be charged always to the man's own heart. Now inclusiveness can never be described as a natural English virtue—one is not sure that it is

wholly a natural virtue at all. But Chaucer was inalienably *simpatico* in the broadest possible sense. He had tolerance, curiosity, patience, even, for the most amazing variety of people. The rain of his tears falls upon the just and the unjust, if only they are in trouble: and (far more difficult to most human beings!) the sunshine of his laughter dances across the evil and the good with an impartiality almost scandalous to smaller and straighter hearts. It is manifestly impossible here, and it would surely be found superfluous, to give any exhaustive summary of Geoffrey Chaucer's works, extending, as they do, all the way from highly romantic prayers to the Most Blessed Virgin, to praises for the unhappy ladies whom he describes as "saints of cupid." But a little glimpse into the *Canterbury Tales* is sufficient to prove the point. To be sure, the *Tales* are a storehouse: but even so, they are shorter than most of the classics of literature—or than many works not classics at all. They are not so long as the *Divina Commedia*, with which, in spite of all contrariness of aim, they share at least the flaming faith and hope of mediævalism. Nor are they within miles so long as the *Comédie Humaine*, with which they share that comprehensive and wistful charity, that universal brotherhood, which is perhaps the highest note of modernity.

Look just at the ordering of human beings in that priceless *Prologue*—which has been called, for wealth of its character-painting, the first novel in English literature. Now Chaucer, standing himself midway between the Court and the common people—a perfect example of the inspired bourgeoisie, to whom all things are possible—was aristocrat enough to head off his portraits with the Knight: *a very perfect, gentle knight*, too. This was the mediæval model of a gentleman, before the word fell upon evil days: a worthy man, lover of chivalry, truth, honor, courtesy, freedom, who had fought bravely in Christian and pagan lands, and had returned "with port as meeke as is a mayde," eager for his pilgrimage to St. Thomas' shrine. Next comes his son, the Squire, a rather dashing and amorous young person of twenty years—the perpetual matinée idol, the "great lover"—but none the less obedient in carving at table before his worthy father. With them was a single serving man, the Yeoman all in green, with bow and arrows. And then comes one of the most exquisite of all Chaucer's creations, the Prioress, Madame Eglentyne. There is all the

verisimilitude of a firsthand portrait in this dignified young daughter of the Church, with her entourage of a second nun, three priests—and two little hounds! Madame Eglentyne stands midway between the usual conception of a Mother Prioress, a *grande dame* and a *précieuse*. She is patently well born, well bred, well dressed: her extreme cleanliness, her daintiness at table, the mild extravagance of feeding her beloved little dogs on roast flesh and white bread, and the sensitiveness which must weep to see a mouse caught in a trap, all stand out conspicuously. As a woman she is always with us—gentle, gracious, stately, a little scrupulous, a little insistent upon her own dignity, but inherently the upholder of the world's ideals. As a nun, she is not the modern, democratic ideal. She was the religious of a century which needed models not merely of poverty and humility, but of compassion, delicate chastity, and the graces of a growing civilization. Even so Chaucer paints her, summing up with the comment that "Al was conscience and tendre herté:" and while the sometimes rough story-telling was not edited for her ears, one notices that even the hilarious host, Harry Bailly, grows courtly in speaking to her.

And over against this spiritual, sensitive woman is set her inevitable foil, the Wife of Bath. Ruddy of face, gaudily dressed, humorous and indelicate of speech, a capable business woman used to having her own way, she, too, is as true as possible. She will give generously to any cause, if only she may have first place in giving. She revels in pilgrimages, because they give opportunity for travel and merry company. She believes that all happy men are ruled by their wives: and she ought to know—for like her prototype in Samaria, she has had five husbands by Churchly rite, a few others by less orthodox count, and she now frankly admits her readiness to consider a new alliance! But through all her coarseness and quick temper and licentiousness, there is a terrible vitality in the Wife of Bath. She can thank God for all that she has known of life—and somewhere underneath the thorns, the germ of Faith still lives in her headstrong, hot-blooded heart.

Almost more dramatic than that between Alisoun and Madame Eglentyne, is Chaucer's contrast of the corrupt Pardoner and the holy Parson of a Town. This was perhaps the ultimate test of his inclusiveness: for while many a man may

divide his friendship between wise virgins and foolish wives (a little vulgarity being, in fact, one of the last blemishes men usually discover in a woman), it is almost inconceivable to look with equal eye upon the good and evil Churchman. And Chaucer does not look with equal eye. He is humorously tolerant toward the begging Friar, who is rather a bounder, too—and toward his "manly" Monk, who inclines toward horses, hunting and modernism. They have simply missed their vocations. But he does not love the yellow-haired, eloquent, cynical Pardoner—in whom one cannot help seeing a very outrider and incitement to the coming "Reformation." To the humble, hard-worked Parson, on the other hand, a *shepherd and no mercenary* to his scattered flock, Chaucer's art is on its knees. This Parson, in fact, inspires many of the noblest lines in the whole Prologue—one cannot resist quoting the immortal summing-up of every true priest, before and since, that

> firste he wroughte and afterward he taughte . . .

And this reverent, intimate study of the humble, devout and scholarly mediæval Pastor, together with the exhaustive treatise on the Seven Deadly Sins assigned as his tale (and borrowed, by the by, from Frère Lorens' *Somme de Vices et de Vertues*), ought to stand as stanch evidence of Chaucer's hold upon orthodox Catholicism in an age when many were led awry.

In another sense, the Pardoner is also an evidence of his creator's orthodoxy. For here one sees a real abuse of the Church handled frankly, humanly—not as it must have seemed to an outraged contemporary Catholic moralist, but as it would certainly have seemed to a genially scornful contemporary Catholic poet. The Pardoner is a venal hypocrite, and worse: a trafficker in indulgences, absolutions and spurious relics; but withal an actor of no mean parts, whose tale of Death and the Three Robbers is as stirring a sermon-story as one cares to hear. And there is just one spark of sincerity left in the man, which may some day save his soul alive. It flames up in that curious, half-vaunting confession of his own corruption before all the fellow-pilgrims—and in his sudden pitiful prayer that Christ may give *His* pardon to them all—*For that is best; I wol you not deceyve!*

Taken for all in all, it is a brave mustering of humanity gathered by Harry Bailly's board at the old Tabard Inn; scarcely a type or symbol of life is missing—but they are much more than types or symbols. Everyone recognizes the scholarly, threadbare, unworldly Clerk of Oxford, who prays for the good friends who buy his precious rows of books—and the boisterous, garrulous, masterful innkeeper or "Host"—and the worthy Merchant, so sadly disenchanted with his recent marriage—the Sergeant at Law, who loves to be thought busier than he is—the Doctor of Physic, whose "studie was but litel on the Bible"—the hard-fisted, coarse-mouthed Shipman—the Cook, an important person liable to get drunk—the Plowman (brother of the Parson), who is all that a laborer should be—the wily Miller, who is all that a laborer should not be—and, finally, the subtly submerged Poet himself, very quiet, seemingly "short" of wit, with downcast eyes which see everything and know too well what is in the heart of man.

Chaucer does not even forget the inevitable antipathies of his group: the wordy battles between Miller and Reve or Summoner and Friar, the half-disguised hostility of the Oxford Clerk and the Wife of Bath, the nearly violent altercation between Harry Bailly and the Pardoner. And one conflict, utterly in character, must be read almost wholly between the lines. The Shipman has told a ribald, rather anti-clerical story, bound to jar upon the ears of the holy Parson and the Prioress—when it happens that she herself is the next one called upon for a tale. Madame Eglentyne accedes gladly; and without comment on what has gone before, she breaks first into a prayer to Christ's Mother, the *white lily flower* of virginity, and then into the exquisite legend of the little boy martyred by the Jews for singing her praises. Very guilelessly she tells the guileless story, and the pilgrims are spellbound into silence. Then, having casual cause to mention an abbot, she remarks sweetly that he was a *holy man—"as all monks are, or ought to be."* . . . It is one of the finest rebukes in literature.

Was Geoffrey Chaucer *too inclusive,* one sometimes wonders? Did his all-understanding, all-pardoning art betray him sometimes into a very excess of tolerance toward sin as well as sinner? He himself seems to have thought so in the later years; and in his little leave-taking he begs not only the reader's prayers for his soul, but also God's pardon for his earlier

translations of *worldly vanities*, for "many a song and many a leccherous lay," and even for some of his Tales of Canterbury. Indeed, in his excess of zeal the poet seems to regret all his work not devotional or ascetical in character! Naturally, no one will be found to share this pious regret—nor should it be construed as more than a temporary reaction in Chaucer. He was not made to grieve over the sins and sorrows of fallen man, but to rejoice that, even fallen, his life was still so brave and big in possibilities. That is why Aubrey de Vere found him a symbol of all the scarcely-comprehended versatility of the *Moyen Age*. "The Middle Ages were cheerful ages," he insisted, "and if their great Italian representative, Dante, was the most spiritual of poets, Chaucer, their great English representative, was the most mirthful and human-hearted."

Dryden was not one of the most inspired of Chaucer's critics, for he could not wholly escape the singular eighteenth century condescension toward its predecessors, but he found the perfect word for the Canterbury Pilgrims. Perhaps the poet rather than the critic in him was speaking when he said simply: "Here is God's plenty." In these men and women one sees evil and good not blended so much as mixed: precisely as in God's great world the wheat and the tares grow up together for the final harvesting. His Pilgrims are humanity. They are as various as humanity, as vital, as perfect and as perverse. The one bond of union is that common goal, Canterbury—

> The hooly, blisful martir for to seke . . .

The shrine of St. Thomas is to be their testing. There, at Canterbury, it shall be proved who has come for curiosity, who for adventure, who for fear, who for love. In a sense, it is to be their final judgment: and either from accident or from design, Chaucer leaves his Pilgrims this side of that awesome goal. He leaves them *en route*—to Eternity.

A PROTESTANT EXPERIMENT IN RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

BY JAMES H. RYAN, D.D., PH.D.

THE Week-Day Religious School is an educational experiment of the Protestant bodies of the United States which is attracting national attention, not only in Evangelical circles, but amongst Catholics as well. This movement is quite recent, dating from 1916. During the last two years it has received a remarkable impetus due to many causes and contributing factors. The development of these schools in 1921 has been altogether surprising (more than ninety per cent. of them having been established in that year), and has given rise to the belief that the experimental stage has been passed and that the need of such schools has been firmly established. They have become a matter of permanent policy with certain religious bodies. The communities which have tried out this form of religious education are loud in their praise of its accomplishments and possibilities. The acceptance of the Religious Week-Day School as a vital adjunct to the Church is regarded as opening up new fields for service, the extent of which can only be very inadequately gauged by the experiences of the last five years. Religious thinkers see in it the solution of a problem which Protestantism has long recognized as of major importance, but has failed to do much more than speculate about.

It is an incontrovertible fact that the religious education of the great majority of American children has been grossly neglected, except by Catholics and Jews. The Sunday School has been a mere makeshift. No one knows better its defects and lack of permanent results that those most intimately acquainted with its organization and work. The public school has been unable to give a satisfactory training in religion. The result has been that millions, some say over twenty-seven millions, of our children are growing up with no religious instruction whatsoever. "Probably three children and youth out of four under eighteen years of age are receiving no religious instruction."[1] A writer in the *Bulletin* of the Presbyterian

1 *The New Program of Religious Education*, by George Herbert Betts, p. 19. New York: Abingdon Press.

Board of Publications and Sunday School Work, 1920, has complained of the lack of religious education among Protestant children. "The Religious Education Division of the Inter-Church World Movement reports that the 1,600,000 Jewish children in the United States received an average of 250 hours religious education annually. The 8,000,000 Catholic children receive 200 hours of religious education annually. But the Protestant children receive an average of only 26 hours of religious education annually. What we supremely value we take pains to pass on to our children. Do the Jews prize their religion so much more highly than Protestants? Do the Catholics realize the value of their religious heritage so much more than the Protestants? Here is an appalling failure of Protestantism, a failure that threatens its life."

The Religious Week-Day School is looked upon by many today as the answer to the question, "Shall our children be educated without any knowledge of God?" If the Sunday School has failed and the public school cannot teach religion, the week-day school is a possible medium for giving what cannot be obtained elsewhere. The majority of the advocates of this idea are frank in expressing the need of more religious instruction. Since the close of the War, the breakdown of individual and social morality has made the need doubly evident. Add to this fact the growing conviction that a purely secular education is faulty because it does not educate the whole man. To make a man socially efficient, we must include in the concept of education, processes which will lead to a well-rounded development of his religious and moral powers. Conscience, respect for self, for one's neighbor, for the State—in a word, the training of the heart is as indubitably of the essence of education as is the training of the intellect. If education means anything, it means adjustment, not to any department, but to the whole of life. Public education in the United States has been unmoral; it has been non-religious. It has failed (a fact which its most ardent supporters acknowledge) to train a body of citizens imbued with high and noble religious ideals.

The primary cause, however, seems to be "that the Church must resume its teaching function and accomplish its work by a process of education."[2] In the past "the Protestant Church has never taken religious education seriously."[3] Today, "the

[2] Erwin L. Shaver, *Religious Education*, April, 1922, p. 83. [3] Betts, p. 63.

promoters of religious education tell us that the primary obligation and opportunity of the Church, standing out ahead of all other obligations and opportunities whatsoever, is the religious education of its childhood and youth."[4]

Some, probably all, of these causes have influenced religious leaders in their demands for fuller opportunities for the child, especially in the much neglected field of religious education. The Religious Week-Day School is an honest attempt to meet this demand made upon the Church. It is true that it will be looked upon by some as a reactionary step. This view, however, can be held only by those so imbued with the secularist philosophy of education that they are willing to continue a condition known and admitted to be destructive of the religious sense. On the contrary, it is testimony to a conviction which almost every forward-looking man acknowledges that the Protestant Church erred in accepting, in such wholehearted fashion, the educational ideas of Horace Mann and sold its religious heritage for a mess of secular pottage. If it is reactionary to retrace their steps in the direction of an adequate religious education, evidently these bodies are not frightened by being called names.

The Week-Day Religious School is, therefore, the Protestant response to conditions which are admittedly bad, and are becoming worse. It is as well a new effort on their part to hold millions of children in their loyalty to Evangelical doctrines. The losses which Protestantism has sustained in the United States during the past quarter of a century can be traced directly to the public school. Every honest student of contemporary history knows this. The situation cannot be remedied, however, by recalling the public school to the old Protestant allegiance. The public school has passed from that forever. It is now, definitely and beyond recall, a secular system of education—and the Evangelical Churches must be blamed for the defection.

A very careful survey of Week-Day Religious Education was recently made by Erwin L. Shaver, Professor of Religious Education, at Hendrix College, Conway, Arkansas. The results of this survey appeared in the April number of *Religious Education*. Three hundred and twenty-four schools reported to Professor Shaver. Some of these are individual schools,

[4] Betts, p. 23.

located in churches, and have no relation to any other school, either church or public. Others are conducted in public school buildings. One hundred and fifty-five schools are of the individual or coöperating type, whilst one hundred and sixty-nine are members of a system, loosely joined together on the basis of location, being situated in the same neighborhood, town or city. In the latter case, the system is controlled by a governing board made up of members of the various contributing denominational bodies. There is no uniformity in the number of schools which make up any one system. The number ranges from one to twenty-four schools, the average being three.

Religious Week-Day Schools are found in practically all States of the Union, the largest number being in New York, Illinois, Indiana, Minnesota and Michigan. New York has fifty-four such schools. No particular significance can be attached to the distribution of these schools. They are generally situated, however, in communities where there is a large and active Protestant body or where they have received the support of the local public school superintendent, as in Gary, Indiana. In this city the superintendent is not only responsible for the initiation of the movement, but has coöperated in the development of the Gary Religious System, which now consists of nine schools. The movement is, therefore, widely scattered. It can hardly be said to have taken on as yet the aspects of a national Protestant effort towards providing religious education. After ten or twenty years of experimentation, one may be able to judge more correctly of the vitality and possibilities inherent in this new religious programme. That it possesses vitality, no one acquainted with the facts will deny. Whether it shall live and grow to the stature of an important religious educational movement, depends more than anything else on the tact of the leaders who are so vigorously advocating its extension.

The three hundred Week-Day Schools are now teaching approximately fifty thousand children. This figure is small in comparison with the two million children reached by the Catholic school, nor does it in any way approach the number of children served by the Jewish school. It is evidence, however, that the Week-Day Religious Education Movement has, in spite of its youth and lack of organization, become an important factor in the spread of Evangelical doctrines in the United States.

The government and administration of the Week-Day School is generally in the hands of a local board made up of members of the dominant or coöperating religious group which maintains the school. This board is composed of members who, besides being adherents of the church, often hold administrative positions in the public schools. The Methodist body seems most interested in the movement, and has perhaps done more to formulate the programme as well as to guide the forces back of this new departure than any other religious organization. The Presbyterians, Christian Church, Disciples, Baptists and others have coöperated. There has not been anything like a fusion of forces up to date and, from present indications, there is little reason to believe that any influence will be powerful enough to break down denominational barriers to the extent of supporting a common educational programme.

The Religious Education Association, a national organization, for almost twenty years has been leading the fight for a unified plan of religious education. By annual meetings, conferences, surveys and the diffusion of literature, it has sought to arouse the Evangelical conscience to the need of religious education, and to focus public attention on the contributions of the church school to our national life. Whether the influence of this body shall be powerful enough to guide the difficult and, at times, conflicting currents in the Week-Day School into channels where they will flow in a smooth and orderly fashion, is a question which only the future can settle. On one thing the Protestant bodies are united. They are unanimous in their demands on public school authorities to permit children to attend these schools of religion, even though this attendance must interfere somewhat with the programme laid down by the authorities for the public school child.

The Week-Day Religious School has received the approval of many public school officials. In some cases they have gone farther than mere approval by actively coöperating with the religious school or by giving it every facility for development. Classes are dismissed to permit attendance at the religious school; in many cases public school buildings and equipment are used. Public school officials have not attempted the exercise of any control over the religious school. In some instances they keep the record of attendance. On the whole, the supervision is purely nominal. Public school boards have recog-

nized officially the existence of these schools by permitting attendance at them on public school time. The extent of this recognition depends upon local conditions as well as on State laws. Carl Zollman, in an article, "The Legal Basis,"[5] points out the legality of the teaching of religion in the public school in spite of adverse constructions of the law by the courts of Wisconsin, Illinois, Nebraska and particularly Washington, where reading of the Bible in the public school has been judged "sectarian instruction." Whilst practically every State in the United States, many by constitutional amendment, expressly forbids the appropriation of State funds to aid sectarian institutions of learning, there is a growing tendency to interpret the law liberally in the interest of religious education.

The specific problem of the Religious Week-Day School—namely, the teaching of religion in a tax supported institution—has never been adjudicated, except in one case. The State Constitution of Washington provides:[6] "No public money or property shall be appropriated for or applied to any religious work, exercise or *instruction,* or the support of any religious establishment." Mr. Dibble contends that this constitutional prohibition does not affect the Week-Day Religious School. It prohibits religious domination of the public school by any one sect or discrimination in favor of any one sect. He cites the example of the Constitution of other States to minimize the severity of the Washington prohibition. The courts, it should be noted, are at great variance in their interpretations of the right of religious organizations to use public school buildings for religious purposes. A large number approve the use. Mr. Dibble concludes[7] that: "If the various denominations paid a rental sufficient to cover these items (light, heat, janitor service), and compensation for the use of the room, there will be no legal objection to the plan in Illinois, and probably not in Indiana, Ohio and Michigan. In Wisconsin, however, it seems that such use of the school building would not be permitted under any conditions."

When the religious school is conducted in a building under the control of a religious organization, it is probable that public school boards in most States could legally recognize the

[5] *Religious Education*, February, 1922.

[6] Charles L. Dibble, "Specific Legal Provisions on Week-Day School," *Religious Education*, February, 1922, p. 45.

[7] Page 48.

work done there by giving credit for it. There seems to be little or no question at all of the right of parents to send their children to such schools without violating the compulsory school attendance laws.

That the Evangelical Churches intend to make use of the law in so far as it is favorable to religious education, is evidenced by the statement of Dr. Betts: "The right of religion to a part of the week-day time or to some time in the vacation period is a new thought which the Protestant Church is just now taking up."[8] Not only from the pronouncements of the leaders in the movement, but particularly from a study of their methods of attacking the problem of religious education, one may conclude that the advocates of the Week-Day Religious School have no intention of divorcing it from the public school system. Shaver speaks "of the nearness of this movement to the work of the public school system."[9] "Religious education in coöperation with the public school" is the slogan of the Week-Day School.

Some may see in these efforts to use the public school for the purpose of religious education, a sinister move aimed at eventual control by the sects of our system of public education. No such purpose appears in the voluminous literature of the friends of the Week-Day School. Nor could such a purpose be successful if contemplated. There is hardly one chance in a thousand of the public school ever again coming under Protestant domination, at least to the extent exercised in the period 1840-1890. The Religious Week-Day School may be a last, and hopeless, attempt to recover control of the public school. Competent students of the situation, however, see in it nothing more than the expression of a sincere desire on the part of Protestant leaders to supply the defects of public education and to preserve the denominational loyalty of the rising generation, against which every educational influence seems to militate.

The aim of the Week-Day Religious School, as expressed by Mary D. Newton, Educational Director of the Protestant Teachers' Association, is "through the medium of song, story and study of the Bible to help all the children they can reach to 'grow in grace and in the knowledge of Our Lord Jesus Christ,' but to do it in a well-trained and progressively efficient

[8] Page 51. [9] Page 128.

manner." The study of the Bible appears to be not merely the main, but the only subject of study in these schools. The curriculum is built around the Bible. Information about the Bible, stories from the Bible, Biblical memory gems, constitute the major portions of the scholastic work. The teacher is satisfied if she has succeeded in communicating to the child a definite amount of information drawn from the Bible.

No effort is expended to coördinate the teaching of religion with the other subjects of the school curriculum, nor to motivate it with the facts and principles of Christian life. The everyday life of the child, as well as the moral problems which he must daily face, are kept in the background. But a slight attempt has been made to bring the Biblical story into vital reference to the child's experience and needs. The curriculum of the Week-Day Religious School expresses no higher educational standard than that of the average well-conducted Sunday School. In fact, it has been transplanted root and branch from the Sunday School. There has been some advance in the matter of method; the viewpoint is not so completely one of the mere acquisition of knowledge; the "Sunday atmosphere" has been dispelled from the class-room and from the subject matter of religion; some insistence has been placed on the acquiring of religious knowledge by handiwork, projects and the development of religious attitudes and worship. The most promising indication is that the teachers themselves are not satisfied either with the curricula used or the methods in vogue. All acknowledge the experimental character of the schools as now conducted, and look upon them as but the initial stage in a programme of religious education, based on sound pedagogy, for which they are searching.

What the future holds in store for the Religious Week-Day Education Movement, one can only conjecture. In view of the results already achieved, its leaders have high hopes of a wide and significant extension of the idea. They acknowledge, however, that progress can only come by the adoption of new and better teaching methods, and by a closer coördination of the agencies behind the movement. All admit that if local churches or national religious bodies, through a spirit of jealousy or rivalry, seek to control the school in the interest of any one denomination, disaster is certain to ensue. To avoid that, a representative central body, from which would come

guidance, inspiration and coördination of the work, is advocated.

Catholic educators see in the Religious Week-Day School a notable departure from the prevailing Protestant attitude which seeks to divorce religion and education. This growing interest in the need of a fuller and deeper acquaintance by means of education with the truths of Christianity, is not merely a justification of the age-long battle which has been fought by Catholics. It is public acknowledgment that we were right in our contention that one of the major functions of the Church is to educate. "The Roman Catholic among all churches has been the most consistent in the use of the educational method in religion. So insistent is this church that religion shall be made an integral part of the education of its young, that Catholic children are withdrawn in large numbers from the public schools and sent to the schools of the church, where they are taught religion along with their geography and grammar."[10] Shall the Protestant denominations go the full length of logic and build up a parish school system of their own? I think not. They are committed to the public school, and will strive to reform it rather than assume the tremendous burden of building up a school system of their own.

The rapid development of the Week-Day Religious School brings to the fore the question of what attitude the Catholic Church will take in case the non-religious character of the public school should be transformed by a practical recognition of the rights of the different churches to provide religious education for their communicants. The plan of combining the teaching of religion by different denominations with the teaching of other subjects in the State school has worked satisfactorily in some countries. It has been, we are told, successful in Canada. But conditions in the United States are not duplicated either by those of Canada or by Europe. Since revolutionary days, the Church has maintained a separate system of schools. It is now definitely committed to the parish school. The Catholic people have willingly made tremendous sacrifices for these schools. It is inconceivable, therefore, that the Church would give up its wonderful parish school system, in which over two million children are being educated today, in order to escape the financial burden of maintaining it, even if the State should

[10] Betts, p. 51.

provide all the necessary requirements and safeguards for a complete training of our children in their religion. Neither is it probable that the Catholic school system shall be maintained with the limitation that Catholic children be allowed to frequent the public school after a certain age or after a certain period of training in the parish school. The acceptance of any such plans would involve many serious difficulties, the solution of which is a matter which would vitally affect interests deeply intrenched in our Catholic life.

The Church cannot regard as satisfactory any system of education in which religion is not the foundation of the whole curriculum. Her first duty is to train her children in the knowledge and practices of the Faith. This does not mean that her schools neglect the teaching of the other branches of human knowledge. Religion in the Catholic school is the main subject of the curriculum. It is not, however, the only subject. In the public school, the emphasis is placed on the secular subjects to the total exclusion of religion. It is almost beyond belief that public school authorities, due to pressure brought to bear on them by religious organizations, will ever change so completely the direction of the public school as to bring it in line with the Catholic philosophy of education. Until that is done, no Catholic would think of giving up the Catholic school for any diluted form whatsoever of the public school.

APOCALYPSE.

BY L. SIMMONS.

In simple wise the revelation fell—
Upon a day of grief and blind despair
Wherein the nail-pierced Hands and tortured Brow
Flashed into poignant meaning; then and there
The distant Christ drew close—a Friend new found;
"Lo—and *thou, also!*" sang the shining air!

A SAINT IN THE MAKING.

BY MAY BATEMAN.

OF all "tremendous adventures," the quest of God is the most wonderful, the most beset with difficulties from without and within. There is no real rest ever for Christ's humblest knight-errant until that last enemy, which speaks at times with such incomparable sweetness, is finally put to flight. Only those who have set to work seriously to vanquish self have any knowledge of how self may disguise itself: as an angel of light; as a maker of false halos; as a lens which reflects life from the wrong angle. And yet, not until the victory is won, can God wholly enter in, take full possession of His own—the soul shaped in His Image, able not only to receive, but to give out the Light with which He floods it.

René Bazin's life of Charles de Foucauld, explorer and hermit,[1] which has just been published, is the story of the making of a saint from human material by just these means. The London *Times* reviewer says: "It is long since we have opened a more interesting and indeed thrilling book than this volume, in which travel, the most exciting adventure and the psychology of a mystic are so singularly blended." All this is true, but much more is true, too. The Catholic who wants to be simplified—the Catholic, in a word, who wants to grow—must inevitably be moved and stirred and put to shame and be made proud, by this extraordinarily human document of a man whose acts were called superhuman by his fellowmen over and over again.

Charles de Foucauld is emphatically "of this very day and hour." Many of the dear remote saints of old seem literally "inimitable" because they moved in an atmosphere and conditions so different from our own, that their warmth and color affect us more as the warmth and color of a picture would, than actual heat and light. But Charles Vicomte de Foucauld is "true" for us in the same sense that Foch, Pershing and Haig are "true." We possess, quite possibly, amongst our own ac-

1 *Charles de Foucauld*, by René Bazin. Paris: Librairie Plon.

quaintances, men who knew him personally in Paris or Morocco or the desert; who were eyewitnesses of that amazing change in him which God, working directly in his soul, wrought. We might even make, without insuperable difficulty, a pilgrimage to the place where the body of the soldier-monk de Foucauld lies near the body of that "monkish-soldier," General Laperrine, who loved him, under a black Cross in the desert; which, because it is a Cross, and stands for what both friends strove for to the end, needs no material inscription to make its lesson tell.

What parts do heredity and environment take in forming man's character? If heredity counts, little Charles de Foucauld came into the world with a legacy of noble traditions to inspire him. His family, from early times, had helped to make French history. Since 970 there has scarcely been one rising or war involving French interests without a de Foucauld to the fore. Chivalrous and fearless, born leaders, they held high diplomatic, ecclesiastical or military positions through the rolling centuries. Here, you may find a knight "giving all up" to become a monk; there, a Crusader, falling in defence of his King, St. Louis, at Mansourah. They fulfilled royal embassies; were high in Court favor. "John, Chamberlain to the Dauphin, assisted at the Coronation at Rheims, near Joan of Arc. . . . Gabriel was chosen by King Francis II. to marry Queen Mary Stuart by proxy."

The end of Armand de Foucauld, chanoine of Meaux, and his cousin, the Cardinal Archbishop of Arles, Jean-Marie du Lau, stands out even amongst these vivid episodes. The scene is the Revolution. When the Archbishop denounced schism in the strongest condemnation he could frame, and his Chapter, to a man, backed the document, he and they knew what must follow. In due time they were arrested and imprisoned in a disused Carmelite Priory. Three weeks later, the place was suddenly surrounded by a horde of Revolutionists with swords and pikes. All knew what they had come for. The priests, kneeling before a little Shrine of Our Lady in the garden, calmly awaited the end. "Let us thank God, gentlemen," said the Archbishop, "that God calls us to seal with our blood the Faith which we profess." He was stricken down. Armand de Foucauld fell dead beside him, a moment later.

Stir the ashes of sacrifice centuries after the fire was lit

and flame still leaps for some of us. Little Charles de Foucauld must have heard these stories at his mother's knee. They must have become fibres to link him with his mighty dead. Visits to churches; flowers at the foot of the Cross; the Crib at Christmas; the month of Mary; the little altar in "his room," which still stood there, for a beloved memory's sake, when its owner had lost the Faith, all these separate acts of devotion, so little understood at the time, made pictures that revealed themselves in flashes time after time, in later life, in incongruous conditions.

His mother and father died when he was only six years old, and a devoted grandfather took charge of him. He had only one sister. The tiny Vicomte de Foucauld, a distinct "personage" from the first, with tremendous force of character, an exalted opinion of his own importance and strong likes and dislikes which were instantly gratified by an indulgent grandfather who hated "seeing the boy cry," rioted in a liberty which he was totally unfitted for, and, naturally, misused it. Work? Why should he work, when everything he wanted could be had without it—either at Nancy or St. Cyr, as child or youth? Pleasure—amusement—luxury, were all he cared for; to be leader of the maddest exploits, to be always one degree more reckless, wilder, more extravagant than his companions. Less and more than his Faith went at Nancy, in spite of his unfaltering love for a family which, eminently "in" the best social life and circumstances, saw both in perspective and, high in worldly honors, never hid or minimized their entire devotion to God.

Charles de Foucauld, at this time, was so grossly obese through self-indulgence, that he only just managed to scrape through the medical examination for his military course.

Yet with—you might say—the ball at his feet, enjoying, outwardly, all to the full; "going one better," as he invariably did, his friends in their excesses; carrying luxury in food, drink, dress to its limit; whatever he wanted, his for the asking; his debts paid by forgiving relatives; significant, notorious; a figure which stood out in a crowd—he was never really happy. "I did wrong, but I never liked it," he wrote later. "There was an emptiness, a sorrow . . . which came back on me at night, when I was alone in my room. . . . I organized these different 'functions,' true, but when they took place, I went through them

with disgust and boredom." Nobody guessed the fact. At the Cavalry School, at Saumur, he shared a room with a friend, afterward the Vicomte of Vallombrosa. One or other was nearly always under arrest for some act of wild folly or disobedience.

Things came to a head shortly after. When Charles was twenty-two years old, the Fourth Hussars, in which he was a lieutenant, was ordered to proceed to Algeria, where it was transformed into Light Cavalry, the "4ième Chasseurs d'Afrique." A French lady, one of de Foucauld's intimates, went out at the same time, very obviously to be near him. Being whom he was, he made no slightest attempt to conceal the *liaison.*

General Laperrine's great "ideal" of what French officers' lives should be, when they were, as it were, "standing for France," amidst natives, was at this time gaining ground amongst the best men in North Africa. He taught them that straightness and austerity and self-command were eminently worth while in consolidating French influence, if for no other reason. The regiment had its reputation at stake; and young de Foucauld was called to order. He fired up at once. His private affairs interfered with! Never! The situation was explained more crudely. He must give up the regiment or the lady. Without even the excuse of a "great passion" behind him, he made his choice then and there. The lady, certainly. He was put on the inactive list, and retired to Evian in high dudgeon.

But in 1881 the walls of Jericho fell, in the shape of fighting in Algeria, and his regiment engaged. Bou-Amama, a "mad Marabout," was leading the insurrection of the Oulad-Sidi-Cheikh-Gharaba. His men were in danger and de Foucauld was at ease. He wrote appealingly to the War Minister. Only let him rejoin his comrades and he would accept any condition that was imposed.

"Anxiously concerned with his men's welfare, he proved himself a fine soldier and leader of men," Laperrine, the most discerning of critics, wrote of him at this period. Gay and gallant, he stood the hardest tests of endurance; showed himself utterly oblivious to his own interests. Africa called him, as Africa only can. More than Africa called, although he did not know the Voice or recognize the echo of the following Feet.

Silence; loneliness; danger. Silence broken by the murmur of the Arab's prayer. Was this what he was seeking? Something mystical in the incomparable mystery of the desert where, as General Mangin says, "old beliefs wake and stir," moved him as nothing had moved him before. Pictures? The sight of the Arabs, wrapped in prayer, strong men, docile as children, kneeling at stated times? The sheer, illimitable space, wrenching little human nature away from little human things upon its own immensity?

The strength, the force of the desert, was stronger than himself. He began to build on new foundations. Bigger plans; bigger enterprises. A scheme that involved infinite hard work; self-restraint; patience; privation; certain danger, shaped.

De Foucauld was simplifying. He asked for permission to travel in the interior; to study the psychology of the native tribes. Leave was refused. That did not deter him. He had money and ambitions for France. He sent in his papers; went to Algiers; and brought to bear on the development of his plan all that scrupulous attention to detail which his supper-parties and fêtes had shown of old; and the full force of his now tireless energy.

Mr. Budgett-Meakin, a famous English traveler, described the Vicomte de Foucauld's explorations in Morocco as *"being the most important and remarkable journey that a European has undertaken 'there' for more than a century. No modern traveler can possibly compete with M. de Foucauld either as regards the accuracy of his observation or the care with which his travels were planned. . . . The work of other travelers compared with his, is mere child's play."* Duveyrier, in his report upon the manuscript of de Foucauld's *Reconnaissance au Maroc,* states, technically, that, "in eleven months, from the 20th June, 1883, to 13th May, 1894," he "more than doubled the extent of the surveys which had already been made in Morocco." He personally traversed and perfected the accuracy of 689 kilometers of ground covered by his predecessor's operations, and added 2,250 kilometers in addition. He "determined" "45 longitudes and 40 latitudes and 3,000 elevations." "Thanks to M. de Foucauld, a new era opens out, and we hesitate whether to lay the greatest stress on the magnificent and practical results of his work, or upon the devotion, courage and

ascetic denial which enabled this young officer to carry out such a task."

Disguised as a Jew to such effect that a Company of his own fellow-officers and men rode leisurely past him, stopped to stare at "the little chap like a monkey," who was taking his frugal meal of olives in the sun, and actually made game of him, the man for whom nothing in the past had been too good, deliberately took, for the first time, the lowest place for a set purpose. Jews being notoriously despised, he ran the less risk of detection. On the other hand, the disguise compelled him to remain throughout the journey, in the company of the very men who would be the first to discover any lapse which betrayed him, sleeping or waking.

In spite of the fact that the discovery of one thumbnail sketch would have been fatal, he succeeded in completing three large portfolios full of sketches, every one of which was executed in conditions of the utmost difficulty. Concealed in the palm of one hand, he carried a tiny exercise book; in the other, a small pencil. "I wrote continuously," he said, "on the journey, taking the precaution always to walk either before or behind my companions, so that, owing to the voluminous folds of my clothing, they could not distinguish the least movement of my hands." Whenever he had the rare opportunity of a room to himself, he spent the entire night in writing up his journal in other books, verifying the observations which he had taken with such extraordinary precision on the way. "In the day," he says, simply, "surrounded as one was by Jews, to write much was bound to arouse suspicion. . . . Making astronomical observations was the real difficulty. A sextant cannot be hidden like a compass. . . . It takes time to use it. Most of my observations were taken in villages. I watched for the moment when nobody was on the terrace of a house, and took out my instruments wrapped in garments which I said must be aired." Mardochée, the not altogether satisfactory guide who accompanied him, tried, on these occasions, to distract attention by beginning one of his interminable stories. If de Foucauld was found with his instruments, he had to invent one story after another to explain their use.

He was attacked; robbed; "in peril often;" subjected to indignities; looked at with mistrust and loathing. Self-command became a habit. The long marches, the low diet, the

days of strain lengthening into weeks, and weeks into months, began to slough away more than his outward likeness to the young "exquisite" who had been accustomed to smoke one brand of cigars, and one only, and to wear whatever the most extravagant mode of the moment dictated.

The Charles de Foucauld who ultimately returned to Paris after the revision of his journal and notes for publication, was very different from the Charles de Foucauld of old. He confided in no one. His family and friends made much of him; he was overwhelmed with invitations and praise. But the look even of his flat was altered. There was no bed in it, for one thing. The new de Foucauld, wrapped in a burnous, slept on its floor with a cushion under his head.

He studied philosophy, works of Mohammedism, all he could lay his hands on, avidly. Where were the waters of Truth, to slake his insatiable thirst? His family prayed but, with wonderful tact, said nothing. The forces which influenced him were all secret forces still.

A small book of Catholic devotion came in his way. He read it. Could it be a case of washing in the river of the Jordan after all? Light came, by what the world calls chance. At the house of Madame de Moitessier, formerly Inez de Foucauld, who acted as hostess at what was practically a great salon at which various interesting personages in different spheres foregathered, he met the famous Abbé Huvelin of St. Augustin, a man who, initiated by suffering, read men's souls. Like St. Martin, he lived a life of mystic prayer, in spite of meeting those practical demands which the ceaseless claims of a throng of penitents and unbelievers made upon him. The two men met; exchanged probably but few words, yet from the first were drawn to one another.

Some time afterwards, the Abbé Huvelin, seated in his confessional before Mass, saw a young man approach. He recognized Charles de Foucauld, who came close up beside the confessional, but did not kneel there.

"'M. l'Abbé, I am an unbeliever. Will you instruct me?'

"M. Huvelin looked at him.

"'Kneel down. Make your confession. You will believe.'

"'But I didn't come for that—'

"'Make your confession.'

"The man who wanted to believe, saw that absolution was,

for him, a condition of Light. He knelt down and made a general confession.

"His penitent absolved, the abbé said:

" 'Are you fasting?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'Go to Communion.' "

Charles de Foucauld obeyed, like a child. "God!" he wrote, many years later, recalling the nights of darkness through which he had passed to illumination, "how closely Your Wings must have sheltered me when I did not even recognize Your existence!"

To follow in Our Lord's Footsteps; to live the same life of humility and subjection that He lived at Nazareth; this was the new de Foucauld's one passionate desire. He could say now, with Paul Claudel: "Holy Souls, may I some day be as the least amongst you!" [2] Love that can never give enough, that grows stronger with every gift it makes, flooded him. By now, his fame as an explorer had spread; with the publication of his books, *Reconnaissance au Maroc* and the *Itinéraires au Maroc*, he had achieved an international reputation. But in the dedication of his life to God's service, he saw the only oblation which he could make in gratitude for what he had been saved from, and the expiation of his sins.

With the longing for the spiritual life of Nazareth came the human longing to see "the very places" where Jesus had lived. By December, 1888, de Foucauld was in the Holy Land. From Nazareth to Bethlehem, and back again to Nazareth, he went, and then returned to Paris.

Followed, after a period of four retreats, decision.

In November, 1889, he wrote to his sister to tell her that, shortly, acting with the unreserved consent of his director, he was about to enter the Trappist Order at Notre Dame des Neiges, in Ardèche. His secret hope, explained in the letter to the Prior, was, that, after a period of probation and novitiate, he might be transferred further afield, to the far more remote house of the Order at Akbès, in Syria, "if that is, as I believe, the Will of Our Heavenly Father." He returned to Paris to set his worldly affairs in order, and make over his possessions to his sister, and so, quite simply, disappeared from public life.

Outwardly, there must have seemed to be very little like-

[2] *La Maison Fermée.*

ness between the brilliant and assertive ex-cavalry officer, and the man who, presently to be known as Brother Marie-Alberic, humbly replied, in answer to the Prior's question, "What can you do?" "Not much," and again, when asked if he could read or write, merely assented. But it takes, after all, the full force of an iron will, and supernatural grace, to set self aside or to act in obdience against inclination. No physical hardships, privations, austerities or external mortifications had the least effect on Brother Alberic's cheerfulness or courage. He made light of every hardship. What he found hard, but what he set himself steadily to gain, was the docility and self-annihilation which was his ideal—the docility which Our Lord showed when He was "subject" to His parents.

Abbé Huvelin continued to act as his chief counselor and friend. No easy matter to guide a soul like Charles de Foucauld's from so great a distance. After a time, Brother Alberic's desire to go still further into exile, was realized. He was moved to Notre Dame du Sacré Cœur, in Syria, and so still further separated from the devoted family and country which he loved. "The outside of this house is quite à la Jules Verne," he wrote, "but the inside is all Our Lord." Greater detachment than that isolated spot afforded, one would have said hard to find. Bodily mortifications, physical cold, extreme poverty, solitude, all were there. But interiorly, he was often troubled and anxious. Had he really given all he could give? Was the Voice that spoke so clearly in his heart, asking more of him still, the Voice of God or the tempter?

From the first, he had visualized a small company of "Servants of Jesus Christ," whose object was to live a life of extreme simplicity and penance under Abbé Huvelin's direction, a life which should follow Our Lord's at Nazareth as closely as possible. Unnoticed, humbly, without any outward recognition, they were to do their work: in the spirit of entire abnegation, earning their bread by the labor of their hands, accepting nothing for themselves, giving as much as they could, devoting themselves explicitly to prayer and remaining in exile in countries where the Faith had never penetrated, or had been lost. "Wait!" he was told, and again, "Wait." "Continue your studies. Concentrate on the application of the interior virtues. Perfect them by strict obedience. *You are not fitted, not at all fitted, to lead others.*"

The man who, a few years back, had thrown his career away for a whim, without even the excuse of a "great passion" to blind him, because he would not conform to the ideal of his regiment, took this without a murmur. With exceptional sweetness and graciousness, he set himself heroically to achieve entire self-discipline and control of thought as well as act. He bent every energy to the task of repression, but the dream persisted. Not for him the "life of honor" which "la Trappe" offered. It was "too high" for one who felt convinced, with the whole force of his nature, that lowliness and obscurity were to be his portion.

At the end of the summer of 1896, Abbé Huvelin wrote that much as he had hoped that his penitent would have found an abiding resting place in the Order, he saw that the pull in another direction was too strong. "Tell your Superiors. Explain your wish, quite simply. Tell them how you admire the life" of the Order, "but that, where you are concerned, an inevitable force has been leading you all this time towards another ideal in spite of your ceaseless efforts."

Hot-haste, Brother Alberic took the opportunity of submitting a draft of the Rule he hoped to carry out. Appalled at its severity, Abbé Huvelin wrote back at once: "What terrifies me, is not the thought of the life you aspire to live yourself, as a solitary, but the very idea of imposing it on others. . . . Your Rule is absolutely impracticable. . . . The Pope refused to give his approbation to the Franciscan Rule because of its severity, but this—" There was further delay before the decision was pronounced. The Father-General of the Order imposed yet another test. Brother Alberic was to proceed at once to the Monastery at Staouli, where he would receive his orders. Once there, he learned that his immediate destination was to be Rome, where he must study theology for a term of two years, which, in fact, extended to three. Hope deferred again. No indication, even, that the asked-for dispensation would ever be given. Some natures would have taken the news as a deathblow. Brother Alberic accepted it with gratitude and devotion. "One of the most beautiful souls, I ever met," the Prior at Staouli wrote of him, "progressing with gigantic strides in the way of sacrifice."

The ultimate decision was pronounced in 1897. The Father-General and members of the Council, under whose eyes

de Foucauld had been living for the past three years, decided that Charles de Foucauld had an exceptional vocation; that he was to be given every facility for carrying it out forthwith. Whatever the decision, he would have obeyed it, as they knew, with joy. He was ready to complete his vows, to remain a Trappist, for life, if so ordered. There is not a word of self-exaltation in his announcement of the decision: *"Every door is open to me to obey God's call,"* but only overwhelming gratitude to God and to the Father-General and the Council for their supernatural generosity and understanding.

The soul which tries to live a life "hidden in God with Christ," must stand out from the rest by sheer force of contrast. For all his poverty and humility, perhaps because of his extreme poverty and humility, Charles de Foucauld could not wholly escape notice even in Nazareth. "Charles Foucauld," he now called himself, simply; asking for permission to sleep somewhere in the shadow of the convent walls of the Poor Clares, and to have a little bread and water daily in return for acting as their servant, and being given "time to pray." Refusing the gardener's cottage which the Abbess would have allotted him, divining with the eyes of the soul what manner of man he was even through the closed grille, he chose, in preference, a wooden shed, rather like a sentry box, where, as a rule, useless rubbish was deposited. Footsore, spent, no longer strong enough to lift the planks and shabby mattress, and coverlet stuffed with rags, which were all he would accept in exchange for his services, he dragged them to the little shelter.

Here, in peace and solitude, breathing the very atmosphere which Christ had breathed, walking in the very paths which those dear Feet had trod, sure, at last, that he was not resisting the Will of God which it was his one longing to obey, increasing spiritual illumination came to the young hermit. He went errands for the nuns: swept and dusted the chapel: studied: meditated: made long retreats: eat only enough to sustain life, giving to others any little delicacy which sometimes, on feast days, came his way: limited his hours of sleep: and prayed constantly. Dispensed from his religious vows, he lived a life of complete recollection, as a religious. Before leaving Rome he had made two vows to his director, a Roman Trappist—the vow of perpetual chastity and the vow never to keep in his

possession, for his own use, more than the poorest laborer might legitimately possess.

"The more one gives to God, the more one has; I thought I was giving everything up when I left the world and joined the Trappist Order, but I received far more than I ever gave. . . . Later, I thought I was giving up more in leaving the Monastery; but, again, I have been overwhelmed . . . ," he wrote. And like Claudel, who cries,

> God, Who hast given me this moment of Light to see . . .
> Make use of me!

he, too, pleads, passionately: "What have you not done for me, O God? Make me grateful, faithful, loving! I am weak and failing. . . . *Fill my thoughts, my words and acts so utterly with Yourself, that the whole of me shall thank and glorify You.*"

The passionate intensity of "Brother Charles of Jesus'" efforts to be unrecognized, defeated their own object. His fame spread. This was a man apart, amazingly holy, surely. News of him reached Jerusalem. The Mother Abbess there, herself an exceptional woman, began to fear that her Sisters at Nazareth might have been duped by an impostor. Accordingly, she sent for him, and on the plea of the importance of a letter which must be delivered by hand, the Mother Superior ordered him to proceed to Jerusalem.

He went on foot all the way.

"That same evening," writes Bazin, "Mother Elizabeth told her children 'Nazareth was not mistaken. This is a man of God. We have a saint in the house.'" And: "It was her influence which helped to induce Charles de Foucauld, two months later, to prepare himself for the priesthood, of which he had so high an ideal that he had felt he was too unworthy to enter it."

"It would mean," at least, "one Mass more" in a world "which so sorely needed Masses." But a Mass offered under no ordinary conditions. The call to a life of complete loneliness and renunciation, lived in the desert itself, persisted. That was *the* mission to be put above all else: to take Our Lord to some remote spot where as yet men "knew Him not," or ignored Him. Charles de Foucauld would now have the right of infolding the Body of Our Lord within his hands.

All that mattered was, that Christ in the Blessed Sacrament

should do His work. But "alone in the desert there would be certain demands on courage" which, offered aright, might tell in the ultimate reckoning, which was well. "Here, inevitable distractions come. . . . There, I can be much more in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, for I can kneel at Our Lord's Feet during part of the night."

In view of his long preparation, his invincible patience, his personal sanctity, matters were expedited as far as possible. Ordained priest eight months after he had received the Minor Orders, he was put in communication, almost at once, with the Superior of the White Fathers, under whose religious jurisdiction the Saharian territory depends.

"In all humility," he wrote, "I beg Your Lordship to grant me two favors; firstly, to establish a small public oratory, with the right of reserving the Host for the needs of the sick, in some small French post between Ain-Safra and Touat; to live there and to administer the Sacraments; secondly, authorization to add any such companions, priests or laity, as Jesus may send me, and with them to adore the Blessed Sacrament. "If you deign to accede to my request, I will live there, as chaplain of this humble oratory . . . as a monk, following the Rule of St. Augustine . . . in prayer, poverty, work and charity, without preaching, or leaving the enclosure except to administer the Sacraments.[3]

"The object is to give spiritual help to our soldiers, but above all, to sanctify the heathen population by bringing Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament amongst them, as Mary sanctified the home of John the Baptist by taking Jesus there."

"From the beginning, his vocation has been to the Mussulman world," M. Huvelin informed Monsignor Livinhac. "His stay in Algeria: his travels in the heart of Morocco: the years he spent in Palestine—all prepared him for this mission. I have watched his vocation throughout. I saw its immediate effect upon him, how much humbler, simpler, and more obedient he became. . . . When I told him to turn his back on it as a chimera, he obeyed, but it returned, stronger and more insistent still. . . . From my inmost soul, I believe that it comes from God." It is characterized by "strength of purpose, and the longing to go to the furthest point which love and generosity can suggest."

[3] The latter part of this rule was modified by circumstances later.

By the end of October, 1901, Père de Foucauld was installed at Beni Abbès, one of the most beautiful oases in Southern Algeria. The primitive little chapel and "hermitage" once set up, Charles de Foucauld slept there, at first, on the altar-step, "stretched out like a dog at the foot of its master," facing towards the Tabernacle.

Transformed, initiate, giving himself to prayer, Père de Foucauld had come into his own. His life could be lived wholly towards God now; from first to last, "give out" in love and sacrifice. Arabs and Europeans came under the spell of the radiant Spirit that breathed in his every action. "The reputation of such holiness as his . . . his cures of the sick will do more to consolidate our influence and further our ideal than our own permanent occupation of the territory," a military critic, reporting on the condition of the area to which Père de Foucauld afterwards removed, wrote officially. His personal austerity in matters of diet, for instance, was so excessive that no native servant could be induced to share it; what little he lived on, personally, would hardly have sustained the life of a child. But always gracious and tender, possessing a sympathy and wisdom which all who came in contact with him were aware of, innately hospitable, he gave all that he had to give to others; never denying even himself to those in need, seeking them out, by some little letter or invitation, when they feared that they had already trespassed too far on his kindness. "His tact, his wide views, conquered all hearts. The greater part of the Europeans who knew him in the Sahara remained in communication with him, confiding their joys and sorrows in him; asking for his advice. He could go where others could not. In 1903, when a convoy at Zousfana attacked by Berbers was left with forty-nine severely wounded on the field, Père de Foucauld was in the saddle and off alone, traveling through the affected ara to the spot where they had been conveyed, directly the news came. Official permission to go was granted, because it was known that *"no one would touch him."* In the long talks he had with the Arabs, who regarded him as "a great Marabout," because of his obvious sanctity and asceticism, he studied their "customs, their traditions, their stories and dialects," so that he might the better bring home the importance of all they could gain by contact with French civilization and progress, and the high standard of

the French officers commanding them; pointing out what magnificent work the French had done in Algeria in so short a time. He, too, became for them, in their own picturesque phrase, "as the perfume of their own desert."[4] Later on, at Tamanrasset, in the heart of the Sahara, the great chiefs of the district often came to consult him.

"The Amanoukal of the Tourareg Hoggar, Moussa ag Amastane, never took an important decision without consulting him."[5] "He succeeded in bringing back many waverers to our sphere of influence, and even some nobles whose previous conduct had made us class them as irreconcilable enemies." He would say Mass at any hour that suited the soldiers. "And what a Mass it was!" said an Algerian sharpshooter. "When he said *Domine non sum dignus,* it was all one could do to avoid weeping." Yet to the man who lived a life whose every breath was prayer and sacrifice, all this seemed nothing, and his personal share in the apostolate a very worthless offering. *"If I were really converted, I should win souls,"* he wrote.

General Laperrine, the great soldier whose name is known throughout North Africa, the great Frenchman to whom France proudly acknowledges her immortal debt, had at this time the political as well as the military destiny of the Sahara to mold, and "was the creator, as well as the artisan," of "the great Saharian ideal."[6] A firm Catholic, like Marshal Foch, he took his work in the same spirit, as a sacred trust. Helped by a brilliant group of young officers, stirred by his magnificent example, inspired by his zeal and steadfastness, his object was not only to establish peace in a vast territory, but by his own life and the lives of those about him, to show what civilization, what Christianity was, and how they could transfigure life.

It was partially owing to Laperrine's suggestions that Père de Foucauld finally decided to proceed further still, into the still more isolated area of Tamanrasset, where the Tourareg people, of whom so little comparatively was known, lived. Only an exceptional man could do the exceptional work that was needed there. The Tourareg were only just beginning even to dream of "coming into line" with the French. Comparatively lately, a faction had massacred Commandant Flatters' column. "Prouder, cleverer, and less fanatic than the

[4] *La France au Maroc,* by Augustin Bernard. [5] *La Revue de Cavallerie.*
[6] *L'Afrique Française.*

Arabs," fair of skin, with the cross for decoration, "the Tourareg people are commonly supposed to be the last survivors of the ancient Libyan race." Their features closely resemble "the Egyptians of ancient sculpture." Few reliable facts concerning their language and ways were actually tabulated. Père de Foucauld's strong and sympathetic personality might help to bring about incalculable good, and perhaps only he would have the courage to penetrate such regions alone. "Alone? But I am never alone!" he had once said, when surprised, and then hastily corrected himself.

Here was a virgin field for "the Saharian ideal," for Cardinal Lavigerie's ideal, to be implanted. Père de Foucauld, another John the Baptist, might well prepare the way for future mission work; might lay the stones of a foundation, alone as he was. Solitary he remained, for no one came to companion him, but he could still, in exile, do much real spade work in simplifying for others the actual means of understanding a language which it was so essential for them, ecclesiastical, military or civil administrators alike, to know. All his individual gifts, as Laperrine saw, would be brought out in the Hoggar district; his insight and judgment: his genius for taking pains: his supreme self-denial. "Not the work of an hour," Père de Foucauld himself wrote later, "to train these people whose mentality and habits differ so completely" from the Christian ideal, "but it can be done. . . . Not by means of a pen-treaty giving them the same rights and duties as ourselves . . . but by working for their material welfare, giving them specialized instruction. . . . The civil and military officials concerned in the administration of natives ought to be more in number and selected with greater care. . . . They should remain long enough at their posts to know and be known by those with whom they deal; and to have the requisite force of character to devote their whole hearts and souls to the work."

Ecclesiastical and military permission to start the new work in the Hoggar district came in 1904. Early in the year, Père de Foucauld, on foot, started off with a native catechumen, Paul, and "an ass to carry the chapel and provisions," in the company of an officer and fifty soldiers who were on their way to Touat and the Tidikelt. He heard en route from Laperrine that three of the six great factions into which the Tourareg are subdivided had given in their submission, including the Hoggar

tribe, "the most bloodthirsty and important of them all." In Laperrine's own company, he made a prolonged tour through that Northern portion of the Sahara which was, later, to be defined as belonging to the Algerian sphere of influence. He took detailed notes, sketches and observations en route, was able under exceptional conditions to get some idea of the psychology of the tribes. And on the eighth of July he had the joy of reserving, for the first time on Tourareg soil, the Blessed Sacrament in the tabernacle. On the Feast of St. Pascal Baylon, he wrote: "I put under your protection . . . the Sanctuary and Brotherhood of the Sacred Heart of Jesus that I am about to found in the Tourareg district. . . . With my whole heart, I recommend their conversion to your care; I offer you my life for them. . . ." And later: I must live there "silently, secretly, as Jesus did at Nazareth; in obscurity like His, poor, hardworking, humble, gentle, not defending myself against injury, dumb as He was, ready to be stripped, sacrificed like Him, without resistance, or appeal."

A year later, he was fully installed at Tamanrasset, in the heart of the Hoggar area, a desolate spot in the mountains, where at last he had, supreme, the solitude he craved; one European alone living in the most comfortless conditions, amidst a tribe which had only just given in its submission—700 kilometers distant from the nearest post to which occasional communication by native messenger could be established. Love, surely, "could not further go." "His eyes, illuminated, were all that now remained of the old de Foucauld whom we used to know," a brother officer, meeting him at this period, remarked.

An officer who visited him at Tamanrasset has described in print what was "by courtesy called a *house*" because, presumably, "it was not a tent, and could not be carried on a camel's back." The cell which he lived in had no bed; no chair; no table; nor *prie-dieu*, even. "It was 1 *mètre* 80 in breadth; 8 *mètres* in length and about 1 *mètre* 80 high." (A *mètre* equals, roughly, three feet, three inches and three-eighths of an inch.) "The entrance really merits a description to itself. Being raised about 70 *centimètres* from the ground, one had to perform a gymnastic feat to gain it. . . . But this had certain advantages, preventing, as it did, scorpions and poisonous vipers from disputing the privilege of admittance. . . . These

visitors have a deep-seated objection to unnecessary acrobatics." [7]

Impossible, in a short space, to follow the life which Père de Foucauld lived at Tamanrasset in detail, it was, above all, a life of lofty example with far-reaching effects upon all who knew of it; of almost superhuman endurance. Little by little ecclesiastical dispensations which lightened his spiritual difficulties were accorded, but there were weary weeks at a time when until the Holy Father's permission was accorded, he had to refrain from Communion because, being alone, he could not say his Mass. Christmas, 1917, is noted simply in his diary: "Christmas. No Mass, for I am alone. . . ."

Friends like M. Motylinski, General Lyauty, General Laperrine, officers of the different garrisons, stray European civilians, traveling in the interior for some special purpose, all came to see him, asking for sympathy and counsel in private as well as public affairs. Hearing of M. Motylinski's sudden death from typhus, Père de Foucauld, under the veil of anonymity, undertook the task of putting his notes in order and revising and preparing the book for the press, in addition to other invaluable work. "Thanks to him," states M. René Basset, "I was able to bring out a French Tourareg grammar and lexicon in 1908, at the expense of the Algerian Government. . . . Nothing would induce Père de Foucauld to allow his name to be mentioned. He also revised the native poetry which M. de Motylinski had collected and himself compiled a French-Tourareg dictionary, and . . . part of an Encyclopædia on the habits and customs, life, language and history of the natural religions of the Ahaggar, in addition to voluminous notes correcting Hanoteau's grammar, and Masqueray's observations on the dialect."

In 1909 civilization in the shape of a post called Fort Motylinski was established, comparatively near. For "50 kilometers was nothing to a traveler like Père de Foucauld," and when a soldier in the garrison fell mortally sick there, the priest was able to give him the Last Sacraments.

At the outbreak of the Great War the officer commanding at once proposed that Père de Foucauld should come under his protection in the Fort. He refused. "You can guess what it means to me to be so far from our soldiers and the Frontier,"

[7] *Revue de Cavallerie.*

he wrote to a friend, "but my duty is evidently to stay here and help the population to remain quiet. I shall not leave Tamanrasset till peace comes. . . . Every nine days a messenger will be sent, with official dispatches. . . . My life externally goes on as usual; it is essential that the natives should be unaware that anything unusual is taking place." Throughout, he kept in close touch with Laperrine. The movements of disaffected tribes; the breath itself of disaffection; nothing escaped his watchfulness."

Standing as he and the Tourareg were in hourly danger from attack by the Senoussi, Père de Foucauld, by sheer force of personality and the strength of his invincible faith, kept the population free from panic throughout. But his heart was torn for France. . . . His prayer and work were ceaseless. "How good God is to hide the future from us!" the man whose tide was nearly run wrote in 1916.

The end came in December.

The Tourareg Azdhers, France's enemies, had joined forces with the Senoussi. A band of some twenty or more Fellagas, conceiving the idea of taking "the great white Marabout" as hostage, had either terrorized or bribed a native whom he had befriended to betray him. This man knew that on or about the first of December, Père de Foucauld would be awaiting the arrival of a messenger from Fort Motylinski with dispatches. With the Fellagas drawn up closely behind him, he came to the door at night and knocked. He knew that the Father was in, and alone. "Who is there?" he was asked. "The messenger from Motylinski," was the answer. Père de Foucauld, opening the door, stretched his hand out for the letters. In a moment it was gripped and he was seized and overpowered. He made no resistance. Like Armand de Foucauld in the Revolution, he knelt down, in silence. In that position his legs and arms were closely bound.

It was known that "the Marabout" had complete information. He was asked about the disposition of the troops; the news from the front; when relief was expected. He answered nothing. He was mocked and threatened, offered, according to the only eyewitness, his native servant who gave evidence later, the usual choice of renouncing Christianity. Still, like Another before him, he made no reply.

Suddenly, panic spread. Firing was heard outside. Two

native soldiers, on their way from Tamanrasset to Taharou, had come to say good-bye to the Father, and finding the house in the hands of enemies tried to defend it. They were at once shot down. But fear had done its work. The men inside probably thought that a company from the Fort was approaching. In the general stampede, somebody turned and fired at Père de Foucauld. He fell gently to the ground, in silence.

The Tourareg who had rushed from the house in alarm returned. After all, it was nothing. . . ! They threw Père de Foucauld's dead body in the garden. It was no use as a hostage, now. But, contrary to custom, it was not mutilated.

Next morning the courier from Motylinski, arriving early, was attacked and killed. After that the little band of men made off.

Laperrine, passing by Tamanrasset a year later, had the body of his friend taken from its first rough tomb, and reburied as it was with the knees bent in prayer, on the summit of a little hill which, standing high as Tamanrasset does, can be seen from afar. Père de Foucauld's body was unchanged, and the re-burial was, as Laperrine wrote, "deeply affecting."

"The tomb," by Laperrine's express wish, was "quite simple and has no inscription. It is surmounted by a cross in black wood," larger than that which had formerly marked the spot where Père de Foucauld's body lay. "The three native soldiers who were killed with him, two of whom were the unintentional cause of his death," were "buried at his feet."

Three years later, the body of Laperrine himself was brought to Tamanrasset wrapped in a cloth. He had died of wounds, hunger and thirst, in the desert. He was buried beside the friend to whom, in life and death, he was linked by the ties which are not made with hands.

Moussa ag Amastane, chief, wrote in a letter of sympathy to Père de Foucauld's sister: "Charles, the Marabout, is not dead for you alone, but for us. . . . May God have mercy upon him, and may we meet in Paradise."

"Knight-errant of religion," writes a soldier in *L'Afrique Française, "you have left an imperishable name in Africa."*

ABOUT THE IRISH-SCOTCH.

BY P. G. SMYTH.

IRISH-SCOTCH? At first sight there seems to be a mistake in the combination—a putting of the cart before the horse—or else this is a brand new affliction of the hyphen, that troublesome little mark, cause of brooding uneasiness and fervid denunciation, especially in times of election or other popular excitement.

Nevertheless, the sign is here entitled to respectful recognition, even to distinguished consideration; in point of real antiquity, it is a patriarch among hyphens.

As is well known, from the allegedly patriotic views of a certain class of statesmen, editors and college professors, no hyphen is supposed to be tolerable among us, none admissible as flavor or ingredient of the American "melting pot," save those in Anglo-Saxon, Scotch-Irish or British-American; all others are deemed beneath recognition, and none of them may "show its ugly head."

Leaving out of question the mythical "Anglo-Saxon"—an American college fad, intangible as a Will-o'-the-Wisp—the Irish-Scotch are far beyond comparison with the two other combinations mentioned; although unassuming, they are their superior in antiquity, worth and numbers.

It is as pleasant as seeing a summer sunrise to scan the evolution and centuried progress of an interesting historic race, steadfastly retaining the good qualities of worthy ancestors.

So, looming through the mists of ages as through the Highland haze, we see the hide-covered biorlins or longships, propelled by both sails and oars, moving up the long, straggling, flooded cañons, penetrating far between the great gray western headlands of Scotland. They come to anchor, and soon there are lively crowds on the shore, and athwart the purple of the surrounding hills rises the smoke of the camp fires of the invaders from Ireland.

This first important colony is led by Cairbre Riada (the Quick or Swift), son of Conaire II., a king of Ireland of honor-

able principles and good record, and the time of settlement is about A. D. 190. There are other Irish settlers there before them; there are also the Picts or Cruithnians, a powerful race, who themselves have even made settlements in the north of Ireland, and who are not likely to tamely brook the seizure of any of their territory. However, Cairbre Riada manages somehow to colonize his followers, and the district is called from them Dalriada, meaning Riada's tribe, as is told by the British ecclesiastical historian, the Venerable Bede, writing about A. D. 700: "In course of time, Britain, besides the Britons and Picts, received a third nation, the Scots, who issuing from Hibernia under the leadership of Reuda (Riada), secured for themselves, either by friendship or by the sword, settlements among the Picts, which they still possess." Riada also gave name and occupants to Dalriada, in the north of Antrim, where on the coast a noted swinging bridge across the deep chasm leads to Riada's rock, Carrick-a-Riada. He was founder of numerous clans and septs in Scotland—the MacLeans, MacEwens, MacGillilands, MacBurrows, and many others whose genealogies cover whole pages in the great Book of Ballymote (compiled about A. D. 1400), closely written in columns of uncial characters, like long ranks of clansmen arrayed for battle.

Away to the southwest, beyond an earthen wall built and rebuilt by the Romans across the neck between the friths of Clyde and Forth, began the country of the Britons, who generally wore the toga of their conquerors and followed their encouragement in habits of efficiency and luxury; "and this was called civilization by the ignorant Britons, whereas it was in fact an element of their enslavement." [1] There lay the Roman province of Valentia, garrisoned by tens of thousands of stately legionaries in nodding plumes and shining mail, who were busy from time to time in resisting the raids of the Irish and Picts. There flows the Clyde, on whose bank towers Alcluaid, "the Rock of the Clyde," now Dumbarton, where played, two hundred years later, young St. Patrick, whom his biographer, St. Evin, tells us in his very first line was "of the Britons of Alcluaid by origin."

About forty years after Riada's, came another Irish expedition led by Fahach Canain, son of Lughaidh, king of Ireland,

1 Tacitus.

who established a colony in Airer-Gaedhil, "the district of the Gaels," now Argyle. From Fahach sprung the MacAillins, whose head is the Duke of Argyle, known in the Highlands as the MacAillin More. Among the chiefs were Cam Beil (crooked mouth), ancestor of the Campbells, and Cam Shron (crooked nose—the s silent), ancestor of the Camerons—from which it may be seen that the Gael were sometimes more descriptive than poetic in the application of personal names.

As the Irish power in Scotland increased, that of the Romans decreased. The latter retired south of their second line of defence, the strong wall built first by the Emperor Adrian and renewed by Severus, between the Tyne at Newcastle and the Solway Frith at Carlisle. At length, in 410, after an occupation of four hundred and sixty-five years, the Roman Empire withdrew its last troops from Britain.

Corc, son of a king of Munster, came over, became popular among the Dalriada, and obtained in marriage Fair-hair (Moing Fionn), daughter of their king, Ferodach; from their son, Maine, sprung the Maormors or Great Stewards of Leamhna or Lennox and the royal Stewarts or Stuarts of Scotland. Later, Corc returned to Ireland, became king of Munster and married a niece of the forementioned Fahach Canain; from them descended many of the leading families of Munster. Corc is thus the interesting connecting link between the McCarthys and Sullivans of Cork and the Guelphs, now "Windsors," represented by King George of England. Genealogy cynically stretches strange connecting arms and reveals queer ramifications and contrasts.

The growing extent and prosperity of the Irish colonies in Scotland attracted the attention of the ruling power of the mother country. Various kings of Ireland came over in succession with their fleets, assured the colonists of their good will and their intentions to protect and encourage them, and incidentally levied tribute. At length, on urgent appeal for aid against the harassing Picts, the celebrated King Niall of the Nine Hostages (A. D. 377-404) came over and rendered welcome relief. At this period Scotland was still called Alba; Ireland was Scotia, and her people were known as Scots or Scotti, it is said from Scota, wife of Milesius and queen-mother of most of the race. But they were mostly called Gaels, from their ancester, Gaodhal or Gael, whence the Gaelic language

and the Clann-na-Gael, and Eirionnach or Irishmen, from the regular name of their island, Eire (to which the Danes added "land"), poetically Erin.[2] The colonists obtained of the king a decree that, in order to maintain proper connection with the motherland, their country should be known thenceforth as Scotia Minor. Of Niall's nine hostages, four were from Scotland, the other five from Ireland. In the eleventh century the name Scotia was dropped for Ireland, and she continued under her old name Eire; but by degrees the place of the name Alba, was taken by the Irish colonial one, which is still retained in the form Scotland.

Again the Picts pressed hard on the Dalriada of Scotland, and this time their appeal for help was responded to by their kinsmen, several generations removed, the Dalriada of Ireland. Fergus, of the Antrim branch, who had graciously received St. Patrick, went over in 498 with his brothers, Loarn and Aongus, and an adequate army and helped drive away the enemy. Fergus was chosen king of the new Irish Scotland, which extended away north from the Clyde to Drum-Albain, the mountain ridge of Scotland, beyond which lay the mysterious country of the Picts. At a great age he was drowned at sea, giving name to Carrickfergus, "the rock of Fergus," on Belfast Lough. All these events were, of course, accompanied by a great inpouring of Irish colonists. It is safe to say that for every Scotchman that ever settled in Ireland, at least fifty Irishmen settled in Scotland.

The result was a spreading of civilization and Christianity. Clachan and community arose, with clan system of chief, tanist and tosach. The wooden churches of the Gael stood amid the heather and bracken, and the sound of their bells floated over loch and tarn. In 563 came, with his devoted monastic following, St. Columcille, in his energetic prime, and established himself in illustrious Iona, described by Dr. Johnson as "the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion." Columcille was strong and fearless for the right, yet poetic and sympathetic, a hearty lover of nature; his biographer tells us "he bore a comely, joyful, loving, holy face to all." By boat and foot he traveled nigh a

2 They never thought or called themselves Celts or Kelts; that is the conjectural contribution of some modern savants.

hundred miles to meet Brude, king of the Picts, and, meeting him, he soon made a friend of him and converted him and many of his people. In Iona he ordained Aodhan king of Scotland, laying his hands on his head and blessing him; this is said to be the first recorded Christian ceremony of the kind in Europe.

Three years later, A. D. 573, he accompanied King Aodhan to a great Irish national convention seeking to have the colonial tribute to Ireland abolished; it was never afterwards paid. The mother country was magnanimous; without clamor or conflict, without a Lexington, a Valley Forge or a Yorktown, Scotland obtained from Ireland her national independence. Iona became the centre and sun of the Christian religion in Scotland and Britain. In 635 it sent Aidan, who converted the Saxons of Northumbria and founded the see of Lindisfarne, whence went forth the Irishman Diuma, missionary and first bishop of the East Angles and the Mercians. A hundred years passed, and lo, through Saxon jealousy, the Irish workers had vanished, and the former vineyard of their labors presented a sad spectacle of "general frightfulness and degradation."

"Where is Duncan's body?" inquires Ross, in the tragedy of *Macbeth;* and Macduff replies:

"Carried to Colmekill, the sacred storehouse of his predecessors and guardian of their bones."

In Ui-Columcille or Iona there are buried forty-eight Irish-Scottish, four Irish, eight Norse kings and one French one. There are also tombs of the MacLeods, MacLeans, MacDonnells and other leading Irish-Scottish families of the Highlands and Isles.

The contest with the Picts lasted for centuries; King Alpin, ancester of the gallant Clan Alpin, fell in battle with them in 836; his son, Kenneth, subdued and conciliated them and was crowned king of the united races in 843, sitting on the ancient, sacred, gold cloth covered Good Luck Stone, on "Boot Hill," at Scone, whither he transferred his capital from Dunstaffnage. The hill, like the Knock-na-Broga mounts in Ireland, was so-called because there the new king received the boot or shoe of inauguration, the chief feature of the Gaelic ceremony. The coronation stone was the Cloch-na-Cinneamhna or lucky stone, which was sent to Fergus for his crowning by his half-brother, Muredach of Ulster, in 498, or three hundred and forty-five

years previously. It was not the famed Lia Fail or Stone of Destiny, of Tara, as some mistakenly consider; for the poet, Kenneth O'Hartigan, who died in 975, saw and stood on the Lia Fail at Tara. It is also a mistake to regard the lone pillar stone now on Tara as the Lia Fail; its conical top would afford a perch for a bird, but not a comfortable seat for a man, especially not, one would fancy, for a king, at festive inauguration time. The original Lia Fail probably lies underground.

The first heavy blow at Gaelic or Irish Scotland was struck by King Malcolm Canmore (Big Head), A. D. 1057-1093. His territory transiently took in Northumberland and Cumberland; he transferred his interest from his own race to the southerners, changed his capital from Scone to Dunfermline, which succeeded Iona as the Scottish kings' burial place, thence across the Forth to the cliff fortress of Dun Edin or Edinburgh. To keep the crown in his immediate family, he managed to do away with the democratic Gaelic law of Tanistry, which was the tribal selection of best man for king, and introduced the Saxo-Norman system of feudalism, with its haughty and greedy barons, brutal retainers and abject serfs and thralls wearing brass collars inscribed with their masters' names. Following the battle of Hastings, in 1066, and the beginning of the Norman conquest, Malcolm received into his kingdom large numbers of Saxon refugees, also fugitive Norman malcontents, offscourings of the invaders, and even raided England for the makings of serfs and servants. He evidently aimed at the establishment of two classes only, nobles and vassals, as in England, a social system whose effects remain in both countries to the present day. With the disapproval of his own people, he gave English and Norman-French adventurers grants of land in the Lowlands on condition of military service, thus introducing the feudal system and placing ancestors for most of the present Scotch title bearers. He discarded democratic Gaelic customs and affected lofty State functions, sumptuous banquets, immense royal dignity. He had eight children by his queen, St. Margaret; none of them received a Gaelic name. As the language of his court and as far as possible of his country, he superseded Gaelic with the Saxon dialect of Northumberland and Cumberland; hence the distinctive lingual literature of Scotland mainly consists of the poems of Robert Burns.

Malcolm was slain in battle with the Normans in 1093, after which his brother and successor, King Donal Bawn (the Fair), indignantly proceeded to round up and herd the foreign settlers, Saxon and Norman, out of the country; but he was eventually deposed by his nephew and the English interest, and they all flocked back again, to be soon followed by large numbers of others.

Thus, with the old Gaelic bulwarks overthrown, it was an easy conquest when the veteran fighter, Edward I. of England, hale and vigorous at fifty-seven, arrived with his army in 1296 and seized on the government. He was specially interested in the coronation stone, with its plate bearing the inscription ordered by King Kenneth MacAlpin:

"Ni fallat fatum Scoti quocunque locatum
Invenient lapidem regnare tenentur ibidem."

So, for good luck, he took the stone away with him to London. He destroyed all the original records of Scotland, all the archives, statutes, charters, histories and other manuscripts that he was able to seize upon. Edward died in 1307; on his tomb in Westminster one reads his grim title, *"longus Scottorum Malleus*—long the hammerer of the Scotch," that is, of the Lowland-Scotch, not of the Irish-Scotch.

The latter came in strong evidence a few years later, forming the right wing—a post of honor they ever afterwards claimed—of the Scottish army at Bannockburn. "My trust is in thee," said King Robert Bruce to their leader, MacDonnell of the Isles; nor was his confidence misplaced. Bruce neglected to take advantage of the victory to demand the immediate return of the coronation stone, which he had missed at his crowning. In a treaty of 1328, its return was agreed upon, but the Londoners arose in an excited mob to prevent its removal.

The Irish-Scotch stone is still enshelved under the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey. It is a block of dull reddish sandstone, with a few small imbedded pebbles. In size it is twenty-six inches long, by ten and one-half, by six and three-quarters, with a circular handle at each end for lifting, and on the bottom a groove which once held the plate with the prophetic inscription. A few years ago the stone had a narrow escape from a bomb exploded by the suffragettes.

The clans largely maintained their independence among their native hills, also their tenacious consciousness of race. The MacDonnells, MacDougalls, MacNeills, MacRorys, MacEwens, MacLaisrochs and Maceacherns collectively retained the designation Siol Cuinn (pronounced Sheel Quin) or "Race of Con," from their ancester, King Con of the Hundred Battles, who died in A. D. 145!

The indefatigable Jesuit, Father Henry Fitzsimon, in his book published at Douai in 1611, has this astonishing thing to say of the Highlanders, more than one thousand one hundred years after the establishment of the Irish kingdom of Scotland, five hundred after its effacement: "The truly named Scots, now called Highland-men, do profess themselves Irish, do consent and comply with Irish, and disclaim the residue as a distinct generation."

This racial pride had been kept fresh by intermarriage and fresh immigration. Young Angus MacDonnell of the Isles, who so efficiently aided Bruce at Bannockburn, married the daughter of the chief, O'Cahan of Ulster, who gave them, to improve and defend their territory, one hundred and forty men out of every surname in O'Cahan's country, including those (some distorted) of Munroe (Red Neck), Fairn, Dingwall, Glass, Beaton (O'Baethin), Balfour, Bleba and Bulike. Donal Balloch, of the same clan, a young chieftain who defeated the royal army with slaughter in 1431, went to Ireland and married an O'Neill. James I., of Scotland, who had with the chief, O'Neill, a treaty of mutual assistance against the English, wrote requesting him to send Donal's head, and O'Neill sent a head satisfactorily representing Donal's. Inene Dhu (the Dark-haired), mother of the famous Irish patriot, Red Hugh O'Donnell, was a MacDonnell or Macdonald of the Isles.

Strong family connection is seen in the heraldic devices and quarterings of the shields of the Highland and Irish clans, such as the war galley, the fish, the red hand holding a cross. The last, emblem of Christian chivalry, in later years evoked dour objection; Hugh Macdonald, who wrote about 1680, says that the Montgomerys of Eglinton, allies with his own sept by marriage, "kept the Macdonald arms in their house for a long time, until of late years a countess in the family (Anne Livingstone, first wife of the sixth Earl of Eglinton) removed the

bloody hand out of the arms because it held a cross, she being a rigid Presbyterian."

Unfortunately the Lowland crusade against the cross was not confined to erasing it from shields. The infamous vandal Act of Convention of 1561 has left Scotland a disgrace to the world, with its beautiful ancient ecclesiastical buildings violated and disfigured by the acts of a fanatical hybrid rabble. The Reformers penetrated even unto remote and sacred Iona and destroyed what had been respected by the savage Norsemen. They found there three hundred and sixty beautiful crosses. They cast sixty of them into the sea, smashed or removed others. Only two now remain entire. The Reformers did not meet much sympathy in the Highlands. Neither did their successors, the Covenanters, of whom Robert Louis Stevenson says: "The Covenanters were very interesting; but would anyone ask me to sympathize with them? They suffered themselves to be killed, simply because they could not kill others."

At the court of Holyrood there was but little attraction for those of the ancient race, either chieftains, bards, poets or historians of the Gael. They did not speak the language. The place lacked ancient atmosphere. This was at length in part supplied by an imaginative Flemish artist;[3] he produced an interesting line of alleged portraits of Scottish kings from the beginning, with conventional crowns and conventional whiskers, as we may see them, haply preserved to the present day, arrayed around the ancient hall of audience, at the cost of a shilling for the experience. But the attempt to revive the "auld Scottish glory" was evanescent. Sydney Smith found Edinburgh a citadel of "Calvin, oatmeal and sulphur."

A bird's-eye view of the Highlands would have shown the patrimonies of the clans stretching away for one hundred and fifty miles, from the MacLeods of Skye to the Forbes of Aberdeen. The strongest were the Campbells, next the MacDonnells. The Mackenzies, who claimed descent from Colin Fitzgerald, an Irish Geraldine, were strong on and off the western coast; the Macleans, in green plaids, in Mull; the MacDougalls,

[3] In Holyrood are one hundred portraits of "ancient Scottish kings," beginning with "Fergus I., B. C. 330" (!), all products of the fancy of the Flemish artist, De Witt, who painted them to the order of Charles II., in 1680, for £120, or $5.76 apiece. They are in exquisite keeping with the works of Boyce and Buchanan, also of some modern Lowland "historians."

in green and blue, in Lorne; the Camerons, at Lochaber; the MacGregors, in Glenorchy; the MacPhersons and Mackintoshes, to the east; the McEwens, Lamonds and MacLachlans, to the west, along Loch Fyne—these among many. Each had its distinguishing plaid, also its distinguishing badge or sprig of vegetation, usually worn in the bonnet, such as bog myrtle for Campbell, holly for Mackenzie, crab apple for Lamont, boxwood for MacBean. The Highland-man wore sometimes plaid trews or tights, sometimes buskins of red deer's hide, whence he was called a Redshank. His chief garment was a long strip of plaid or frieze or a striped stuff called tartan, of which he fastened one end with a belt round his waist, forming a petticoat to his knee, and folded the rest over his shoulder or around his body.[4] In front was tied a sporran or purse, usually of goat-skin.

Very loyal was the Highlander to his chief. In the words of the late Duke of Argyle: "Nothing was too good to give him. Self-sacrifice was an honor. Death was a tribute to his preëminence that might be exacted and given most willingly any day for any or no reason." And he gives a case in point: In the battle of Inverkeithing, in Cromwell's time, the Lowland cavalry fled, leaving about one thousand five hundred Highland swordsmen, MacLeans and Buchanans (O'Cahans), without artillery, to face four thousand Cromwellian troops, under General Lambert, with artillery. Sir Hector MacLean refused to yield or retreat. Four hours of desperate fighting thinned and weakened the Highlanders and brought the enemy cavalry almost within striking distance of the wounded chief. *"Feir eil airson Eachuinn!*—Another for Hector!" was the repeated shout, as eight leading chieftains among the MacLeans, with many of their men, interposed one after another before the hostile troopers and perished in defence of their chief, and at the close there was not an unwounded man around his body.

About this time, Charles I., King of England and Scotland, defeated and pursued by the Cromwellians, threw himself upon the protection of his Lowland Scottish army. This army sold him to the Cromwellians for a sum which, divided, gave each Lowland Scottish soldier the sum of one groat, four pence,

4 The modern kilt is claimed to have been invented in the eighteenth century by a British officer for the convenience of some laborers under him, employed in making roads.

or eight cents! Some may think it more than Charles I. was worth, but that is not the point.

Nearly a century later, another Stuart, "bonnie Prince Charlie," namesake and great-grandnephew of the above, came and made a bold attempt for the crown, which ended in the defeat of Culloden and the merciless execution of the order "No quarter," written at the card table by the Duke of Cumberland, second son of George II., on the back of the nine of diamonds, hence called "the curse of Scotland." The Government of King George offered for the capture of the closely-hunted Prince Charlie a reward of thirty thousand pounds or $150,000, equal to about ten times that amount in present money. Several there were whom he trusted, and several who met or saw him in his long wanderings among the Gael or Irish-Scotch; but there was not one to betray him and take the tempting blood money, not even among the Norman-Irish-Scotch, the Mackenzies of Stornaway, in Lewis, although they were his political opponents, supporters of the Government; they only insisted that he should embark at once and leave the neighborhood. "With Prince Charlie," says Stevenson, with hopeless finality, "Scottish history closes."

There is, however, some later history, largely military, known to the readers of James Grant and others, dealing with the achievements of famous Scottish regiments," in the garb of old Gaul, with the fire of old Rome," etc. These were decoyed from their native hills and sent, like similarly infatuated Irish regiments, to the thankless and unworthy service of supporting British Imperial greed and tyranny in many lands, to fight against liberty in America, where the grave mounds of slain Highlanders are strewn from Ticonderoga to Guilford Court House, in India, in Egypt, even in Ireland, while at home the simple, stalwart, sterling race, insolently classed by the cunning inferior one as only "food for powder," dwindled rapidly away and game began to take the place of men in the Highlands.

In 1707, sixty years after the Lowland Scottish army sold their King, the Scotch "nobility" sold the Parliament of Scotland. It did not take much to buy it. Among those bribed were the Earl of Marchmont, about £1,100; the Marquis of Tweedale, £1,000; Duke of Roxborough, £500; Alexander Wedderburn, £75; and so on down to Lord Elibank, £50, and

Lord Banff, only £11 or $55. The whole purchase price was a paltry $102,704.38. The Lowlanders were shrewd and hard bargainers, but not with regard to the selling value of King and Parliament; their prototypes, the corrupt Anglo-Irish Unionists, extracted an enormously greater bribe for the betrayal of the Irish Parliament in 1800.

However, the Scottish Parliament was gone, its relics transferred to keep company with the stolen coronation stone at Westminster, Scotland was degraded to the rank of a province, and her national bard expressed her impotent wrath and mortification at the great act of treason:

> We are bought and sold
> With English gold—
> Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

In the eighteenth century special attention was drawn to the Highlands. It is hard to imagine the great Dr. Samuel Johnson, profound and ponderous, marooned on an isle of the Hebrides and sentenced to listen to the bagpipes. Yet so it was, and he professes to have enjoyed it: "The bagpiper played regularly when dinner was served, whose person and dress made a good appearance; and he brought no disgrace upon the family of Rankine, which has long supplied the Laird of Coll (MacLean) with hereditary music."

The Irish-Scotch, as we have seen, are a mighty and influential race, composed of the representatives of every Gaelic name and its variations that ever came out of Scotland. They are easily distinguishable from the reverse combination by broad and kindly sympathies and hearty championship of the rights of humanity. In Scotland, in vast labor meeting assembled, they declared unanimously in favor of the self-determination of the motherland.

PAX.

BY FRANCIS CARLIN.

Our Father Who, in clay
  From Eden, set that root
Through which to Thee we may
  Yield goodly deeds as fruit
Of faith man offers up
With Sacrificial Cup:
We hail Thee, One of Three,
  Sole Power Whose purpose sealed
Thy Word, the Peace-Decree,
  Through Whom Thou wert revealed;
O Sire of Shepherd, yea,
Of fold, and flock astray!

And Thou, Peace-Prince, in Whom
  Both King and Priest are blent;
Whose Lateran Upper Room
  First throned Thy Sacrament—
Thyself—Whose Vatican
Is now the heart of man:
We hail Thee Christ, withal,
  Who left in Peter's care
Thy Keys Pontifical;
  O Thou Who didst not spare
That very Self of Thine
Concealed in Bread and Wine!

Thou, too, O Living Light
  In Glory's vesture-gold,
Whose pallium (as white
  As Lamb in Heaven's Fold)
Binds Thee, with crosiered Son
And Shepherd's Sire, as One:
We hail Thee, lingering Dove,
  At hover in the dome
Rock-pillared; Thou above
  The cathedra of Rome,
O Truth Who may but rest
Within the Spouse's breast!

Thou Hidden All Whom speech
  Of creature may not name
In order, since that Each
  In glory is the same;
O Sacred, Triple-Crowned
Supremacy profound!
On this Thy Sabbath feast,
  Thrice Holy, do Thou deign
To bless our Sovereign Priest
  So that, through him, his reign
May win that peace but won
Through Mercy's benison.

Even as Nature's green
  Doth shine with hope in Thee—
Thy Vicaress, the Queen
  Of that Theocracy
Which Thou dost rule through her
Whose edicts may not err—
So shine the emerald beams
  Of hope from Peter's gem,
O Thou Whose ruby gleams
  With rays of love on them:
Thy Vicar, Holiness,
And Beauty's Vicaress!

Hail, Triarchy! Immerse
  Thy blessed olive bough
In rain-bow, and asperse
  Souls militant whom Thou
Dost ever lead afield
Through him who may not yield;
Yea, even as he at Mass
  Sends forth the pax of Christ
So that the kiss may pass
  To Redeemed from Sacrificed,
May fostering Pius thus
Pass on Thy peace to us

And if Thy Justice still
  Wouldst chasten home and mart
With sword, deign Thou to will
  Tranquillity of heart
To her whose hallowed blade

Is ever drawn in aid
Of our dread battlefare.
  Ah! then her children, far
Yet ever near, would share
  That peace which Michael's War
Broke not in Heaven—that great
True peace of soul and State.

Grant such, O Trinal Mace,
Through Thy Vicegerent's See
To men in whom Thy grace
  Prompts each, as child, to plea:
O Father, Sanctifier
And Saviour—Triune Sire!
Deliver us from ill,
  If not from war and strife
Permitted here until,
  With branch from Tree of Life,
Thy Dove wings o'er the dark
Of doom to Peter's Ark.

Lead Thou, Paternal Hand
  In Whom Thy peoples trust,
All hearts in every land
  From bonds, and ways unjust.
Yea, draw by Adam's cords,
Tiaraed Lord of Lords,
Our souls to peace of Heaven
  Who wait the Sign of Love
In benediction given
  From Balcony Above;
Thou Crosier, Sceptre, Rod,
August Almighty God!

Trinity Sunday, 1922.

THE EVIDENCE OF HOLY SCRIPTURE.

BY CUTHBERT LATTEY, S.J.

"THERE is one thing," Langham said presently, in his slow nonchalant voice, when the tide of Robert's ardor ebbed for a moment, "that doesn't seem to have touched you yet. But you will come to it. To my mind, it makes almost the chief interest of history. It is just this. History depends on *testimony*. What is the nature and the value of testimony at given times? In other words, did the man of the third century understand, or report, or interpret facts in the same way as the man of the sixteenth or the nineteenth? And if not, what are the differences, and what are the deductions to be made from them, if any?" He fixed his keen look on Robert, who was now lounging against the books, as though his harangue had taken it out of him a little.

"Ah, well," said the rector, smiling, "I am only just coming to that. As I told you, I am only now beginning to dig for myself. Till now it has all been work at second hand. I have been getting a general survey of the ground as quickly as I could with the help of other men's labors. Now I must go to work, inch by inch, and find out what the ground is made of. I won't forget your point. It is enormously important, I grant —enormously," he repeated reflectively.

"I should think it is," said Langham to himself as he rose; "the whole of orthodox Christianity is in it, for instance!"

"History depends on *testimony*." So it does, indeed; and in this little bit of talk we have an early hint of that view of testimony that is to drive the Anglican rector, Robert Elsmere,[1] into giving up Christianity in any definite form, and lapsing into that attempt at works without faith which appears to be the last resort of a faith without works, when subverted by the principle of private authority.

It is testimony, and the study of testimony, that is supposed by Mrs. Humphry Ward to be subversive; and yet, when one reflects upon the matter, it is there that safety is seen to lie, and has always been understood to lie by the Church.

1 *Robert Elsmere*, by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, chap. xiv.

With ever increasing earnestness she has urged instruction upon her children, and has promoted the more thorough training of her priests. She has wished all to know accurately both what her doctrine is and the grounds upon which it rests, that is to say, the evidence thrown upon her teaching both by reason and faith. It is not the Church that has refused to teach, but human limitations that, in various ways, have hindered men from listening to her, at all events to the extent that she desires and deserves. Sad experience proves that the true enemy is not testimony in itself, but false testimony; yet above all it is that quality in the recipient which is best described by the expressive word "gullibility."

Perhaps the matter can best be understood by reference to such a book as Mr. Hilaire Belloc's *The Free Press*,[2] and mention may also be made of an important paper on "The Student and the Press," read by Mr. Hilliard Atteridge before the Catholic Conference on Higher Studies at Cambridge (England) in Christmas week, 1920-21, and afterwards printed in the *Month*.[3] The press too often leads the unsuspecting public by the nose, and a careful selection even of what is actual fact, may have the same effect in practice as the worst calumny. Today there is urgent need both of educating the faithful to view the press more critically, and of establishing an international agency to supply them with full and reliable information concerning things Catholic in all parts of the world. That the training of our ecclesiastical students must, in a certain good sense, be critical, now more than ever, also goes without saying; and this practice of sound criticism, it may be hoped, will become a habit with them in after-life, and prove a wholesome safeguard. The student who has taken his facts and his reasonings and his conclusions ready-made from his text-book will do no better with his newspaper; he who has been at pains to comprehend fully the arguments alleged from faith or reason, will have gone far to secure a trained judgment for the practical affairs no less than for the reading of later life. In a word, the purpose and the advantage of the Church lie in the better study and understanding of testimony; it is quite a mistake to imagine that she stands to gain, or hopes to gain, from imperviousness to evidence. Her methods are not the methods of the irresponsible demagogue or journalist.

2 London, Allen & Unwin, 1918. 3 February, 1921.

Man, with God above him Who knows not change of any kind, and nature below him, which (except by miracle) does not, at least, change its laws—man brings uncertainty into the universe. His intellect and will liken him unto God Himself, and yet the likeness is so far from being perfect, that his behavior is inconstant and unreliable. Freedom such as God's freedom were, of course, a perfection; yet in man too often, because of passion or prejudice, freedom means a groping in the dark, a half-blindness, where the full light, such as that enjoyed by the Blessed, would surely mean one only choice, and that the best. And man has other limitations also in his quest after truth, such as the perpetual limitations of the evidence in all departments of research. In a word, we are faced by a precarious and problematical element in man, whether as investigator or as the object of investigation.

Aristotle himself has some wise remarks in this regard towards the opening of his Nicomachean Ethics.[4] The educated man, he tells us, only looks for that degree of exactness anywhere, which the nature of the matter admits; it would be as foolish to expect a mathematician to carry his point by personal influence, as it would be to demand syllogisms from a public speaker. We are reminded of the story—an old chestnut, yet much to the point—of the literary man who was asked how he had fared with Euclid's *pons asinorum* in an examination, and answered: "If I didn't exactly prove it, at least I succeeded in making it very plausible!" In Ethics itself, Aristotle tells us, that is to say, in the science of conduct, the truth can only be manifested roughly and in outline, and one can only draw conclusions which will hold as a general rule. In no science, in fact, does the human element produce so much uncertainty; when dealing with God or with nature, it is for the most part limitations in human knowledge, not also in conduct, that cramp the investigator.

If reason manifests conclusions to us with varying degrees of certainty, so also does theology. It is a fairly common error to suppose that, because there has been no infallible pronouncement on a point, therefore Catholics are free to think what they please. This is not at all the case. Even where Scripture and Tradition do not put a matter beyond all possible doubt, still, a view may be so difficult to reconcile with

[4] Book I., chap. iii.

them that it may be distinctly "rash," which implies that it is normally a duty to shun it; and so it is in general with views proscribed by the Holy See, even when it does not seem correct to claim infallibility for them. In a word, theology, like reason, may leave us completely ignorant, or make us absolutely certain, or produce any intermediate state; the evidence of faith in the strict sense, however, is so strong as actually to entail infallibility, an absolute impossibility of mistake which the evidence of reason alone can never give in matters literary and historical. It should further be noticed, that even where faith gives certain and infallible truth on the main point, still, other connected questions may not be so clear.

This is especially true of Holy Writ; what is there definitely asserted is the infallible word of God; yet, for example, we do not know who was the human author of some of the books of the Old Testament, nor can we supply anything but the scantiest background to their narrative. Thus everywhere there is much room, much need for critical and scientific study, such as the supreme Pontiffs have been endeavoring to foster: not for that kind of criticism which prides itself upon a cynical whittling away of the evidence: not even for that enthusiasm, less dangerous in itself, yet a handle to the foe, which ever goes beyond what can reasonably be defended, and steps in, for example, where the Biblical Commission itself has evidently judged it wiser not to tread. It is not always zeal according to wisdom to insist that conclusions are certain, or of faith, where the Commission, so far as one can judge, has deliberately refrained from doing this. What is called for, is the careful investigation of all relevant evidence in the several departments of Biblical study, and the judicious verdict of well-balanced and well-trained minds, both as to the conclusions to be drawn, and as to the exact degree of natural and theological certainty attaching to each of them. To this should be added, that in several branches of the study the evidence itself can be and is being increased, for example, in matters of archæology, philology, history. Evidently it is to be desired that Catholic scholars should take the largest possible part in Biblical research.

We may now come to consider more in detail the work of reason in the examination of Biblical evidence, always presupposing what was said in a previous article on the guidance

of faith, but without discussing it further here. In the first place, we may notice that the study of a document for its evidence may be primarily literary or primarily historical; we may be chiefly concerned with some particular portion of history, and be using the document as a source, or we may be concentrating upon the contents of the document itself, and trying to pass a correct verdict upon it in the light of internal and external evidence. It may be enough to remark here that these two purposes are so intimately related that one can never entirely separate them. Professors Driver and Kirkpatrick, indeed, in a little book upon *The Higher Criticism*,[5] intended to allay the fears of an uneasy public, wish to confine this term, "Higher" criticism, to purely literary problems. "When the date and historical setting of an ancient writing have been determined, it is no doubt natural to draw inferences as to its credibility and the historical character of the events described in it: but these questions (*i. e.*, the drawing of these inferences) belong properly not to the 'higher' criticism, but to *historical* criticism."[6] "Natural!" Often enough, by the time the "higher critic" has done with a document, if his conclusions are to be accepted without question, the only "natural" thing to do will be to relegate it to the waste-basket.

But no one who lays serious claim to practise historical criticism will take his sources upon faith from the "higher critic" in the way postulated by these writers; nor does the "higher critic" in reality abstain either from historical presuppositions or from historical conclusions. It is not worth while to linger here upon a mere question of terminology—though even in terminology many fallacies may lie—but it would be a fundamental misconception of method to suppose that one can pass a final verdict upon "the date and historical setting of an ancient writing" before proceeding "to draw inferences as to its credibility and the historical character of the events described in it." The two processes continually overlap, and each helps the other. With textual criticism, it may be remarked, it is otherwise; speaking generally, the text of a document can be fixed before any beginning is made with the literary and historical criticism, although individual points may have to be reconsidered at a later stage.

In the study of any document, the main distinction to be

[5] London, Hodder & Stoughton, 1912. [6] Page 7.

made is rather that between internal and external evidence; a distinction perhaps all the more valuable, because it compels us to place in different categories sources still extant and sources merely conjectured by "higher critics," or of a use and influence merely conjectured. External evidence is the testimony of history to a document, the evidence of witnesses in themselves accessible, the statements bearing upon the document which we find in other documents, even the sources used, in so far as they may still exist in separate shape; for example, the books of Paralipomena (Chronicles) seem to have some dependence upon the books of Kings. In a word, as we should expect, external evidence is evidence of any kind which is external to the document itself, whereas internal evidence is precisely that of the document itself, collected and classified by careful study. To some extent, at times to a large extent, a writer will manifest himself and his standpoint in what he writes: implicitly or explicitly, he may show what sources he has used and how,[7] and his estimate of them: more subjectively, he may show the effect of his environment and character: in various ways all these will affect his words and style and literary aim, his opinions and habits of thought, and much else besides. When studying the internal evidence, we look for all such significant traits, in order to reason back from them to their causes, that is, to the character, environment and all else that has produced them. The question to be discussed may be the truth or untruth of a document; even in Biblical studies the truth of the Gospels, to take the chief example, is a conclusion to be proved critically for purposes of apologetic. Or such an issue may hardly be relevant, as when we attempt a more scholarly understanding of certain kinds of poetry. But in any case we investigate internal and external evidence in order to know all we possibly can of the conditions under which a work was written, in order to pass as exact a judgment as possible upon its contents.

On the relative value of internal and external evidence, some weighty words are to be found in the *Providentissimus Deus,* which, once more, hold good even outside sacred literature. "Perversely," they run, "and with loss to religion a device has been brought in, under the specious name of higher criticism, whereby it is from internal arguments, as they call

[7] *Cf.* 2 Machabees ii. 24.

them, alone that the origin, integrity, authenticity of any book is decided. On the contrary, it is clear that in questions of a historical kind, such as are the origin and preservation of books, historical testimonies are of greater moment than others, and should be sought out and examined with the greatest possible care; and that those internal arguments are not as a rule of such weight that they can be brought into the inquiry, except as a kind of confirmation." Otherwise, as the Encyclical points out, there is great danger of subjectivity; and in the case of Holy Writ we have a special difficulty in the rationalism which has infected so many of the "critics."

In any case, it is often a delicate and almost impossible task to estimate from the internal evidence of a work alone the sources used, the tokens of origin, of omission or addition, of personal knowledge and the like. In the case of the Bible, indeed, we can hardly say that the "higher critics" even make the attempt. Sacred Scriptures is steeped in the supernatural; nevertheless, contrary to their own principles, and without avowing or justifying their attitude, they come to it with their minds made up that the supernatural is to be rejected in every shape or form, and nothing tolerated beyond a purely natural development.

In strict illustration of this it may be enough to refer to the late Professor Sanday's *Life of Christ in Recent Research.*[8] "The whole problem before us," he explains, "is one of *making both ends meet,*[9] that is, of squaring the Gospel evidence with our knowledge of nature, without the need of supposing miracle. And it is remarkable that it takes less than four pages to accomplish the feat, and we have the triumphant conclusion: "Deduct something perhaps from the historical statement of the fact; and add something to our conception of what is possible in the course of nature; and if the two ends do not exactly meet, we may yet see that they are not very far from meeting. The question is mainly one of adjustment." [10] Thus, if all the four Gospels report the multiplication of loaves and fishes, either it is a little way loaves and fishes have—rather welcome it would be, in these days—or else they were in the people's pockets all the time; or else again, a bit of the one and a bit of the other! But why should a solution of this kind be thought less absurd than a miracle?

[8] Oxford, 1907. [9] Italics original. [10] Pages 220, 223.

Other typical attitudes may be indicated. Almost at the outset of his introduction to St. John's Gospel, M. Loisy declares that, "once the character of the book has been established, the question as to the author has almost been settled, so far as it has any interest for the historian;" and his conclusion on the former question is that "the Johannine Christ is a sort of living allegory."[11] Here we have an extreme example of the abuse censured in the *Providentissimus Deus;* an allegorical purpose is attributed to the Fourth Gospel on the strength of the internal evidence alone, but owing to rationalistic presuppositions the internal evidence is utterly misread. In reality, no Biblical writer lays so much stress on positive fact as this Evangelist. It was the evidence of facts that made Christ's disciples believe (ii. 11), and Nicodemus (iii. 2), and Thomas (xx. 27-29); and it is to make us believe also (xx. 30-31). Apart from such evidence, there would be no sin in unbelief (xv. 24). Much else might, of course, be adduced to the same purpose.

Dr. Drummond, on the other hand, in his *Character and Authorship of the Fourth Gospel,*[12] while he does allege some minor difficulties in the story of the raising of Lazarus, "must frankly add that, on general grounds affecting the whole question of the miraculous, I am unable to believe that such miracles as the turning of water into wine and the raising of Lazarus were really performed." This is certainly as frank as one could wish; but in reply one cannot but regret that in this work of over five hundred pages the author cannot spare so much as a single page for the discussion of the presupposition which (though his conclusion is in favor of the Johannine authorship) robs the discussion of all reality.

To see a veneer of scientific method thrown over this "frank" rejection of the miraculous, we cannot do better than turn to the *Introduction aux Etudes Historiques* of MM. Langlois and Seignobos;[13] and we may begin with a striking example. "Historically," we are told, "the devil is much more solidly proved than Peisistratus: we have not a single word from a contemporary to the effect that he has seen Peisistratus, whereas thousands of eyewitnesses declare that they have seen

11 *Le Quatriéme Évangile.* Paris: Picard, 1903, pp. 1, 77.
12 London, Williams & Norgate, 1903, p. 426.
13 Paris, Hachette, edit. 2, 1899, pp. 177-179.

the devil, there are few historical facts which are established by a like number of independent testimonies. And yet we no longer hesitate to reject the devil and admit Peisistratus. This is because the existence of the devil would be irreconcilable with the laws of all constituted sciences." Unfortunately at this point, when our interest is at its climax, the authors break off into a new paragraph, and how exactly the devil wrecks the sciences we are not told. We learn, however, that the indirect method of history can never have the same value as the direct methods of the sciences of observation; only new direct observation can justify the rejection of laws established by sciences which are in direct contact with reality. By way of comment upon all this it appears enough to quote from the somewhat surprising footnote: "Science has no knowledge of the possible or impossible, it only has knowledge of facts correctly or incorrectly observed; facts declared impossible, such as meteorites, have been recognized as exact. The very notion of miracle is metaphysical; it supposes a conception of the world as a whole which transcends the limits of observation."

After all, the best refutation of such perverse methods still remains the famous skit, *Historic Doubts Relative to Napoleon Buonaparte*, published anonymously in 1819, and still a useful corrective after more than a century.

Passing now more definitely to the consideration of internal evidence, it may be well to protest at once that nothing that has preceded should be understood in contempt of it, but only as a warning against exaggerating its importance. External evidence itself is ultimately to be resolved into internal, much as in textual criticism, or again as in courts of law, where also the ultimate question is that of the credibility of the witnesses; in neither case can we have an infinite series of witnesses, but finally we accept the concurrent testimony of those who strike us upon internal grounds as the most trustworthy. But the distinction should be sharply noticed; we are no longer staking everything upon our interpretation of the internal evidence of one single witness, but of every available witness, which is a very different matter. Thus, in the case of the Fourth Gospel, we should be allowing the testimony of St. Irenæus its full value, and so of the rest.

The Biblical Commission itself has insisted upon the importance of internal evidence, for example, in enforcing the

Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch,[14] and more at length in dealing with the Fourth Gospel,[15] which it does in three answered questions: in the first, the Johannine authorship is asserted upon external grounds, and in the second, upon internal, while in the third, the historical character of the Gospel is affirmed both upon external and internal grounds. On the other hand, in its answers upon Isaiah,[16] the Biblical Commission freely admits that in the second part of this book[17] "the prophet addresses and consoles as though living among them, not the Jews who were Isaiah's contemporaries, but the Jews who were mourning in the Babylonian exile." The truth thus asserted will be evident to anyone who will read the second part of Isaiah; to offer but one out of many indications, Jerusalem is spoken of as in ruins,[18] which it certainly was not in the time of Isaiah himself. The internal evidence, therefore, taken by itself, would point to an author writing among the Jews of the Babylonian exile; this the Biblical Commission evidently accepts as an ultimate fact.

But are we bound to follow the internal evidence without question? This the Commission refuses to do; at the same time it is very cautious in what it lays down, and does not positively oblige us to contradict the internal evidence. It merely gives a negative answer to the question whether the prophets *were always bound* to address their contemporaries, rather than a future generation; just as it cautiously contents itself with denying that philology *compels* one to assert a plurality of authors (of the book of Isaiah), or that there are solid arguments to prove that the book must be assigned to two, *nay, more,* authors. Modern "higher criticism" has found in Isaiah a whole library! The Biblical Commission, then, wishes at least to leave the question open as to whether the prophetic revelation may not have projected Isaiah in spirit, as it were, into another time and place, which latter alone the internal evidence would then fit. Such a projection (to use this term), though not essential to prophecy, and though not definitely proved from Holy Writ ever to have taken place, is still in itself, as the Commission implies, conceivable and possible, and if it actually befall, then the internal evidence, either in whole or part, evidently fails to indicate the environment of the

[14] June 27, 1906. [15] May 29, 1907. [16] June 29, 1908.
[17] Chapters xl.-lxvi. [18] Isaiah xliv. 26-28.

writer, but belongs to another environment altogether. And this is clearly an important consideration in the study of the internal evidence of Holy Writ.

To internal evidence belongs, strictly speaking, the argument from silence, so much abused in our own time, when "critics" are so ready to assert that a writer "knows nothing" of anything or anybody not positively mentioned by him. The only sound canon in this matter is, that in order to have a valid argument from silence, one must show that the writer could not be silent if he knew. Why should we expect a string of irrelevant persons or things? Even where the requirements of this canon seem to be complied with, we still find astonishing cases of silence, which shake our faith in the efficacy of the argument, even as thus stated. Dr. Drummond, for example, in his *Character and Authorship of the Fourth Gospel,* already mentioned, tells us[19] that St. Theophilus of Antioch, among other things, "in a defence of Christianity, tells us nothing about Christ Himself; if I am not mistaken, he does not so much as name Him or allude to Him; and, if the supposition were not absurd, it might be argued with great plausibility that he cannot have known anything about Him," since he even explains the name "Christian" without reference to Him. These and other such paradoxical phenomena are a warning to us not to place too much reliance on the argument from silence, even where it seems most plausible; still, as a general principle, we may accept the rule that the argument from silence is strong in proportion as the proof is strong that the writer could not have been silent had he known.

In the case of Holy Writ, needless to say, we cannot be content to study the documents from a purely historical or literary point of view. They are evidence of a far higher order, the word of God Himself, and as such are absolutely true. This fact has been insisted upon throughout these papers; in particular, attention may here be called to the first article of this series,[20] in which the case was discussed of a seeming discrepancy between what may be called the natural and the theological evidence, and also to the article immediately preceding this one, upon the literary form of Holy Scripture, which illustrates rather the way in which the several books are true, each

[19] Pages 157, 158.

[20] "The Study of Holy Scripture," THE CATHOLIC WORLD, July, 1921.

according to its own peculiar style and the divine message enshrined therein. In other ways, also, a certain amount of common sense is needed in order to realize the truth of what is written. Thus, when we are told that "the fool hath said in his heart, There is no God' (Psalm xiii. 1), it is not what the fool says that is true, but, the fact that he says it: here, as everywhere else, we have absolute truth.

In the same way the *Providentissimus Deus* warns us, in the words of St. Augustine, that it was not the purpose of the Holy Spirit to teach us the inward constitution of visible things, but that the language of Scripture (this in St. Thomas' words) "follows outward appearances" and the common speech of the time. If, for instance, we are told in the Book of Josue (x. 13) that "the sun stood still," such a statement abstracts from any theory about the solar system as much as if it were used by ourselves today. On the other hand, the *Providentissimus Deus*, following the whole tradition of the Church, forbids us to except any part of Holy Scripture from the action of inspiration.

In conclusion, alike to this article and those which have preceded, let us turn to our great Mother the Church of God, and remind ourselves that the final determination of what God has been pleased to reveal through the Scriptures, lies with her. It is the duty and the privilege of Biblical scholars to use the methods of historical and literary criticism in subordination to her, for the purpose of expounding and defending the sacred text.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON.

BY THEODORE MAYNARD.

AM acutely conscious that any opinion I may express on contemporary poetry will, in all probability, come to be regarded, like a large number of similar opinions expressed in the past, as a curious illustration of the insufficiency of criticism—that is if it is ever remembered. The one grain of consolation in such a thought is that the most egregious of errors occurred when the critic took it upon himself to condemn. His rash praise the world is willing to excuse, crediting the heart with what the head lacks. Thus we are much more horrified by Jeffrey's undervaluation of Wordsworth than by Coleridge's overvaluation of Bowles. So that if I should be convicted of bad judgment in setting Edwin Arlington Robinson at the head of the poets America has produced, I am fairly confident that my crime will be lightly dismissed on the ground of the enthusiasm of youth.

I do not praise Robinson, however, to be on the safe side—I have given enough hard knocks and taken my fair share of risks!—but because I believe that Robinson merits the praise I give him. I confess that I am not absolutely sure that he is a better poet than Whitman or Poe; though I think he is: I am absolutely sure that he is a better poet than Bryant, Lanier, Lowell, Longfellow or Whittier. My rashness is tentative. I need say no more in its defence.

Miss Amy Lowell in her extremely interesting analysis of Mr. Robinson's work in *Tendencies in Modern American Poetry* misses the clue to it. She actually picks up the clue only to throw it away! For having quoted the concluding lines of "Isaac and Archibald:"

> Isaac and Archibald have gone their way
> To the silence of the loved and well-forgotten.
> I knew them, and I may have laughed at them;
> But there's a laughter that has honor in it,
> And I have no regret for light words now.

> Rather I think sometimes they may have made
> Their sport of me; but they would not do that,
> They were too old for that. They were old men,
> And I may laugh at them because I knew them—

she remarks: "Does the poet really laugh? Assuredly not, laughter is the one emotion he has not at command." In the sense that Robinson never experiences or provokes the physical explosion of laughter (often the crackling of thorns under the pot) this is no doubt true. In a deeper sense, it is utterly untrue. The emotion of laughter is the root of everything Robinson writes. Other poets have their ironic moods; to this poet irony is the essence of his character. To him "God's humor is the music of the spheres," and the wisest kind of joy is learning to laugh with God. Precisely because Robinson laughs with God, he is not in the habit of laughing boisterously with men.

It frequently happens that a poet may be best understood from a study of his worst poem. What he tries hardest to say is what he is least able to say. And so "Captain Craig," one of Robinson's comparative failures, is the key to his mind. "Isaac and Archibald" is, I make a guess, autobiographical; but the boy who laughed at the two old men was only a boy. Whereas the lettered, broken vagabond, Captain Craig, is Robinson's projected vision of himself. When Captain Craig says,

> God forbid
> That ever I should preach, and in my zeal
> Forget that I was born an humorist,

he is Robinson's personal mouthpiece. Captain Craig, regarded as a buffoon, is not much to boast of. And Robinson himself does not often indulge in obvious jest; the sedate banter of "Theophilus" is perhaps his nearest approach to the "comical." Nevertheless, irony, the profoundest expression of humor, is to be found as the *motif* rather than as a quality running throughout his work.

If he does not preach because he is a humorist, so also his infinite charity springs out of his ironic philosophy. It is at this point that his critics make their second mistake: they accuse him of cynicism. Now his method is mordant, because it is an attempt to strip off the husk of circumstance to get at

the good grain beneath. He finds peace at the centre of the storm, light in the heart of darkness and the best of life, with the St. Paul of "The Three Taverns," in what we do not know. So far from being cynical, Robinson agonizes to say the one good thing that can be said for the defeated and the disgraced.

He is led into obscurity by his choice of subject, as was Browning before him. And his obscurity is denser than Browning's because of his careful avoidance of emphasis or thumping paradox. He will tolerate no stage tricks, no cheap devices for attracting attention. He makes no concessions to his audience. This is, to my way of thinking, one of his weaknesses—if it is also, as will be seen in a moment, one of his main sources of strength. A dramatist should possess the virtues of the demagogue; the actor should play to the gallery; the poet should try to be popular. A fastidious mind is liable to forget this, and, conscious only of the danger of vulgarity involved in aiming at broad effects, tend to grow more fastidious and to forsake the virtues as well as the vices of the man who appeals directly to the public. He will begin to write deliberately for the few. He may even become a highbrow.

This is the fate that overtook Browning. A much more robust person than Tennyson, he provides knotty texts for the commentators to wrangle over and no food at all for the huge human crowd he wanted to reach. No man was less of a highbrow. Yet the highbrows have claimed him as their own. He was called obscure; and that was the end of him.

There was very little of the recondite in Browning's soul. There was, however, a great deal of undeniable peculiarity in his style. Robinson, on the other hand, is much subtler of soul and simpler in style. He has no grammatical eccentricities; but being subtle and, in addition, exact, he has acquired the habit of qualifying his ideas by clause within clause in his sentences to such an extent that the original idea often escapes. Instead of a bold, black outline he uses a multitude of minute lines in the drawing of his pictures. He is closely akin in spirit, as in method, to Henry James. Both of these great men have the same sad, sagacious and tender note—a tenderness so strong that it is willing to follow a human tragedy to the last turn of the screw—and both have the same

precise deviousness of approach. As the teller of the story in "Avon's Harvest" puts it:

> Be patient, and you'll see just what I mean—
> Which is to say, you won't. But you can listen,
> And that's itself a large accomplishment.

If Browning is obscure (and he is), though he roared like a lion over his discoveries, his obscurity is caused almost entirely by his haste; he omits too much from his sentences. If James is obscure (and he is) his obscurity consists mainly in what he puts into his sentences—the interminable qualifications. If Robinson is obscure (and he is) his obscurity largely consists in what he omits from the story. He tries to be clear—as is proved by the exactness of his style and even by his selection of the simplest possible metrical forms—but he shrinks from the banality of telling everything. He wishes to tell just enough—and no more—that is necessary for the tale's intelligibility. He does not realize that he is excessively reticent, or that his mind works in curves, in tenuous lines that are followed with difficulty. He is aiming at being direct and economical. He is completely free from the highbrow cant about a "select audience." And he is sincerely surprised by his readers' bewilderment. I talked to him once about the ambiguity of meaning in the third and fourth lines of his poem "Tact," after I had discussed it with several of his friends. "If people find that obscure," he said, "I wonder what they make of some of my other things." He was silent a moment, and then added: "I like to leave a poem with a fringe round it." Here is the poem:

> Observant of the way she told
> So much of what was true,
> No vanity could long withhold
> Regard that was her due:
> She spared him the familiar guile,
> So easily achieved,
> That only made a man to smile
> And left him undeceived.
>
> Aware that all imagining
> Of more than what she meant

Would urge an end of everything,
He stayed; and when he went,
They parted with a merry word
That was to him as light
As any that was ever heard
Upon a starry night.

She smiled a little, knowing well
That he would not remark
The ruins of a day that fell
Around her in the dark:
He saw no ruins anywhere,
Nor fancied there were scars
On anyone who lingered there,
Alone below the stars.

Robinson is now and then direct to the point of bluntness, as in the concluding couplet of "Richard Cory:"

And Richard Cory, one calm summer night,
Went home and put a bullet through his head.

Much more frequently he is periphrastic, as where (to take an instance) he refuses to make the plain statement that a man drank moderately, and turns it in into the euphemistic,

But his indifferent wassailing was always
Too far within the measure of excess.

The whole of Mr. Robinson's work—which consists of lyrics, sonnets and blank verse in about equal parts—is narrative. There are, of course, exceptions: some early sententious octaves: "The Man Against the Sky" and "The Valley of the Shadow," which are didactic; and a very few pure lyrics. I quote one of them:

THE DARK HILLS.

Dark hills at evening in the west,
Where sunset hovers like a sound
Of golden horns that sang to rest
Old bones of warriors under ground,
Far now from all the bannered ways
Where flash the legions of the sun,
You fade—as if the last of days
Were fading, and all wars were done.

"Lyrical," defined as a quality rather than as a form, Robinson practically never is. He does not feel, nor does he make others feel, ecstasy. Even such lines as:

> Half clouded with a crimson fall
> Of roses thrown on marble stairs—

and:

> Or like a stairway to the sea
> Where down the blind are driven—

and:

> My life were like the sound of golden bells
> Heard over fields at sunset—

are more properly to be described as rhetorical than lyrical. The true lyric note occurs, as in

> The stillness of October gold
> Went out like beauty from a face;

and in the fine, though slightly forced,

> He crushed her cold white hands and saw them falling
> Away from him like flowers into a grave—

but it seldom occurs, and usually is, oddly enough, in the blank verse. It would seem that within the limitations of a brief lyric Robinson has no scope for anything except the precise consideration of his theme.

Nevertheless, Robinson excels in the lyrical form. His are dramatic lyrics, each with its story ruthlessly pursued to its spiritual climax. He is too good a psychologist to mouth the shibboleths of the Psychoanalysts; and yet what is valuable in the Freudian method, was in Robinson's poems before we (or he) had heard of Freud. But it is as a philosopher that he approaches his situations, not as the scientist or the charlatan. He is always faithful—unlike some of his shallower contemporaries—to his function of a poet.

"Nimmo" is an admirable example of his process, and of his style. It is by no means one of his easiest lyrics, though it is not one of the most difficult. I believe that it could be read with pleasure for the charm of its colloquial manner by a person who failed to get out of it the faintest glimmer of

meaning. The poem as given here is reduced by twelve lines, as I wish to make the most of the space at my disposal; however, I do not think that the poem is hurt by the omission.

Since you remember Nimmo, and arrive
At such a false and florid and far drawn
Confusion of odd nonsense, I connive
No longer, though I may have led you on.

You knew him, and you must have known his eyes—
How deep they were, and what a velvet light
Came out of them when anger or surprise,
Or laughter, or Francesca, made them bright.

No, you will not forget such eyes, I think—
And you say nothing of them. Very well.
I wonder if all history's worth a wink,
Sometimes, or if my tale be one to tell.

For they began to lose their velvet light;
Their fire grew dead without and small within;
And many of you deplored the needless fight
That somewhere in the dark there must have been.

All fights are needless, when they're not our own,
But Nimmo and Francesca never fought.
Remember that; and when you are alone,
Remember me—and think what I have thought.

Now, mind you, I say nothing of what was,
Or never was, or could or could not be:
Bring not suspicion's candle to the glass
That mirrors a friend's face to memory.

Of what you see, see all—but see no more:
For what I show you here will not be there.
The devil has had his way with paint before,
And he's an artist—and you needn't stare.

There was a painter and he painted well:
He'd paint you Daniel in the lion's den,
Beelzebub, Elaine, or William Tell.
I'm coming back to Nimmo's eyes again.

The painter put the devil in those eyes,
Unless the devil did, and there he stayed;
And then the lady fled from paradise,
And there's your fact. The lady was afraid.

She must have been afraid, or may have been,
Of evil in their velvet all the while;
But sure as I'm a sinner with a skin,
I'll trust the man as long as he can smile.

I knew him then, and if I know him yet,
I know in him, defeated and estranged,
The calm of men forbidden to forget
The calm of women who have loved and changed.

But there are ways that are beyond our ways,
Or he would not be calm and she be mute,
As one by one their lost and empty days
Pass without even the warmth of a dispute.

God help us all when women think they see;
God save us when they do. I'm fair; but though
I know him only as he looks to me,
I know him—and I tell Francesca so.

And what of Nimmo? Little would you ask
Of him, could you but see him as I can,
At his bewildered and unfruitful task
Of being what he was born to be—a man.

Meanwhile I trust him; and I know his way
Of trusting me, and always in his youth.
I'm painting here a better man, you say,
Than I, the painter; and you say the truth.

Much of what he has written in sonnet form must be included in Robinson's best work—and this despite the fact that he has bad habits with his sestets, and frequently destroys the true sonnet feeling by rhyming a-a-b-c-c-b, or even by using three concluding couplets. This serious technical fault (which arises through no lack of skill but owing to a misunderstanding of what can and what cannot be done in a sonnet) is to be deplored, especially since Robinson's sonnets show an entirely

fresh departure in content and crisp expression. Dramatic lyrics, though rare, are not new. Dramatic sonnets are a novelty; and reveal an unsuspected possibility. Aside from Drayton's "Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part"—which was intended as a love-token and turned into drama only by accident—there are no sonnets with which we can compare Robinson's. I will quote three that are typical:

HOW ANNANDALE WENT OUT.

"They called it Annandale—and I was there
To flourish, to find words, and to attend:
Liar, physician, hypocrite, and friend,
I watched him; and the sight was not so fair
As one or two that I have seen elsewhere:
An apparatus not for me to mend—
A wreck, with hell between him and the end,
Remained of Annandale: and I was there.

"I knew the ruin as I knew the man;
So put the two together, if you can,
Remembering the worst you know of me.
Now view yourself as I was, on the spot—
With a slight kind of engine. Do you see?
Like this . . . You wouldn't hang me? I thought not."

THE GROWTH OF "LORRAINE."

While I stood listening, discreetly dumb,
Lorraine was having the last word with me:
"I know," she said, "I know it, but you see
Some creatures are born fortunate, and some
Are born to be found out and overcome—
Born to be slaves, to let the rest go free;
And if I'm one of them (and I must be)
You may as well forget me and go home.

"You'll tell me not to say these things, I know,
But I should never try to be content:
I've gone too far; the life would be too slow.
Some could have done it—some girls have the stuff;
But I can't do it: I don't know enough.
I'm going to the devil." And she went.

The curt "And she went" is as typical of Robinson as the euphemistic "slight kind of engine." In both of these sonnets the story is adequately told—though I have only given the first of the two that concern "Lorraine." In "The Tavern," the story is not so much as suggested. The poet creates a sense of mystery by indicating that there would be a story—if he knew it!

THE TAVERN.

Whenever I go by there nowadays
And look at the rank weeds and the strange grass,
The torn blue curtains and the broken glass,
I seem to be afraid of the old place:
And something stiffens up and down my face,
For all the world as if I saw the ghost
Of old Ham Amory, the murdered host,
With his dead eyes turned on me all aglaze.

The Tavern has a story, but no man
Can tell us what it is. We only know
That once long after midnight, years ago,
A stranger galloped up from Tilbury Town,
Who brushed, and scared, and all but overran
That skirt-crazed reprobate, John Evereldown.

Robinson must extract vast enjoyment out of the writing of the kind of lyric and sonnet that he has made peculiarly his own; but I believe that he is most thoroughly himself in blank verse. This is a medium of literary expression that he has succeeded in bringing to the highest pitch of perfection, giving to it the edge of his own personality. The danger in attempting to write blank verse is notorious: it is so easy to do badly. And, perhaps because it is easy, no poet between the time of Milton and the present has given it much serious attention. It has come to be looked upon as a means of composing, without much effort, any poetry that did not happen readily to accommodate itself to the bonds of set stanza and rhyme. Robinson does not get out of blank verse the majestic effects of Abercrombie or the raciness of Frost; but he contrives to write it at once with more finish and more variety than his rivals.

Though he has written no better blank verse than that in

"Isaac and Archibald"—indeed, it is hard to imagine how very much better blank verse could be written than that found in this poem, "The Three Taverns," "Avon's Harvest," "Ben Jonson Entertains a Man from Stratford," "Merlin" and "Lancelot" reach as lofty, if not so well-sustained, heights. The two Arthurian pieces are his longest and most ambitious efforts. "Lancelot," though technically noteworthy, is a production that I find tiresome, except at the moment of climax in Guinevere's speech. But "Merlin," despite its architectural faults, is a poignant and convincing study of the antagonism which may exist between the two strongest forces that move humanity—

> Of woman and the light that Galahad found

Lancelot is a repetition of the same theme. Yet it fails to convince—at least, it failed to convince me.

I shall not attempt to demonstrate here the merits of Mr. Robinson's blank verse. To do so would demand a separate study, or an extension of this article beyond its proper proportions. I leave the matter with an opinion advanced, but unargued.

In concluding this review of Edwin Arlington Robinson's work I must express a regret that I cannot believe myself the first to have felt—a regret that at this great poet's birth the crowning gift of greatness was withheld. What is it that prevents him from being either simple, sensuous or passionate? Is it diffidence? Or his sombre temperament? I do not know. I suggest the subject as one for some aspiring Psychoanalyst to investigate—though I shall laugh at the diagnosis. It is certain that something has been left out of Robinson's genius. If he had been able to abandon himself, he would have become not merely the greatest poet of America (he has, I think, become that), but one of the half-dozen of the world's greatest poets.

CELESTE.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

STRANGE music in a modern world; harps and viols and pianos played in unison and then, trooping down from the austere stage, came a long procession of white gowned girls, some of them crowned with flowers.

It was June. The commencement exercises at the old convent were over and friends and relatives rushed frantically forward to surround their treasured ones with eager questions and glad welcomes to the gay world outside the high stone walls.

Céleste stood apart from the rest; she knew there was no one to receive her on this her day of triumph. The three gold medals, hung by blue satin ribbons around her neck, had loomed so large in the days of the competitive examinations, but now—she pressed them in her hand until the sharp edges dug into her palms in her effort to keep back the tears that filled her limpid brown eyes.

Some people, less concerned in this tidal wave of encompassing affection, noticed the tall girl standing alone; she had been valedictorian of her class, and as she came forward to the centre of the stage, she carried herself so superbly that her beauty of the rare Créole type had claimed the attention of the long-suffering audience. Many had turned to their programmes to find the girl's name; Céleste Grongé was not a familiar one to these Southern aristocrats in this particular part of the State. Some of them remembered vaguely that their daughters had written to them about this handsome orphaned girl who led all her classes, and who studied during vacation time so that she might fit herself for a position as governess, since she had no home. Two or three of these French families, who occasionally permitted their charity to overrule their exclusiveness, had invited Céleste to spend her Christmas holidays with them while one *grande dame* who, it was whispered around gossipy tea tables, had royal blood in

her blue protruding veins, had been so charmed with Céleste's loveliness and gentleness of manner that she had determined to engage her to train her ungovernable grandchildren and perhaps—the old lady was an inveterate matchmaker—perhaps, when the girl's antecedents had been minutely examined, perhaps, she might prove an acceptable wife for the old lady's son who was a disconsolate but most eligible young widower.

Céleste could not have enlightened this possible mother-in-law, for she had no knowledge of her parentage. Mam' Marie was her only vivid recollection. Mam' Marie was her nurse. She lived in an isolated little cabin, and she took in washing while she cared for Céleste with the ferocious tenderness with which an animal guards its young, until the child was sent away to be educated "like a lady."

Céleste remembered that day very well; she had been standing among the tall hollyhocks in the weed-grown garden peering longingly out at a crowd of ragged children who were gathering wild strawberries in their brimless hats. Mam' Marie had never permitted her to play with these undesirable neighbors. She had a deeply rooted prejudice for "po white trash;" she abhorred their morals and their manners, they were no fit associates for Céleste. But this morning the child was wondering what dire punishment would follow if she should break through the hollyhocks and join the strawberry hunt on the hill, when her attention was arrested by a man on horseback coming up the unfrequented road.

He was not a prepossessing looking person: he was short and fat, and his face bore the purple blotches of dissipation; his slouch hat was pulled down to shield his eyes from the glare of the sun, and he had a gun slung carelessly across his saddle. He stopped to question Céleste. He was out hunting, he explained, and he had lost his way. Céleste was too ignorant of the roads to direct him, so Mam' Marie came hurrying from her kitchen wiping her hands, shriveled from strong soap suds, on her gingham apron.

"Lord, if it ain't Marie!" said the young man, and he slapped jovially at his boot leg. "What did you hide yourself out here for? Come back to the plantation for the Lord's sake and help run things. Everything there going to the devil. My old man's second wife hasn't a notion of housekeeping,

scolds like a fish wife and can't keep a servant for love or money."

"Mistah Abe dun married agin?" asked Mam' Marie respectfully.

"Well, I should say—some variety actress he picked up in New Orleans. She's a high-flier—believe me. Tongue wags in the middle, so I've moved out." He glanced curiously at the child.

"He ain't got no right thar no how," said Mam' Marie. "His money wuz blood money."

"Well everybody is dead now except you and me," said the man lightly. "I ain't never had any quarrel with your old folks. Your master was mighty good to me when I was nothing but the kid son of his overseer and Jack—well, Jack treated me like a brother. Remember, I was one of the witnesses at the wedding. It was all right enough as far as the ceremony was concerned. I believe Jack always was a stickler for religion—but the old priest's sight wasn't very good and the church, like the bride, was a bit *dusky*." Again his eyes turned towards the child. "What are you going to do with her?"

Mam' Marie bristled like a porcupine. "I'se gwine to send her to school," she said defiantly.

"Got the cash?" he asked with a faint show of interest.

"No sah, I'm skimpin' and savin'—I'm aimin' to send her to the convent a good ways from here."

"H'm!" grunted the man reflectively, "I'd make it a good ways and I'll be d—d if I don't help—I ain't got no prejudices. Lord! she'll make a stunning woman. Lucky at cards last night—easy come, easy go," and he pitched a roll of bills at the old woman's feet.

"Lord hev mercy," she said picking it up with trembling fingers, "I ain't thankin' you, Mistah Simon, I donno how."

"Don't try," he interrupted her. "Maybe I'll regret it tomorrow. I've been drinking—always in a good humor when I've had more than is good for me. Reckon she's entitled to something—Jack was like a brother to me," he repeated. "Stakes were high last night. Which way do I turn to get the main road? I've completely lost my bearings. Got lost in that old swamp—trailing moss—cypress knees. Good Lord! what a country!"

Mam' Marie, made speechless by her good fortune, pointed dumbly to the north. Somehow, long after this uncomprehended conversation had been forgotten, this picture remained imprinted on Céleste's child mind: the gaunt mulatto woman, her shoulders stooped from much leaning over her wash tubs, dressed in her blue calico, her head tied up in a red bandanna, standing silhouetted against a flaming sky as if she were offering herself on some funeral pyre with the ecstasy of hope in her heart.

The son of her cruel, well-remembered overseer rode on while the child, half frightened, cuddled to her side.

That was all so long ago. Now Céleste had graduated. What next? The big commencement hall seemed stifling, the perfume of the girls' bouquets sickened her, the joy, the love, the promise of life and change for all her classmates filled her with that inexpressible loneliness that only a crowd can convey. Then she felt a timid touch upon her arm and, turning quickly, she realized, with a glad start of surprise, that she was not alone—Mam' Marie stood beside her. She had not seen her for ten years, but time had dealt compassionately with that kind face so full of tenderness; the wrinkles around her eyes were humorous lines, and her strong teeth, still white in their perfection, prevented any sagging of her thick-lipped mouth.

"Oh, Mam' Marie—Mam' Marie," cried the girl, clasping both the work-worn hands in hers, "how did you get here? It was so good of you to come—so good not to forget me."

"Forgit you!" exclaimed the old woman, her eyes full of wonder. "I wuz boun' to come, honey—boun' to come—I jest couldn't stay away no longer. The kind, good Sisters let me in the hall and I ain't de onliest one—Mistah Simon Jessup he come too."

There was a certain fear and tremulousness in this last statement that went unobserved, as Céleste turned to greet the heavy man who was wedging his way with great difficulty through the crowd.

"I know Mr. Jessup," she said graciously, "I met him at a party last Christmas when I was visiting one of my friends. You remember, Mam' Marie, I wrote to you that I had been invited out to spend the holidays? I am so glad you came to see me graduate—I was feeling so lonely."

"Were you now?" said Simon Jessup cheerfully, "this sure is a hugging, kissing bunch. Now I ain't got no objections. . . ." But this pleasantry, too, passed unnoticed in the noise of the crowd.

Mr. Jessup was not prepossessing; he was as cumbrous as his words; and the gorgeousness of his new waistcoat made his rotundity more apparent. In his effort to conceal his years, which were settling gruesomely upon him, he struggled to keep his face clean shaven, but his beard had been of generous growth, and no tonsorial talent could eliminate the bluish appearance of his double chin.

But Céleste was too happy to be critical, the mere fact that she was individualized by two human beings brought her in touch with a world in which she had seemed to be an alien. Mam' Marie's long journey, and the labor and economies it must have entailed, had touched her deeply.

She chatted gayly with Simon Jessup, pointing out the classrooms as they passed through the wide, polished corridor, and narrating the little happenings that had lessened the monotony of her school life. Her companion, just out of the world of great comparisons, found these trivialities most diverting because of her enthusiastic interest. Mam' Marie fell instinctively in the rear; she had been raised with "quality," and knew her place.

She was experiencing a sort of rapture as she watched every movement of the lithe young figure in front of her. The white dress was starched not quite to her liking, and the silk sash was not the handsome brocade that Mam' Marie's mistress had worn on a similar occasion, but then—Mam' Marie was reasonable—one night's gambling gains had their limitations.

Céleste had written dutifully to Mam' Marie twice a month. She had told her that a position had been offered to her as soon as the school year was over. This was all that Mam' Marie had hoped, for the present. Later on, when Céleste married and had little ones of her own, then—then Mam' Marie would find her paradise in that nursery. She seemed to feel the soft baby fingers patting her wrinkled face, to hear the cooing and the crying and the laughter of baby voices to be.

Somewhere in the crowd, she had lost Céleste and Mr.

Jessup, but her mind was so flooded with fancies that for the moment she was glad to be alone. She sat down on a stiff, wooden bench in a sunny corner of the porch, and she built air castles full of the joy and plenty of the old plantation days.

Meanwhile Céleste and Simon Jessup had wandered out into the prim convent garden. Across the iron spiked fence lay the graveyard of the nuns. Hundreds of little black crosses, dating back almost a century of silence, marked the graves of these pioneer women who had been wind-driven over the sea in those ancient days when Lafitte and his piratical followers made voyaging a time of suspended terror.

Now the garden was full of roses, and at one end of the box-bordered gravel path a rustic summer house stood hospitably awaiting an occupant.

"The sun is very hot," said Jessup wiping his growing bald spot with a colored silk handkerchief. "Let us go in here."

"It all seems very sad to me," said Céleste, her face growing paler as they entered this shadowed retreat.

"What the sun?" he asked, humorously, sinking down on one of the narrow benches that creaked beneath his weight.

"No," laughed Céleste, "girls are never very coherent. I have been very happy here, and now it is time to . . . go."

"But you wouldn't want to stay?" he suggested.

"No, I wouldn't want to stay."

"You wouldn't want to be a nun?" he continued in alarm.

"No," she said hesitatingly.

"Good Lord! You're too beautiful to stick yourself in a cap and habit. You're really beautiful, Céleste. You've been here ten years—isn't that long enough?"

"Yes, but don't you understand it's the only home I have ever known. You see my father and mother died when I was a baby. Mam' Marie was my old nurse. She kept me with her until I was old enough to be sent to school. I believe, it was your father who bought some land belonging to my grandfather's plantation, and that has paid my expenses here."

He listened, the look of wonder growing in his bloodshot eyes. Was this the story that her own imagination had fabricated out of her nebulous past?

"So that was it," he said at last, tolerantly, "I reckon I had forgotten and now there is nothing left?"

"No, there is nothing left. Mam' Marie once told me that my grandfather had been a rich sugar planter, but that was years ago, long before the war. I suppose there was little left for me, for the nuns have been very kind and reduced their terms or I could not have graduated."

"And now?"

"I will get a position."

"To do what?"

"To teach." With her long white fingers she was idly weaving some sprays of honeysuckle into a wreath; she did not notice the look of rapt attention on Simon Jessup's face. Her medals glittered in the sunlight.

"I reckon you're very clever," he said after a pause, "very clever to get all those," he pointed with his pudgy forefinger to the honors on her breast.

"Oh, no, she smiled, "I've studied hard. I had to . . . I had no one . . . no one to take care of me."

"You have me," he said, impulsively, half rising from the rustic bench. "Come, I ain't no longer a young man, but I am rich. Ever since I saw you last year at the Christmas party I have thought of you. Somehow, I couldn't get you out of my head. I'll marry you . . . and I'll do the right thing." He leaned towards her while she pressed back among the fragrant vines, staining the shoulders of her white dress with the crushed leaves. His determination roused as he saw her recoil from him.

"Good Lord, girl! think for a moment. . . I'm a rich man. My father is dead and your grandfather's plantation is mine. . . . I'll make you mistress of it. . . . I'll do the right thing. Get the priest and I'll marry you today. You're dressed for a wedding—all in white and crowned with flowers."

"Oh, I couldn't," she said burying her face in her hands, for this first glimpse of a man's passion seemed to frighten her. "I couldn't . . . oh, I *couldn't.*"

"And why not?" he began again persuasively. "You will go out in the world and be paid a paltry sum for teaching spoiled and fretful children. You have no home, no place . . . no people. I love you, Céleste, I tell you, I love you." He had gained possession of her hand, and now, as she struggled to release it, he almost wounded it in his strong grasp.

"Oh, I cannot," she said again. "Never, *never.*"

"And why not?"

"Because I do not love you;" she was a child at heart and she uttered the truth with a child's finality. "I never could. Please let go my hand . . . You're hurting me. I'm sure . . . sure you mean to be kind, but I do not like you."

His red face was purple now, his bulging eyes gleamed with sudden anger.

"Lord, girl . . . What do you expect?"

"Expect?" she repeated, questioningly. "I do not know."

"Then I'll tell you," he said slowly. "I'll tell you. You won't go on fooling people through a lifetime . . . Someone is bound to know."

She looked at him, uncomprehendingly. "I do not understand," she said.

"Will you marry me?" he asked again desperately. *"Will you marry me?"*

"No—no, I cannot," she answered. "I must love the man I marry . . . I must love him better than my . . . life."

"Your life! and what will your life be," he cried with cruelty. "Back among the niggers where you belong. Back to your grandmother's cabin."

She cowered among the twisted vines, sick and faint at the revelation. Though her mind rebelled against belief, his words had made the mystery of her past so clear; she was vaguely conscious that Mam' Marie's arms were around her and that she was straining her to her breast.

The old woman was speechless and stunned in her anger. . . . She was re-living the old agony she had suffered when her only daughter, in giving birth to Céleste, lay dead in her futile arms.

THE TACNA-ARICA CONTROVERSY.

BY HERBERT F. WRIGHT, PH.D.

WASHINGTON is once more the scene of an international conference, this time a conference of more exclusive interest to the Americas, because it is to settle a controversy so outstanding in South American politics that it has come to be known throughout the length and breadth of the continent as "the question of the Pacific." The point in dispute is the sovereignty over a Pacific seaboard tract of some 9,000 square miles, formerly composed of the Peruvian departments of Tacna and Arica, but now administered by Chile as her northernmost province, under the name of the Province of Tacna.

This question goes back to the time when the province, originally a possession of Peru, passed under the military control of Chile in the War of the Pacific, which was won by Chile in 1883 against the combined armies of Peru and Bolivia. A treaty was signed which provided for a plebiscite to be held ten years after ratification to determine whether Tacna-Arica should ultimately belong to Peru or Chile. The treaty was ratified March 28, 1884, and in accordance with its terms the plebiscite should have been held on March 28, 1894. But it was not held then, nor since, and Chile remains in possession of Tacna-Arica despite the protests of Peru.

When President Harding, therefore, invited the two governments to send plenipotentiaries to Washington to negotiate a settlement, he struck a responsive chord. The delegates have now assembled, Carlos Aldunate Solar and Luis Izquierdo for Chile, and Hernan Velarde and Meliton F. Porras for Peru, and Secretary of State Hughes, on May 15th, opened the formal sessions looking toward a settlement. It may be of some interest, therefore, to briefly enumerate the series of events which gave rise to the controversy.

Down to the year 1842 there is no doubt about the northern boundary of Chile, for the Constitutions of 1822, 1823, 1828, 1832 and 1833, and the treaty of 1842 between Chile and Spain,

all definitely recognize the desert of Atacama (about 27° south latitude) as the northern boundary. The desert of Atacama itself (27° to 23° south latitude) was under the undisputed sovereignty of Bolivia until 1842, as was the territory between 23° and 21°, including Antofagasta. This was her outlet to the sea. Just north of this was the Peruvian province of Tarapaca (21°—19°), while still farther north was the territory now in dispute, Tacna-Arica (19°—17° 30′). I mention these divisions as they existed in 1842 because of the bearing which they have on subsequent developments and the light they throw on the interests of Chile, Peru and Bolivia to the territory now in dispute.

The discovery of guano deposits in the desert of Atacama started Chile's expansion to the north. On October 31, 1842, the Chilean Congress passed a law declaring all guano deposits on the Atacama coast state property. Bolivia naturally protested, and thus began the series of events which culminated in the War of the Pacific in 1879. Protracted negotiations between Chile and Bolivia led to the signing of a treaty in 1866, by which the new boundary line between the two nations was fixed at 24° south latitude.

This, however, did not seem to satisfy Chile, while the discovery of rich silver mines at Caracoles (about 23° south latitude) coupled with the knowledge of the authorization of the construction of two war vessels by Chile in 1871, induced Bolivia to enter into a treaty of defensive alliance with Peru in 1873. The terms of this treaty, which parallels somewhat the lines of Article X. of the Covenant of the League of Nations, was intended to be a mutual guarantee of the *status quo* against any foreign aggressor. Although it was kept secret, in order apparently to more easily obtain the adherence of the Argentine Republic, there is reason to believe that the Chilean Foreign Office was not unaware of it.

At any rate, in 1874, a new treaty was concluded between Chile and Bolivia, in part confirming the earlier treaty of 1866 and in part interpreting some of the mooted questions which arose therefrom. Bolivia apparently violated a provision of this treaty, which concerned the taxation of Chilean industries. It might be stated here that the latter were chiefly nitrate companies operating around Antofagasta and in Tarapaca. A dispute, therefore, arose between Chile and Bolivia

in which Chile seemed to be justified, and, despite Peru's good offices to settle this dispute, war broke out which eventually involved Peru as well as Bolivia.

Documents contained in archives of the State Department of the United States bear out Peru's contention that she desired peace, that Chile was prepared for war, that these preparations created an impossible financial situation in Chile, and that the rich nitrate fields of Tarapaca were recognized by outsiders as a great temptation to Chile to relieve her financial depression. It is no surprise, therefore, that Chile emerged from the conflict easily victorious, and dictated her terms of peace despite repeated offers of mediation by the United States, the Chilean Minister of Foreign Affairs saying in a circular note issued December 24, 1881:

> We alone undertook the war and in the exercise of our sovereignty and in the sphere of our legitimate international liberty we alone shall conclude it.

By the terms of the treaty concluded between Peru and Chile at Ancon, October 20, 1883, and ratified the twenty-eighth of March, following:

> The Republic of Peru cedes to the Republic of Chile, in perpetuity and unconditionally, the territory of the littoral province of Tarapaca. . . .

Article III. of the same treaty provides that:

> The territory of the provinces of Tacna and Arica [boundaries given here] shall remain in the possession of Chile, and subject to Chilean laws and authorities, during the term of ten years, to be reckoned from the ratification of the present Treaty of Peace. At the expiration of that term a plebiscite shall, by means of a popular vote, decide whether the territory of the provinces referred to is to remain definitely under the dominion and sovereignty of Chile, or to continue to form a part of the Peruvian territory. Whichever of the two countries in whose favor the provinces of Tacna and Arica are to be annexed, shall pay to the other 10,000,000 pesos in Chilean silver currency, or Peruvian soles of the same standard and weight.
>
> A special Protocol, which shall be considered an integral

> part of the present Treaty, will establish the form in which the plebiscite is to take place, and the conditions and periods of payment of the 10,000,000 pesos by the country which remains in possession of the provinces of Tacna and Arica.

Chile repeatedly contended that the war was not one of conquest, though foreign observers considered that it was. But if it was not, the fact remains that, for the thirty or forty million pesos, which it had been estimated to have cost Chile, she obtained the entire Bolivian littoral and the Peruvian province of Tarapaca, besides the temporary and still unrelinquished administration of Tacna-Arica. These constitute probably the most valuable nitrate fields known. Some idea of the enormous resources acquired by Chile may be gathered from the following statistics taken from a recent publication of the distinguished Chilean economist, Guillermo Subercaseaux, entitled *The Monetary and Banking Policy of Chile.*

In 1879 the exports of Chile were valued at 78,000,000 gold pesos. During the next five years the exports nearly doubled in value and with some fluctuations, due to internal conditions, increased year after year, so that by 1916 they totaled over 500,000,000 pesos. On the other hand, the imports, which from 1874 to 1877 were somewhat in excess of the exports, fell considerably below them from 1877 to 1887 and with some few exceptions have remained so until, in 1916, they were less than fifty per cent. of the exports. But even this represents a three hundred per cent. increase in imports over 1879.

The public revenues and expenditures underwent similar changes. The revenues, which had remained at about 30,000,000 gold pesos between the years 1871 and 1878, doubled by the year 1880, and gradually increased year by year, with some few exceptions, so that by 1912 they amounted to over 210,000,000 pesos. On the other hand, the expenditures, which considerably exceeded the revenues from 1866 to 1878, immediately reversed the relationship, so that by 1912 there was a good ten per cent. balance in favor of the revenues.

The war, which ended in 1883, therefore, wrought a notable improvement in the financial situation of Chile. As Mr. Subercaseaux remarks:

> The rate of interest on bank loans declined from the 12 per cent. it had reached before the war to 5 per cent. and 6 per cent. in 1882. The debtors were able to take advantage of the altered situation for the purpose of converting their old obligations into new ones carrying a lower rate of interest. The price of rural and urban properties rose considerably, so that many landowners, who shortly before would have been unable to pay their debts by selling their holdings, afterwards found themselves with a considerable balance in their favor. The rise of prices, coupled with the decline of rates of interest, the expansion of credit, and the good market which the new nitrate provinces created for agricultural products, brought about a notable improvement in the status of the agricultural industry.

Moreover, the War of the Pacific, besides radically modifying the map of the western portion of South America, has an additional interest in that it has given rise to interesting problems of international law that were scarcely known before, at least, in the same clear-cut form. Some of these problems involved the question of the rights of a belligerent in enemy territory occupied by his arms; the limits to the authority of the victor in territory which the losing party has turned over to him by an act of truce or of peace, in full sovereignty, but not finally; the value to be given by the victorious state to the concessions made by the conquered power to private parties over a tract of territory ceded by a treaty of peace; the value of security which had been given by the conquered state over the same territory in order to guarantee financial obligations; the moral or legal responsibility of the annexing state as to foreign creditors of the state annexed; and, finally, concerning the arrangements for the taking of a plebiscite to decide the nationality of territory.

It is this latter question which has been mooted these many years, both Chile and Peru contending that the other has been responsible for the non-performance of the plebiscite. No step was taken to put into effect the protocol of the treaty of 1883 until 1892, when Chile proposed a commercial treaty to which was attached a proposal for considering the Tacna-Arica question. Peru, however, declined to mix the issue.

It might be mentioned in passing that Chile has main-

tained almost from the outset that the clause of the treaty concerning Tacna and Arica, including the plebiscite, was a mere formality to cover the absolute and definitive session of that territory. However, a comparison of Article II., which makes an absolute cession of Tarapaca, with Article III., which concerns Tacna-Arica and the plebiscite, leads one to believe that the explicit terms of Article III. mean precisely what they say. The clause, actually incorporated in this Article, makes a favorable plebiscite a condition precedent to the possible establishment of Chilean sovereignty over the territory, whereas Chile's claim that the plebiscite was a mere formality agreed upon to save the face of Peru, would have made an unfavorable plebiscite a condition subsequent for the loss of Chilean sovereignty. At any rate, Chile's contention should be borne in mind when reviewing the subsequent diplomatic correspondence.

Some foreign creditors of Peru next attempted to effect a settlement between the two countries on the point at issue, but ineffectually. In 1893 Peru proposed Chile's withdrawal from Tacna-Arica on March 28, 1894, the date upon which the ten-year period would expire, and the holding of a plebiscite under the supervision of Peru or some neutral Power. Chile, however, would not consent to any plan implying her withdrawal as a prerequisite for the holding of the plebiscite. Peru next suggested dividing the disputed territory into two zones, with herself in charge of the voting in the northern zone and Chile in the southern zone. This being rejected, Peru, late in 1893, suggested submitting to arbitration the entire matter or the particular question as to whether natives alone or all inhabitants should have the right to vote in the plebiscite. A change of administration in Chile prevented action upon this proposal.

Late in 1894, at the invitation of Peru, Chile herself offered a plan, namely, of dividing the province into three sections, one to go definitively to Chile, one definitively to Peru, and the sovereignty of the third to be decided by a plebiscite. Internal changes in both countries, however, brought these negotiations to naught.

Early in 1895, Chile made the suggestion that the disputed province be annexed outright to Chile by agreement with Peru. This was naturally rejected. Chile then proposed a

cash settlement, if Peru should win in the plebiscite. Peru, being unable to pay cash, offered to furnish guaranties for payment, and even went so far as to suggest that Chile should remain in actual possession until the money was paid. Chile "stood pat" on her original proposition of cash payment.

There were minor negotiations carried on between 1896 and 1898, when the Billinghurst-Latorre Agreement was signed. This proposed to leave to Spain the arbitral award as to who should vote and what the qualifications of the voter should be, as well as whether the voting should be public or secret. Peru promptly ratified this agreement, but not so with Chile. Consequently, in 1901, Peru, after repeated efforts to secure ratification by the Chilean Congress, withdrew her minister from Santiago.

From 1902 on there is considerable diplomatic correspondence concerning especially the alleged "Chileanization" of the disputed province. Between 1905 and 1908 there was another diplomatic exchange, rehashing the entire question and making various proposals for the holding of the plebiscite, but the solution of the difficulty was not brought any nearer to completion thereby. This exchange was published in the Chilean *Libro Rojo* (Red Book) of 1908. Equally unproductive of tangible results were the negotiations carried on in 1909 and 1912. The conference in Washington, therefore, notes the first real agreement between the two nations since the controversy began, and everything points to a satisfactory settlement.

It is worth while to note in passing that Bolivia's interest in the conference is not that of the ordinary disinterested outsider. Ever since she ceded the Atacama desert and Antofagasta to Chile, she has been without a seaport. Consequently, all commodities coming in or going out of Bolivia must go through a Chilean or Peruvian custom house. Furthermore, Chile agreed in 1895, in return for certain concessions, to transfer Tacna and Arica to Bolivia, should she acquire them in the plebiscite. She is not, however, a direct party to the points at issue between Chile and Peru and, consequently, was not invited to the conference.

The policies of the two nations involved may perhaps be best summed up in the following words of Gonzalo Bulnes, a Chilean diplomatist:

The intentions of Peru have never varied, and her most earnest desire has ever been to recover her former provinces after obtaining that the plebiscite be carried out under the auspices of some foreign power, doing her best, meanwhile, to obtain all facilities for the payment of the ransom. Chile, on the other hand, has one day wished the plebiscite to be favorable to her; on other occasions wished to make Bolivia a present of the territories; and, finally, suggested handing them over to Peru; her action has, in consequence, been weak and she has made declarations and established principles that are contradictory, as well as dangerous.

In the foregoing paragraphs, an attempt has been made to state merely the facts of the case, and this briefly and without bias. No solution of the question is suggested, not because none comes to mind, but because by the time this is read the solution may have been agreed upon by the parties involved. If not, there is sufficient data given here for the reader to evolve his own solution.

AT SUNRISE.

BY FRANCES AVERY FAUNCE.

A STRIP of cloud turned blood—blood-red—
"The Saviour is dying today!"
Those are the words a strange wind said,
And I turned my eyes away.

"The Saviour dying again?"—I prayed
To pass my day sin-free:
The sunrise made my heart afraid
To see Him on the Tree.

New Books.

LITURGICAL PRAYER: ITS HISTORY AND SPIRIT. By the Right Rev. Fernand Cabrol, O.S.B., Abbot of Farnborough. Translated by a Benedictine of Stanbrook. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $4.50.

It was a Breviary left to Newman by Hurrell Froude that first opened his eyes to the beauty of Catholic Liturgy, while he was yet outside the pale of the Church. "I took it up," he tells us, "I studied it, and from that day I kept it on my table and constantly used it." The gift of a Breviary marked a turning point in his life. It is not too much to say that to those who will take up and study Dom Cabrol's treatise on Liturgical Prayer there will open up a world of beauty and devotion that would otherwise remain inaccessible to them. It is a translation of *Le Livre de la Prière Antique,* which has reached a sale of fifteen thousand copies in France and has been translated into German and Spanish. The fruit of years of research among liturgical documents of the early Christian centuries, it is a masterly study of Catholic prayer used in all the official services of the Church. The Liturgy of the Church is intimately bound up with its life and history from the very beginning, and as we make our way through the volume we look down long vistas that now and then end only with apostolic days. Christian Liturgy, our author reminds us, took shape in the first period of the history of the Church, and, despite all the changes wrought by the passing ages, a Christian of the early centuries, were he to return, would find in the missal and prayer book of today the greater part of the prayers he had been accustomed to recite. "The prayer of ancient times is, in reality, Christian prayer, the liturgy of every age."

The Mass is the centre of the Church's liturgy, and Abbot Cabrol's description of the Holy Sacrifice as it was offered at the beginning of the third century, is the most informing and inspiring in a book where every chapter is replete with interest and instruction. Everything in the liturgy has a history as well as a meaning, and the beauty and significance of every part of the Mass, as we have it today, can be properly understood only as we see it in its original setting and follow it, moving from phase to phase, in the days when the Christians were called "the people who flee from the light." As we close the story of the Mass in the Catacombs, we share the learned Benedictine's regret that "the

habit of following the priest in the prayers he says and of uniting oneself to the action of the Sacrifice has been more or less lost."

How the entire liturgy of the Church sprung from the Last Supper, how the institution of the Eucharist exercises its law of attraction over the whole system of Catholic worship, how the resplendent figure of Christ lights up the whole liturgy—all this Dom Cabrol brings out with engaging clearness and simplicity. And what he has done for the great central rite of the Church he has done for the entire range of the Church's liturgy. The sanctification of time—the Christian day, the Christian week, the Christian year; the sanctification of places and things—the House of God, God's acre, water, oil, incense, lights, bells, etc.; and the sanctification of life in all its states with its sacraments and sacred ministers are set forth with a wealth of detail that gives new charm and freshness of meaning to the devotions and practices of the Church. With this book in hand, priests will have a new understanding of the Breviary and the laity will have a new understanding of the Mass that cannot but invest Office and Sacrifice with new devotion.

The book is a volume of prayers as well as a work on liturgy, for its pages are fairly glowing with the prayers and hymns that Dom Cabrol has culled from the piety of the centuries. To the great historic prayers and hymns, the author devotes special chapters. To the prayers of the martyrs, caught from their lips as they were dying for the faith, the reader will be drawn back, again and again.

Dom Cabrol's scholarship and piety in this volume have rendered an inestimable service to the Church in the English-speaking countries.

THE SUMMA THEOLOGICA OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS. Second part of the Second Part, QQ CXLI.-CLXX. $3.50. Third Part (supplement) QQ LXIX.-LXXXVI. $3.00. Literally translated by Fathers of the English Dominican Province. New York: Benziger Brothers.

The English Dominicans are steadily pursuing their great task of translating into the vernacular the *Summa Theologica* of St. Thomas Aquinas, the exposition of Catholic doctrine which holds the place of honor in the vast range of the theology of the Church. The *Summa* falls into three parts, of which the second, the moral theology of Aquinas, is subdivided into the First Section of the Second and the Second Section of the Second. The latter deals with virtues and vices, and the first of the volumes mentioned above is a treatise on Temperance and contrary vices. It

is a masterly and marvelous analysis of Temperance in the widest sense of the term. The chapter on humility is an admirable example of the common sense which the Angelic Doctor brought to bear on every problem he touched. The curious reader will turn to the chapter on modesty of apparel to see how a great theologian handled this problem over six centuries ago.

The second volume deals with the "last things"—the resurrection, the states and qualities of the risen body, suffrages for the dead, the punishment of the condemned, etc. The method pursued by St. Thomas is always the same. The objections to the thesis are first set down, the true position is established, and finally the objections are refuted.

THE FOUNDING OF NEW ENGLAND. By James Truslow Adams. Boston: Atlantic Monthly Press. $4.00.

The Adams family still lives to write in an iconoclastic vein the true story of New England. Mr. Truslow Adams, New Englander and Yale man, has written in his superb, literary diction an epochal volume on early New England, worthy to be shelved along with the studies of Charles Francis, Henry, and Brooks Adams. Some may think he has gone too far, but after all it is well to destroy Puritan legends and eliminate exaggerated ideas of the contribution of Massachusetts to American culture and ideals. It is the primary step in a proper evaluation of New England's actual contribution to American development, quite sufficient, unmagnified, to bring glory to any section.

Mr. Adams not only tells the truth, but he knows the facts. Let anyone, who may doubt, glance at his well-annotated pages. His intention is stated: "Pride in the valiant work that Massachusett's leaders did in subduing the wilderness and in the sacrifices that they made for their religious beliefs, has tended to make their descendants . . . to their faults a little blind, and to their virtues very kind; but if the nations of the world are to grow in mutual understanding and healthy feeling, their histories must be written from the standpoint of justice to all, and not from that of a mistaken national piety" (p. 163). This idea, he reiterates in a tone apologetic, as he stresses the intolerance of the early Puritans, the undemocratic character of the theocratic town-church governments, the economic causes of immigration, cruel treatment of the Indian, harsh handling of witches and Quakers, self-confident but ignorant individualism in Biblical interpretation, the tolerance of the persecuted Roger Williams, and the continual conflicts with the motherland and neighboring colonies.

Those who would see perfection in the pre-Revolutionary

leaders will face disappointment. They will see much that was only factitious in early Massachusetts opposition, double-dealing in her defence and fight to retain the Charter, and a general refusal to pay taxes and customs dues, to support the navigation system, and to punish smuggling, while loudly proclaiming loyalty to the empire. Massachusett's leaders will be found petitioning for larger powers of government, while refusing freemen's rights to newer settlers, to the frontier settlements and to men whose conscience revolted against the religious rule of minister and magistrate. The patriots of 1776, Mr. Adams thinks of as the descendants of the persecuting Puritans of 1676. And if a doubter recalls the attitude of the Congregational pulpit to the Quebec Act, he is apt to agree that Mr. Adams is not entirely wrong or actuated solely by British sympathies.

There is much that is quotable in this enlivening study. Sentences here and there challenge the reader, sometimes shocking his sensibilities in striking out at preconceived views and standardized "facts." Describing the Puritans and their delight in the Old Testament, Mr. Adams declares: "From it, almost exclusively, they drew their texts, and it never failed to provide them with justification for their most inhuman and bloodthirsty acts. Christ did, indeed, occupy a place in their theology, but in spirit they may almost be considered as Jews and not Christians. Their God was the God of the Old Testament. Their Sabbath was Jewish, not Christian. In New England, in their religious persecutions and Indian wars, the sayings of Christ never prevailed to stay their hands or to save the blood of their victims" (p. 80). Milton wrote of Satan as his hero; and Jonathan Edwards, in the finest Puritan prose, devoted himself to a contemplation of the tortures of the damned. Their followers, in pulpit or pews, thought as they had written.

Modern democracy may be in part an offspring of the Reformation, but it is no child of the Reformers, nor would the Puritan leaders of the seventeenth century care to acknowledge its paternity. Of this Mr. Adams is convinced, writing: "The Puritan, at least, was no more a believer in the political rights of an individual, as such, or in democracy, than in religious toleration, and the leaders in Massachusetts denounced both with equal vehemence" (p. 84). Of Puritan morality, he observes: "In spite of the good which Puritanism did as a protest against the prevailing immorality, it must be admitted also, that, in taking from the laboring classes and others so much of their opportunity for recreation of all sorts, it undoubtedly fostered greatly the grosser forms of vice, and helped to multiply the very sins it

most abhorred. Those who lacked the taste or temperament to find their relief from the deadly monotony of long hours of toil in theological exposition, and who were debarred from their old-time sports, turned to drunkenness and sexual immorality, both of which were frequent in Puritan New England" (p. 111).

An interesting chapter deals with the government of the Massachusetts oligarchy, so intolerant that English Nonconformists were loud in condemnation. The list of exiled or jailed is a long honor roll. Mr. Adams becomes emphatic: "The voices that had pleaded for religious toleration, for civil liberty and for a religion of love were silenced. The intellectual life of the colony ceased to be troubled and entered into peace, but it was the peace of death. The struggle for civil freedom did, indeed, go on, and in that alone lay the sole contribution of the colony to the cause of human progress; for the almost complete suppression of free speech and free inquiry surrendered the intellectual life of Massachusetts to the more and more benumbing influence of a steadily narrowing theology" (p. 174).

It is a long volume, closely packed with facts, not new, but nowhere so easily accessible to the general reader. Mr. Adams offers an interpretation, always interesting and striking, and sometimes novel. He does not hesitate to express an opinion based upon evidence. He dares to challenge, and now and again will arouse, even annoy, men of all shades of opinion.

THE ENGLISH DOMINICANS. By Bede Jarrett, O.P. New York: Benziger Brothers. $6.00.

In view of the seventh centenary of the coming of the Dominicans to England, Dom Jarrett has written a brief sketch of English Dominican life since the thirteenth century to serve as a basis for a more detailed and accurate history. In ten brief chapters, he describes the manner of life in a mediæval priory, the various schools of grammar, art, philosophy and theology, the general observance of the Dominican rule, the teaching at Oxford, the homely and learned discourses of the friars, their prominence as royal confessors for one hundred and forty-four years, their various disputes with Oxford, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Master General at Rome.

A very interesting chapter tells us of the loyalty and apostasy of various friars in the days of the Reformation, and the volume ends with the reorganization of the Order under Thomas Middleton in 1622, and the final restoration in 1850 at the Chapter of Hinckley. Three appendices give a list of the priors, priories and provincial chapters from 1221 to 1919.

AND EVEN NOW. By Max Beerbohm. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.00.

A volume by the brilliant Max Beerbohm is a literary event for all those who love essays in the lighter vein. Mr. Beerbohm's touch is never heavy or uncertain; his point of view is unfailingly fresh and his sense of humor loses none of its piquancy with the years. In this volume, he writes on all sorts of subjects. In "How Shall I Word It," he gives us a new phase of the skill he showed a few years ago in "A Christmas Garland;" in "Going Out For a Walk," he touches humorously on the pedestrian's well known lack of loquacity; in "Something Defeasible" he touches with genuine insight upon the labor situation the world over but, true to his own methods, does so under the guise of a scarcely veiled parable. As Mr. Beerbohm grows older he mellows; witness the little sketch called "William and Mary," in which the tenderness and pathos of death, which destroys the love nest of a devoted husband and wife and leaves only a desolate house behind as their monument, are touched with exquisite feeling. In "Books Within Books" and "Hosts and Guests," the typical Beerbohm re-asserts himself, sparkling and witty. The gem of the collection, however, is "No. 2, The Pines," a portrait of the poet, Swinburne, whom Beerbohm visited not infrequently at the home of Watts-Dunton. The portrait is done with deft and sure touches, and one can see in his mind's eye the little poet with his dreamy eyes, his mass of chestnut hair and his tiny, eloquent hands. More than all else in this charming volume, "No. 2, The Pines," gives proof that Mr. Beerbohm's powers have not waned.

THE CONTENTS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. An Introductory Course. By Haven McClure, B.A. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

As the preface explains, this book is the crystallization of some years' experience in teaching the New Testament in a public high school. Its aim is to "present the results of the labors of the world's greatest Bible scholars in a manner intelligible to the younger mind and to the general reader." The author's purpose is, in itself, very laudable but, unfortunately, the "world's greatest Bible Scholars," whose views he epitomizes belong, one and all, to the radical school that rejects Christ's miracles and present a view of Christ unacceptable to serious students of Christianity. When Mr. McClure adds that he has had his treatment of materials commended alike by Protestant, Catholic and Jew, he makes one wonder who the complaisant "Catholics" can be.

WHY GOD BECAME MAN. By Leslie J. Walker, S.J., M.A. New York: The Paulist Press. $1.50.

Father Walker's publication is familiar to all the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, since its five chapters appeared in last year's issues. His brilliant and scholarly work, however, is even more impressive in book form. The wide-flung synthesis of knowledge, drawn from many departments of history, grows in strength and convincing power when one can read chapter after chapter, can mass proof upon proof, without the vexing interruptions of serial issue.

The importance of this new contribution to Christian apologetics can only be weighed by one familiar with the tendencies of our present-day agnostic thought. The philosophic and metaphysical considerations which St. Anselm embodied in his *Cur Deus Homo* are still true and valuable; but the readers of today are too hurried and too superficial to grant them a hearing and a sufficient study. Historic studies alone hold the field today, and Father Walker has wisely chosen to recast his studies in this mold. With his succinct, but brilliant, style and the wealth of scientific learning which he displays, the old thesis on the motives of Christian credibility is made at once attractive and convincing. A clear cut issue is established against modern agnosticism, and life is seen to have its only rational interpretation in the revelations of the Divine Truth Who became incarnate some nineteen hundred years ago.

THE UNCOLLECTED POETRY AND PROSE OF WALT WHITMAN. Collected and edited by Emory Holloway. In two volumes. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. $5.00.

We can find nothing to admire excessively (with the exception of Professor Holloway's industry) in these two large handsomely produced volumes. It would have been better to have left this vast batch of unpublished matter to oblivion. This judgment is based on our considerable, if strictly qualified, regard for the work which Whitman's own careful and deliberate judgment allowed to appear before the public in permanent form. The *Leaves of Grass* and *Democratic Vistas* are unquestionably, whatever their faults may be, the work of a powerful genius: *The Uncollected Poetry and Prose of Walt Whitman* is, equally unquestionably, the hurried work of a callow boy and a hack journalist. The suggestions of future originality are, of course, there. and are consequently interesting; even the banalities and sentimentalities of an early manner provoke our wonder—that Whitman should have been able to outgrow them.

There is little verse—even of bad verse—in these volumes. They contain news stories and editorials from the files of the *Brooklyn Eagle;* one or two lectures, of no special originality; a few short stories without merit, and a mawkish teetotal novel. In addition, there are a few book reviews, from which we gather that Whitman thought highly of Martin Tupper ("a lofty, an august scope of intuition"); considered Keats "one of the pleasantest of modern poets;" disliked Dr. Johnson, whose nature he called "vile and low;" and held a certain Fredrika Bremer's novels in such high esteem that he placed them second only to the Bible as profitable reading for children!

Professor Holloway writes two introductory essays for his compilation—one biographical; the other critical. The first tells us nothing about Whitman that we did not know already; the second throws no new light upon him.

WORDSWORTH'S FRENCH DAUGHTER. By George McLean Harper. Princeton: Princeton University Press.

There appeared during 1916 a particularly significant biography of William Wordsworth, by Professor George McLean Harper of Princeton University. With these volumes came a revelation like a bolt from the blue. During the lifetime of his bishop nephew, one incident connected with Wordsworth's life in France had never been brought to light. Nevertheless, those who loved the poet had wondered at the heartbreak following his sojourn abroad. They considered rightly that the emotion which fills *The Excursion* was over poignant to spring from the failure of a revolution in France. By publishing the authenticated facts of the case, Mr. Harper has put an end to such questioning. In a little book, entitled *Wordsworth's French Daughter,* he outlines still further the facts narrated in the biography, giving as his authority the baptism and marriage certificates of Wordsworth's French daughter, as well as letters from Dorothy Wordsworth. Mr. Harper deals with the subject in a most chivalrous and delicate manner, explaining that Annette Vallon, belonging as she doubtless did to a Royalist family, would have encountered almost insurmountable difficulty in obtaining their consent to her union with the young Republican, Wordsworth. Moreover, marriage at the time was attended by perplexing complications. As Royalists, Annette's kinsfolk would have refused to recognize a civil service, nor would they have borne the ministrations of a Constitutional priest. It is clear that both Annette and Wordsworth desired marriage, but Wordsworth was recalled to England, and war with France prevented him from returning for ten years.

Now, at last, is the restlessness of the years following his return to England explained. Dorothy, his companion, was also his confidant, whereas Annette found comfort in becoming reconciled to her faith; the child, Caroline, was baptized on the day of her birth. Wordsworth, silent in the main during this period, broke at last into what a Catholic mind considers his deepest and most spiritual poem, the lines written at Tintern Abbey.

We are also enabled to understand the famous sonnet written on the beach near Calais, " 'Tis a Beauteous Evening, Calm and Free." It is unlikely in the extreme that the thoughtful Dorothy, Wordworth's other companion, inspired him thus:

> Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with me here,
> If thou appear untouched by solemn thought
> Thy nature is not therefore less divine.
> Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year
> And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
> God being with thee when we know it not.

Manifestly, they were addressed to his daughter, Caroline.

The Wordsworth of 1802 was not the Wordsworth of 1792, for marriage with Annette did not follow his second visit to France, which finally occurred in 1802. His daughter was, nevertheless, married under the name of Caroline Wordsworth at her father's express wish. Annette, who never married, was known as Madame Vallon. Wordsworth returned to England to marry another.

THE CONTROL OF LIFE. By J. Arthur Thomson, M.A., LL.D. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.50.

Professor Thomson's literary output is certainly remarkable, and this latest effort is marked by all the old characteristics; pleasant style, urbane temper, copious quotation and, it must be admitted, more than a little diffuseness, for all that is to be learned —and there is much—might have been got into a much smaller number of pages. Let us first note that this is not a Malthusian essay in spite of its name. Its writer has sufficient sense of humor—a boon denied to the ordinary Eugenist—to see that control of marriages is not the same thing as control of births. It is an essay on the teachings of biology with regard to human life, and contains many things worthy of very serious consideration. The population question for example. Alarmists would have us believe that in a few generations there will scarcely be standing room on this earth, though they do not explain how it is that this condition of affairs has not been long ago attained. And they

go on to tell us that the only salvation for the world is limitation of births. Even the author says that every man and wife have to decide how many children they should have, and Havelock Ellis —an extremist, as one knows—is quoted to the effect that "the arrest of the falling birth rate would be the arrest of all civilization and all humanity." And the birth rate is falling. "Benjamin Franklin declared that the average number of children in a family in North America was 8; at the end of the eighteenth century it seems to have been about 6; in some parts of America it is down to 2.7; among college-bred Americans it is less than 2." "Too few," says our author, and most would agree with him. For the cutting down of births is almost entirely amongst the better classes, intellectually and morally: the careless and inefficient go on producing as of old. A private census in 1911 showed that out of 120 fertile marriages among professional men, 107 limited their families, as did 242 out of 316 middle class families also. It is the road to ruin.

THE TREND OF THE RACE. A Study of Present Tendencies in the Biological Development of Civilized Mankind. By Samuel J. Holmes, Ph.D. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $4.00.

As is pointed out in the preface, the present volume aims to give "an account of the various forces which are at present modifying the inherited qualities of civilized mankind." It is not a report on original experimental work, but a critical summary of the results attained by many modern investigators. Owing to the large amount of material accumulated in recent years on this problem, a critical summary is timely. The author's appreciation of evidence and his conclusions are, on the whole, characterized by fairness and critical acumen. Only a few lapses from the scientific view are noticeable. Among these are a number of expressions that seem very much like perpetuation of the high emotional tension of the war period—they might well have been omitted from a scientific treatise. Again, there is an obvious weakness (pp. 362, 363) in regarding the opinion of the Right Rev. Monsignor W. F. Brown—whoever he may be—as the authoritative attitude of the Catholic Church regarding the prevention of marriage between feeble-minded people.

The opening chapter is an introductory orientation wherein a number of fundamental notions are defined and explained. Physical and social heredity are distinguished, and the dependence of the latter on the innate qualities of men is pointed out. But biological heredity, too, is influenced by social environment. The question of the relative value of nature and nurture is futile

if considered abstractly, for both are necessary for every organism. But the problem may become very important where it is a question of a certain species under given conditions. "As civilization becomes more advanced, the evil effects of the various forms of social selection become more intense" (p. 3). "It is not improbable that many existing peoples have descended from ancestors who were more favored with natural gifts, and we should bear in mind the possibility that our own civilization may become one with Nineveh and Tyre" (p. 5). There are no reliable records which tell us in what direction human beings have actually been changed, but it is possible to determine the forces which are now modifying the inherited qualities of the race. And it is these forces, especially those of special importance for progressive or retrogressive development, that form the subject matter of the greater part of the book.

Chapter II. deals with some of the main principles which are observed to hold true for the transmission of hereditary traits. The topic is developed by passing in review the theories of heredity of Darwin, De Vries, Weismann and Mendel.

On the whole, the volume is an excellent summary, and will prove very helpful to those interested in eugenics or the broader field of racial development.

THROUGH THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION. By Albert Rhys Williams. New York: Boni & Liveright. $2.00 net.

The author saw the Russian Revolution as a correspondent and active participant, and here gives us a sympathetic story of the men and women who rose in June, 1917, in revolt against the Romanoff régime. He has no love for Kerensky and his followers, whom he calls "Caliphs of the passing hour." He was interested, however, in the First All-Russian Congress of Soviets. Of these, his predilection was not for the *intelligentsia* or Mensheviki, but rather for the bourgeois, who were then beginning to call themselves Bolsheviki. Himself a radical of radicals, he has eyes only for those revolutionists who followed the leadership of Lenine and Trotzky.

When he tells the story of the ascendency of the "Reds" over the "Whites," his narrative becomes at once a defence of the Bolshevik's reign of terror. The outrages that were committed, he claims, were the acts of irresponsible individuals, and that the peasant outbreaks were to all intents a "bloodless revolution," although he admits that "less than one in 3,000 Russians were killed" during the four months it took the Soviet to establish and consolidate its power. He justifies these casualties by claim-

ing "that the peasants and workers felt it essential to cut out of Russia the cancer of Tsarism, landlordism and capitalism. Such a deep-seated and malign disease called for a major surgical operation." The Red Terror, he claims, was merely "a defensive measure, a direct reply to the White Terror of the Counter-Revolution."

In fact, the whole volume is a Bolshevik apology. It is outright propaganda for Soviet Russia. It seeks to win sympathy for the workmen's government of Russia, which the author clothes in angelic serenity of purpose, benign benevolence and altruistic idealism. No one denies that Williams writes well or that his book is interesting, but one becomes impatient with the author when he reads what Williams writes, and compares it with the authentic and non-partisan reports which have come to us of actual conditions existing in Russia.

DOMINICAN SAINTS. By the Novices of the Dominican House of Studies, Washington, D. C. With an Introduction by the Rt. Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D.D., Rector of the Catholic University. Washington, D. C.: Dominicana. $1.75, postage extra.

As far as we are aware, this work marks somewhat of a departure in the field of religious biography, and the Novices are, on the whole, to be congratulated upon the result of their efforts. Any Life, or series of Lives, written *pro domo suo,* labors under both an advantage and a disadvantage: an advantage, in that the writer has special opportunities for research; a disadvantage, in that he is likely to sacrifice sense of proportion to a spirit of family pride that, under other circumstances, would be highly commendable.

We do not think, however, that the young Dominicans in Washington have allowed enthusiasm for the Saints of their Order, the seventh centenary of whose Founder the volume celebrates, to blur their perspective of history. Though immature in places, *Dominican Saints* sounds a note of real promise for the future. The Lives vary, not only in intrinsic, but in literary value, as must always be the case where different hands have wrought. That of St. Thomas of Aquin is written with rare charm. The Encyclical Letter of the late Holy Father has added significance now, as among the last of His Holiness' messages to the Christian world. The bibliography at the end of each chapter is useful, and both typography and illustrations are excellent. An alphabetical index at the close would greatly facilitate the use of the book for purposes of reference.

WOODROW WILSON AS I KNOW HIM. By Joseph P. Tumulty. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. $5.00.

As frontispiece of this tastefully bound and excellently printed volume is submitted a photograph of the author, standing beside the former President of these United States, apparently indicating the dotted line on the document which Mr. Wilson is about to sign. This sole illustration may, or may not, be symbolic, but there can be no question of its appropriateness. To read carefully this surprising offering is to arrive at the conclusion that on one occasion, and on one occasion only, did Woodrow Wilson as President ever sign anything that had not been suggested and prepared by Joseph P. Tumulty. That single exception was the historic telegram to "an Irish agitator, named Jeremiah O'Leary." While Mr. Tumulty explains that just prior to the sending of this telegram, "I made frequent suggestions to him that he be up and doing," he does not claim authorship in this particular case.

Woodrow Wilson, as Joseph P. Tumulty knows him, is an individual of wonderful receptiveness. For eight years he assimilated the ideas of his secretary and acted upon them with a dignified docility, which is delightfully described by the director of his destiny. *Woodrow Wilson As I Know Him* is a long book, but it is devoted to a big subject, and from that subject it never departs. It opens on page 1 with this sentence: "My introduction to politics was in the Fifth Ward of Jersey City," and closes on page 546 with the single word, "Tumulty."

THE EDGE OF THE JUNGLE, by William Beebe. (New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.50.) Mr. Beebe is not only a scientific naturalist by profession, but a writer of genuine literary ability, who can describe the wild life of the open in a way never before equaled save by Henri Fabre. His latest book is even more fascinating than his wonderful *Jungle Peace,* which we read as one might read the most fascinating romance. The volume before us tells of Mr. Beebe's work at the Tropical Research Station of the New York Zoölogical Society in British Guiana. His story of the army ants is a wonderful bit of writing. One has but to read this chapter to fully appreciate Mr. Beebe's marvelous descriptive powers.

SHALL THIS NATION DIE? By Rev. Joseph Naayem, O.I., with a preface by Lord Bryce, and an historical essay by Rev. Gabriel Oussani, D.D. (New York: Chaldean Rescue, 253 Madison Avenue.) The unhappy events which make up the chronicle of the Turkish massacres of Christians, especially in Mesopotamia and Armenia, during the World War and after the signing of the Armistice, are related very movingly in Father Naayem's book. The author, himself a native of

the district of Urfa, in Mesopotamia, speaks at first-hand of the horrors endured in that region by the Assyro-Chaldean Christians. The impression made by Father Naayem's own personal narrative is substantiated by the various depositions which make up the latter half of this tragic book. In all cases, personal sufferers are called upon to relate their well-nigh unbelievable tales of persecution, deprivation, separation from loved ones, ingenious tortures, starvation and other unrelatable horrors. Every American should read this book. It brings home, as even none of the recent attempts to inform our public have done, the solemn duty of helping these deeply afflicted fellow-Christians, who are being martyred for their Faith; and, in the black contrast to our own lot, which it furnishes, it is calculated to effect, in humane and thoughtful readers, a sober realization of how light, in reality, are our oft-bewailed burdens, and how great are our blessings.

MY BROTHER, THEODORE ROOSEVELT, by Corinne Roosevelt Robinson. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00.) This interesting volume is not a biography of Roosevelt, nor a political history of the times, but a clear-cut portrait of a great American by one who knew him best of all, his sister, Corinne, Mrs. Douglas Robinson. No one else could have given us so sympathetic and true a sketch of Roosevelt's father and mother, or have described in such minute detail the nursery days of "Teedie, Ellie and Connie," their travels in Europe, Egypt and the Holy Land in 1869 and 1872, and their stay in Dresden to study German.

Mrs. Robinson takes it for granted that her readers know well Roosevelt's autobiography. She simply illustrates and completes that volume by many a personal touch—quoting letters from her brother, written at various crises of his career, giving us estimates of his life and work, gathered from competent judges here and abroad, and relating many a good story illustrative of his kindliness, his humor, his sense of justice.

Our author gives us some of the inside history of Roosevelt's campaigns for the Governorship of New York State and for the Presidency; she gives us glimpses of his happy home-life at Oyster Bay and at Washington; she gives us brief sketches of his travels in Africa and South America. She writes of his Western life in the open, his careful studies in natural history, his love of work, his literary tastes, his friends, his appointments, his ambitions.

A devoted sister, Mrs. Robinson never admits a fault in her brother's character, and time and time again takes up the cudgels in his defence. She writes: "Some people felt that my brother was often egotistical, and mistook his conviction that this or that thing was right for an egotistical inability to look at it any other way. When he was convinced that his own attitude was correct, and that for the good of this or that scheme no other attitude should be taken, then nothing could swerve him, but when, as was often the case, it was not a question of conviction, but of advisability, he was the most open-minded

of men, and gladly accepted and pondered the point of view of anyone in whom he had confidence."

CLERICAL PRACTICE: First Lessons in Business, by William Lincoln Anderson, B.C.S., and Arthur W. Ross and Z. Carleton Staples, A.B., provides a useful book of practical instruction for the young person, forced by necessity to enter business life without having taken a full commercial course. (New York: American Book Co.)

WHEN, WHOM AND HOW TO MARRY, by Rev. C. McNeiry, C.SS.R. (New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 50 cents.) The new paganism, with its immoral gospel of divorce and birth control, is making a most bitter attack upon the sanctity of the marriage bond, which our Saviour raised to the rank of a Christian sacrament. The press, the stage, the pulpit and the public platform daily reëcho with the most blatant and shameless apologies of adultery and conjugal unchastity. No more valuable work, therefore, can be done by Catholic writers, and especially Catholic priests, than to set before young people the true teaching of the Christian Gospel on this all important subject.

Father McNeiry, out of the fullness of a wide missionary experience, has written an excellent little manual on marriage. He sets forth, clearly and simply, the sanctity of marriage, the laws of the Church regarding betrothal, mixed marriages, impediments, etc. We hope that in a future edition the brief chapter on the laws of the State in England will be omitted for the benefit of his American readers.

MODERN TIMES AND THE LIVING PAST, by Henry W. Elson, A.M., Litt.D. (New York: The American Book Co. $2.40.) It is a difficult task for any historian to attempt the presentation of every phase of the world's history in a single volume. Although in this particular book, the author has carefully selected only salient facts, nevertheless, it has been obviously necessary to omit much concomitant detail, which seems almost an unwritten law in the study of history. There are, however, several worth while chapters, *i. e.*, the French Revolution and the World War, while the general ensemble of the volume makes it interesting and even commendable for those "who run, to read." As a text-book it can scarcely be recommended. The majority of schools prefer a more intensive study of some particular section of the world's history each year. The book might be used as supplementary reading by classes in Mediæval and Modern History.

ENVY. Translated from the German of Ernst von Wildenbrugh by Elsie Traut. (Boston: The Four Seas Co. $2.00 net.) This short piece of fiction, by an author not hitherto translated into English, has interest and force. The painful story is told in retrospect by its protagonist, "Old Graumann," when, after sixty years, he opens his sorrowful heart to a sympathetic listener. It is a soul-drama that he

reveals, the tale of a boy's yielding to envy of his younger brother until it culminates in a deed of cruel selfishness that is the actual, though not premeditated, cause of the little one's death. From thenceforth, grief and remorse are the hourly portion of the living victim of the evil passion. He surveys life with mournful eyes, and, as time goes on, more and more he sees envy as the supreme source of the ills that corrupt the relations of man to his fellowmen. "Fill the heart of thy fellowman with happiness" is the philosophy he has gleaned and strives to inculcate, with pathetically awkward futility. The tone of the book is religious, but not of the religion that sustains the contrite heart with penance and the Holy Sacrifice; therefore, he is a figure tragic and solitary as though he moved in some Greek classic. The atmosphere is one of unrelieved gloom, and the only enjoyment to the reader comes from the artistry and penetrating sincerity of the treatment, qualities that the translator succeeds in imparting, despite the difficulties of her task.

JEN OF THE MARSHES, by John Frederick Herbin. (Boston: The Cornhill Publishing Co. $1.75.) Anyone who is looking for promising authors should be referred to this book. Crude, and even tiresome at times, with occasional stretches of atrociously bad writing, it yet holds one's interest, not only in its story, but in its author's very evident effort to master his art. There is a conscious striving for an easy atmosphere very apparent in several quick dialogues and descriptions of home life. Much better are its historical moments; there is also a very obvious attempt to give a faithful picture of Acadian life. Of no startling worth in itself, the book does show promise, which we hope to see fulfilled.

GHITZA, AND OTHER ROMANCES OF GYPSY BLOOD, by Konrad Bercovici. (New York: Boni & Liveright. $2.00.) "Ghitza," the title story of this volume, was selected by Edward J. O'Brien as the best story published in the magazines of the United States during 1920. It is a dramatic picture of a fight to the death of a Tartar and a Gypsy for the honor of the tribe. When her lover dies, swallowed by the Danube, Ghitza drowns herself. "It was her right," says the Gypsy code.

The other eight stories are all pictures of the wild Gypsy life—the themes being murder, duelling, thievery and illicit love. They are dramatically told, but are pagan to the core.

A GATE OF CEDAR, by Katharine Morse. (New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.) Miss Morse, in her Foreword to this volume of verse, modestly disclaims any intention of singing for the whole world; she sings, she says, merely to her own heart. The lover of poetry will be glad that she has not limited her audience, for she has some good things to say and she says all of them well, and some of them with exquisite deftness. "The Privateers," for all its brevity, is

rich in verve and color; "Love's Advent" has orginality, as well as grace; "The Shulamite" has passion and beauty in a perfect intermingling; "Renunciation" is blessed with restraint, and "Tryptich in Ash and Ebony," displaying with dramatic power three panels of the Crucifixion, deserves a place among the very best of present-day verse. Miss Morse will go far among our younger poets; for she has poetic insight, a proper respect for poetic forms which is indispensable to genuine poetry and a modest recognition of her own powers, which, by the way, are neither narrow nor shallow.

SUCCESSFUL FAMILY LIFE ON THE MODERATE INCOME, by Mary Hinman Abel (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $2.00). Now that great stress is being laid on the family as the unit of society, this book is not only interesting, but timely and of great practical value. Its readers would include not only students of sociology and home economics, but also club women seeking a fertile field for study, and men and women earnestly trying to solve their own family problems. Five of the family monographs gathered by Dr. Edward T. Devine's classes in social economics, at Columbia, were made use of for comparisons and examples. The book is a scientific study based on facts. Notwithstanding, the work is optimistic and inspirational, and should do much to establish a saner sense of values and to encourage simple Christian living within one's income.

THE MASTER OF MAN, by Hall Caine. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.) The classic Caine *mise-en-scène* of the Isle of Man, the habitat of picturesque peasantry and curiously unidentifiable officials who go under such denominations as "Speaker" and "Deemster," is again presented in this novel. There reappears, also, the familiar *motif* of sin committed in haste, and expiated with dramatic anguish. Victor Stowell, the young Deemster, is called upon to sit in judgment on the case of a young peasant girl, Bessie Collister, who is on trial for the murder of her child. He realizes that it is his child, as well, and that he is at least partly responsible for the crime. Therefore, while professional honor forces him to condemn the girl to death, his private conscience prompts him to engineer her escape, and then to confess his guilt. The curtain falls upon the beginning of his two-year term in prison—a trial lightened for him by the devotion of Fenella Stanley, the girl he really loves, who follows him to the place of his incarceration, in the capacity of female warden.

Readers of Hall Caine fall into two uncompromisingly distinct classes: those who can discern vitality and convincingness in his emotional portraitures and dramatic situations, and those who find him merely a sentimentalist of skill. In the main, uncritical readers of the older generation fall into the first division, while the great mass of younger readers, either from conviction or by a process of absorption into the critical atmosphere of their time, take their places in the second. Beside this last group the present critic is ranged.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

From the press of P. Lethielleux, Paris, we have these interesting works: A third edition of *L'Idéal Monastique et la vie Chrétienne des Premiers Jours*, by D. G. Morin, O.S.B. (4 *fr.*) This scholarly treatise on the ideal of the monastic life found in the apostolic age, was reviewed in THE CATHOLIC WORLD when it first appeared in 1913. An English translation was published a year later by Washburne. The book breathes the fervent spirit of solid Benedictine piety, and is based for the most part on the traditional teaching of men like Dom Guéranger and Dom Maur Wolter. *Traité de L'Amour de Dieu*, by St. Bernard, translated by H. M. Delsart (1 *fr.* 80), written by St. Bernard at the request of Cardinal Aimeric, Chancellor of the holy Roman Church under Honorius II., is not merely a scholastic treatise on the theological virtue of Charity, but a saint's reply, full of unction and eloquence, to a friend's query: "Why, and how, must one love God?" The translation is excellent. *La Dernière Abbesse de Montmartre*, by H. M. Delsart, is one of the series of ascetical and mystical works now being published by the Benedictines of the Abbey of Maredsous. It relates the life and martyrdom of Marie Louise de Montmorency Laval, who suffered for the faith during the French Revolution.

La Messe, by Adrien Fortescue, translated from the English by A. Boudinhon (15 *fr.*), is a scholarly work too well known in its original English dress to call for any introduction or commendation. The translator has enriched it with footnotes whenever recent liturgical research has demanded a change of opinion.

A brochure, entitled *Autorité et Probité*, contains two orations made in the French Senate by M. de Villaine. They are a severe arraignment of Lloyd George for his dealings with the Bolsheviks of Russia, his anti-French policy in Palestine, and his opposition to the reconstruction of Poland (50 *centimes*). Pierre Téqui, Paris, is the publisher of this and *L'Esprit de Saint François Xavier*, by Rev. J. E. Laborde, S.J. (5 *fr.*), an excellent book to put in the hands of young seminarians for spiritual reading. Also *La Femme Chrétienne et la Souffrance*, by Abbé Henri Morice (5 *fr.*), conferences given in an annual retreat to women of the world by Abbé Morice, treating of the mystery of suffering. The author's aim is to show that one cannot live the life of Christ without suffering.

Books received from Pietro Maretti, Rome and Turin, are *Summarium Theologiciæ Moralis*, by Rev. Nicholas Sebastiani (12 *fr.*), a concise, but complete, pocket compendium of moral theology for the junior clergy, which we recommend most highly. It is based on the classic authors, and is brought into full accord with the new code of Canon Law. *Philosophia Scholastica*, by Rev. Seb. Uccello, S.S.S. (2 vols., 28 *fr.*), a first class text-book of Scholastic Philosophy according to the mind of St. Thomas. It is brief, clear and modern in the sense that it takes into account the teachings of the Neo-Thomist school of Louvain. It can be used for either a two or a three years' course of philosophy in our seminaries. And *De Tempore*, by John Lacau, S.C.I. (2 *fr.* 75), a scholarly dissertation on the third title of the first book of the New Code. It discusses *time* from the philosophical, scientific and juridical standpoint.

Colloquia Mortis Christianæ, by Aurelius Palmieri, gives six meditations or conversations of a soul in the presence of death. It is written in Latin. And *Die Strophische Aufbau des Gesamttestes der Vier Evangelien*, by P. W. Schmiat, S.V.D., Administration des *Anthropos*, St. Gabriel, Mödling bei Wien, a rather forced effort to show that the four Gospels are written in verses and strophes. This has been a favorite study with German writers like D. H. Muller, E. Norden, P. Szczgiel and others, for the past four years,

Recent Events.

Italy.

Two outstanding features of the Genoa Conference to date have been: first, the announcement by Germany, on April 17th, that she had entered into a separate treaty with Russia on Easter Sunday, at Rapallo, Italy, and secondly, the refusal of Belgium and France to sign the Allied terms handed to the Russians on May 2d.

The chief provision of the Russo-German compact, the announcement of which created great astonishment in the Conference, shows that the Germans granted what the Allies refused, namely, mutual cancellation of obligations, including war expenses and the invaded rights of German nationals in Russia. Against this treaty the representatives of the Entente and of Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Jugo-Slavia and Rumania sent two notes of protest, the first barring Germany from participation in discussions of the arrangements to be made between these countries and Russia, and the second reserving the right to declare null and void any clauses in the Russo-German Treaty contrary to existing treaties.

Since then the Allied Reparations Commission, meeting at Paris, has officially announced that the Rapallo Treaty does not violate the Treaty of Versailles. In a note to Germany, the Commission points out that it assumes that Germany has not given up, under the Treaty, any rights upon which the Allies have first lien, and warns Germany that the Commission will watch closely to see that the Rapallo Treaty does not interfere with the due fulfillment of the provisions of the Treaty of Versailles.

Early in May, thirty of the nations attending the Conference, presented to Russia the conditions on which they would resume relations with, and extend financial aid to, that country. The chief difficulty in formulating the conditions was the effort to accommodate French demands for the return of all property formerly owned by foreigners in Russia, and the Russian refusal to admit private ownership of property. The formula finally hit upon, provides that with regard to real property the former owners shall be placed under a system comparable to British leaseholds; that is, long leases, perhaps for ninety-nine years, shall be given to them while the title will technically rest with the Soviet. This makes it possible for the Soviet to accept with-

out running the political danger which would be incurred by admitting private ownership of real property in Russia.

Just at this juncture, and after the handing of the terms to the Russian delegates, the Belgians announced their withdrawal from the Russian negotiations and called on France to support them on the ground that the property clauses of the conditions were unsatisfactory, insufficient stress being laid on restitution and overmuch on compensation, and objecting to the fact that the article as framed gave a leasehold, not a freehold, to the former owner when the property was actually returned. The French Cabinet in Paris immediately announced its agreement with the Belgian position, and endeavored to have a new condition covering property rights written into the statement given the Russians. To this suggestion the British Prime Minister replied that it was impossible to withdraw the statement of the thirty powers to Russia, and there was nothing to do but await reply.

On May 13th the Russian delegation, in reply to the Allied memorandum, laid down the following conditions: (1) Russia must have a large loan to rehabilitate her commercially; (2) the Soviet Government is willing to negotiate through a committee of experts on the question of compensation for confiscated property; (3) the Soviet will not stop internal propaganda, but will abandon it in other countries where it conflicts with the law.

As a result of this reply, the Conference gave up hope of an economic settlement with the Soviet Russian Government at this time. According to latest dispatches, the Powers plan to reconvene at The Hague on June 15th for a discussion of Russian problems. This decision to postpone action relative to Russia, is prompted largely by the desire of the Powers to induce the United States to participate, and, apparently, is a means to dissolve the Genoa Conference without admitting that the differences between France and Great Britain, regarding treatment of Russian problems, cannot be reconciled at Genoa.

The features of the month's Italian news were violent, natural disturbances in Southern Italy, a large shipping strike and conflicts between the Fascisti and Communists at Rome.

On May 5th, five hundred persons were rendered homeless and two churches and the city hall were completely wrecked by landslides at Corato in southeastern Italy, near the coast of the Adriatic. The disturbances continued for several days, buildings extending for almost a mile being demolished and the 50,000 inhabitants dreading lest the undulations continue and ruin the entire neighborhood. Corato is situated over a subterranean body

of water, the currents of which cause the terrain to shift occasionally, and the recent disturbances came at a time when the Italian Government was considering plans to appropriate 9,000,000 lire to drain this water, rebuild a number of houses and change the direction of certain streets. So as to prevent the possibility of further damage from periodic cave-ins, Government engineers have built practically a new city in the open fields beyond the city, and have put up army tents for temporary shelter for 3,000 refugees. The recent disturbance ruined more than a third of the city, while the remainder is in constant danger of destruction.

On April 17th, a shipping strike in a number of Italian ports resulted in the tying up of one hundred and fifty-two vessels of a total tonnage of 730,755, including fifty vessels at Genoa, twenty-seven at Naples, eighteen at Venice, sixteen at Trieste and ten at Spezia.

Towards the middle of April, Communists occupied the Rome power plants located at Tivoli, where the celebrated cascades supply the power for lighting Rome. The occupation was opposed by the Anglo-Romano Company owners, who before ceding the plant succeeded in forcing the Communists into an agreement to operate the machinery on a contract basis. No serious incident marked the occupation, but several days later a pitched battle between Fascisti and Communists occurred in the fashionable Via Po quarter in Rome, where many tourist hotels are situated. The fighting broke out early in the morning and continued for some time in the form of sniping from points of vantage about the various buildings. The police finally restored order, driving away the Communists who, they said, had attacked the Fascisti as the latter emerged from a meeting in the neighborhood.

On the other hand, May Day, usually given over to radical demonstrations, was celebrated in Rome merely by a general abstention from labor. There was more than Sunday quiet on the streets, with the stores closed and no trolley cars or cabs in operation, and none of the newspapers appeared. Railroad trains were operating under reduced schedules. One mass meeting of the labor unions was held, but without disorder. Celebrations in other Italian cities also passed off quietly.

Former President Zanella of Fiume has sent a message to Premier Facta protesting against the Italian-Jugo-Slav conferences at Rapallo for the readjustment of the Fiume question. He declares that "the legally constituted Government of Fiume has not authorized anyone to treat in the name and for the city of Fiume, still less to stipulate agreements for ports and railroads.

Fiume cannot recognize as valid, or as entailing any responsibility, these negotiations and agreements without its legal participation and acceptance." Beyond this protest, no news concerning Fiume has come out of Italy during the month.

Statistics issued towards the end of April show that the number of unemployed in Italy at that time was 576,284, of whom 110,616 were women. This total was less by 30,535 than the previous month. With the resumption of agricultural work, Italian unemployment is constantly decreasing.

Germany.

The chief subject of German thought for most of the month has been the Russo-German Treaty signed at Rapallo—or rather the effect of this treaty on the French, particularly on Premier Poincaré, who, on several occasions, has threatened armed intervention if Germany failed to meet her obligations. On his insistence the Reparations Commission examined the Rapallo accord, but the Commission's judicial experts have decided that since the agreement refers only to property owned by German nationals in Russia and not by the Reich itself, there is no infringement of the Versailles reparation clauses, which refer only to German State property. Hope is openly expressed in reparation circles that the French Premier will allow the matter to be quietly forgotten.

The Commission is equally desirous of maintaining a discreet silence where German reparation payments are concerned. This policy is based on the growing hope that the German Cabinet will change its mind about the programme laid down on March 21st, last, and which Chancellor Wirth rejected just before the Genoa Conference met. The Chancellor held it was out of the question to increase Germany's burden of taxation by 60,000,000,000 paper marks, as had been demanded, and permit Allied control over the Reich's finances. The Commission in reply stood by their former demands and gave the German Government until May 31st to carry out the measures proposed.

Since then, on April 22d, the German Government paid to the Reparations Commission the first monthly installment on the new schedule of payments fixed by the Commission on March 21st, in pursuance of decisions by the Allied Finance Ministers. This installment amounted to 18,000,000 gold marks, and subsequent payments are to be at the rate of 50,000,000 gold marks monthly.

Early in May, the German Minister of Finance, Hermes, decided to go to Paris to negotiate directly with the Reparations Commission. This followed the action of the Reichstag in

amending the budget for 1922, to comply with the Commission's stipulation regarding the allowance for depreciation of the mark. The Reichstag allocated 141,900,000,000 paper marks as corresponding to the 720,000,000 gold marks fixed by the Commission for Germany's cash payment to the Allies in 1922. The deficit of the entire budget, including the reparations clauses, amounts to 162,000,000,000 marks, and how this is to be made up, will be the chief task of German and Allied financiers.

The whole future of reparations is obscure, and a strong feeling exists that the only hope of avoiding drastic measures by France or Great Britain lies in a foreign loan on lines proposed by Lloyd George. A further difficulty in the payment of reparations is foreshadowed by the return of Germany's foreign trade balance to an import basis. During most of 1921, there was a large monthly excess of imports over exports, but in the three months of December, 1921, and January and February, 1922, a monthly export surplus consistently prevailed, amounting for the three months to 5,041,000,000 marks. Now, however, the returns for March show an import surplus of 1,634,000,000 paper marks. This change in the trade balance is mostly due to increased imports of foodstuffs.

Despite these figures, however, there is great industrial activity throughout Germany, with unemployment, according to the latest official figures, only twelve per thousand, which excels the best showing of the ten pre-war years. On the other hand, the Prussian Trade Ministry's monthly summary shows increasing reserve owing to uncertainty over the Genoa Conference and the erratic movements of exchange. The sharp renewed decline of the mark, has been mainly due to payment for the rapidly growing imports, but the decline also reflected apprehension of an unfavorable turn of affairs at Genoa.

In accordance with the Treaty signed at Rapallo, diplomatic relations between Germany and Russia will be resumed immediately. The first German Ambassador to the Soviet Government will be Professor A. Bernhard Wiedenfeld, former head of the foreign trade section of the German Foreign Office and since last September the German trade representative in Moscow, while Russia's Berlin representative will be Leonid Krassin, Soviet commissar of foreign trade, who has been active in Berlin for several months. Thus far 1,500 concessions have been granted to Germans by the Soviet Government, but whether Germany will succeed in occupying the position of the most favored nation in Russia's future economic development remains doubtful, despite the optimism in certain quarters. A notable article in the in-

dustrial organ, *Der Tag*, warns against exaggerated hopes of big and certain profits. Of the numerous concessions so far granted, the article says, none has progressed beyond the paper stage, as the Russians are unable, or unwilling, to carry out the terms they signed. The article concludes that until the Soviet economic system is subjected to a thorough overhauling, and the provincial Soviets decide to obey the central authority, Russia's commercial future offers scant attraction for foreign business.

Although the residents of the five little villages along the Vistula in East Prussia (the subjects of the long drawn-out dispute between the German Government and the Allied Council of Ambassadors) voted heavily in favor of Germany in the plebiscite of 1920, the Council refused to alter its decision to turn them over to Poland, and in March the Inter-Allied Boundary Commission, after having examined the technical side of the affair, reported that the decision should be put into effect at the end of the month. Recent dispatches, however, now state that the Council of Ambassadors has decided to delay temporarily the carrying out of its previous ruling, pending the receipt of further information from the Boundary Commission. The former decision of the Council of Ambassadors was apparently based upon Article XCVII. of the Treaty of Versailles, which provides that Poland is to have control of the Vistula in that region, including as much of the territory on the east bank as may be necessary for the regulation and improvement of the river. This article also says that the population of East Prussia is to be assured access to the Vistula, under equitable arrangements, and the use of the river.

Negotiations between German and Polish representatives regarding the economic agreement with respect to Upper Silesia have been practically completed, and the signing of a convention, embodying the recommendations of the Upper Silesian Commission created by the Council of the League of Nations, will probably occur some time in May. Meanwhile, the demand that the Allies accept responsibility for the damage to property—put by some German officials as high as 5,000,000,000 paper marks, or about $17,000,000 at present exchange rates—resulting from the clashes last summer between bands of Polish insurgents and German armed units, has been definitely rejected by the Council of Ambassadors.

Germany has finally agreed to resume the sale of dyes to the Textile Alliance of America without reserve, following a three-months' period, during which she first refused to sell any dyes to the Alliance, and then consented to sell a limited amount. This agreement is regarded by the American Alliance officials

as a distinct victory for the textile industry of America, and in their belief will soon normalize the shipment of dyes from Germany to the United States, where the German refusal to sell dyes had seriously embarrassed the textile industry.

As the result of official representations both by Germany and the Allies urging that at least a small contingent of General Allen's command be kept in Germany for the present, a certain number of American troops, probably not much over 1,000 officers and men, will be left on the Rhine after July 1st. It had been intended to withdraw the entire American force from Germany by this date, but the arguments advanced by Allied and German officials are that the presence of General Allen's command on the Rhine has been a wholesome and steadying influence, and that to withdraw the entire force while conditions are still disturbed would be unwise. It has been emphatically made known by the American Government, however, that the presence of American troops on the Rhine would not commit the United States to any new policy, nor in any event would they be drawn into action.

Russia.

Reports from various sources throughout the month indicate that the famine in the Volga district has been brought definitely under control. The medical situation also shows signs of improvement. Typhus is prevalent, but either the disease is losing some of its virulence or the patients are developing a degree of immunity. During the winter it is reckoned there were 20,000 cases, of which 7,000 were fatal. Relapsing fever, with six per cent. of deaths, and typhoid are also common, and now, with spring, cholera is reappearing. Nevertheless, measures to fight these plagues are becoming more efficient. The American Relief Administration is able to work in fifteen provinces, and it is teaching the Russians to help themselves.

On May 2d the Central Famine Committee announced that about sixty-five per cent. of the seed grain that was sent into the Russian famine areas was distributed in time to be sown. More than eighty per cent. of the 23,000,000 poods (about 828,000,000 pounds) of grain from Russian sources arrived in time, while only twenty-two per cent. of the 8,500,000 poods arrived from abroad. In some districts, one hundred per cent. of the amount needed was supplied.

Over against this situation may be set the famine in South Russia and the Crimea, which are now rivaling the worst experiences of the Volga region. According to a letter recently received by Dr. Fridjof Nansen, head of the International Russian Relief

Organization, from his representative in the Ukraine, 5,000,000 persons are without food and deaths from hunger reach more than 10,000 a day. The bodies of two hundred and seventy-six persons, who had starved to death, were collected on the streets of Odessa in the first week in April, and cannibalism is increasing at an alarming rate, even in villages where suffering is less acute. Representatives of the American Relief Administration and the Jewish Joint Distribution Committee have drawn up a programme for famine relief in the Ukraine, the cost of the operations being estimated at $3,000,000. The operations will be non-sectarian, but the Joint Distribution Committee is to defray half the expense, as the Ukrainians in need of relief are largely Jewish.

On April 17th Japan instructed her delegates to withdraw from the Dairen Conference, which has been in progress between representatives of Japan and the Far Eastern Republic of Siberia since August of last year. The reason for the break-up of the Conference, according to the Japanese, was that the Chita Government made proposals, in reply to Japan's notification of the date for evacuation of Siberia, which upset the agreement reached regarding the protection of lives and property and the adoption of the open-door policy. Fierce fighting, both before and after the failure of the Conference, has taken place between Japanese forces and those of the Chita Government, and the Japanese Government has sent reënforcements from home territory.

Since the dissolution of the Conference, a new economic treaty has been concluded between the Far Eastern Republic and Soviet Russia. The Treaty gives Russia preferred rights in all concessions in Eastern territory and, in general, accords Russia a great degree of economic control. The Far Eastern Republic agrees not to oppose any of Russia's claims to property in the Republic's territory, which was of a character general to all Russia at the time the Siberian Republic was established. The two countries also agree to keep each other informed of any agreement made with other countries. The Treaty likewise provides for negotiations for a reciprocal tariff policy. All this follows naturally from the information earlier in the month, which disclosed that the delegation of the Far Eastern Republic at Washington had been furnished with a credit of $10,000 by the Soviet Government at Moscow. The point of this last transaction is that it appears to prove that the Chita Government, which professed to be independent, is working in harmony with the Soviet Government, and is being supported by it.

Eight priests of the Russian Church, two laymen and a

woman were sentenced to death in Moscow on May 8th for having opposed the requisitioning of church treasures and for alleged participation in disturbances. All of them have the right of appeal to the Supreme Tribunal. Twenty-nine other persons, including twenty priests, were sentenced to imprisonment for various periods, running up to five years. In the course of the trials, which lasted nearly two weeks, the Supreme Revolutionary Tribunal issued a formal order for the trial of the Patriarch of the Russian Church, Archbishop Tikhon, together with Archbishop Nikandei. These trials will begin within a few weeks.

The possibility that neutrals will provide money for Russian industrial reconstruction, as demanded by the Russian delegation at Genoa, is regarded in financial circles generally with great skepticism. It is thought the neutrals would first want security for interest on the new loans, whereas Russian exports in the coming years will be wholly insufficient to provide it.

Exports in 1922 will be larger than in 1921, but they will, none the less, be relatively insignificant. The coöperatives report having in exportable shape only 2,000,000 hides, 1,700,000 fur pelts and a small quantity of hair bristles. On the other hand, the exports of flax from the Novimir States in 1922 will be 600,000 poods, of which 213,000 are ready, mainly destined for England, Germany and Czecho-Slovakia. The flax crop of 1922 is estimated at 8,000,000 poods, against 6,000,000 in 1921 and 25,000,000 before the War.

Russia's exports in 1921 were less than one per cent. of what they were in 1912, and exports, like imports, will be seriously hampered hereafter by the new Soviet law of March 13th, which provides that every single foreign trade transaction must be first submitted to the Trade Commissariat.

France.

Chesterton once remarked that the most important event in modern English history occurred in France, namely, the French Revolution. Similarly, the chief French news of the month has to do with the Conference at Genoa, described above. Beyond this, nothing of outstanding importance occurred.

Towards the middle of April, a dispatch from Smyrna stated that Greek headquarters there had categorically rejected the proposal of the Entente Powers for an armistice with the Turks, in so far as they dealt with the removal of the Greek Army from the line between Afium-Karahissar and Eski-Shehr, and on April 23d the Turkish Nationalist Government at Angora replied to the Allies, insisting on the immediate evacuation of Asia Minor by

the Greeks, offering on their part all sorts of guarantees to the minorities there, and also giving assurance that there would be no occupation by them of the evacuated area for a certain period of time. On the other hand, the reply of the Government at Constantinople to the communication of the Allied High Commissioners was conciliatory in its general terms. The Porte agreed to accept the conditions of the Allied communication on the whole, and, in particular, agreed to the demilitarization of Thrace. The freedom of the Dardanelles to international trade was accepted conditionally upon the security of Constantinople. The Porte, in conclusion, urged an immediate conference to arrange for the evacuation of Anatolia by the Turks.

Meanwhile, hostilities between the Greeks and Nationalists have been resumed in Asia on a larger scale than hitherto reported this spring. In a fierce battle, that lasted from dawn to dark, the Turks were repeatedly repulsed and finally forced to retire on the Afium-Karahissar front on April 12th, having suffered very heavy losses. Ten days later, Greek troops began occupying positions evacuated by the Italian forces in the Meander Valley of Asiatic Turkey and, on April 24th, after the capture of Sokia and Scala Nova, about forty miles south of Smyrna, started an advance southward. According to the last dispatch from this region, the Turks were rushing up troops in great numbers and heavy fighting was reported in the former Italian zone. The objective of the Greek advance is supposed to be Bedrum, ninety-six miles southeast of Smyrna.

The American Debt Refunding Commission, at the end of April, communicated to the French Government the text of the war debt funding law passed by Congress, together with the request that the French Government make any observation it desired concerning the execution of the terms of the law, which really looks towards the conversion of the debts into long-term securities. This step is taken in official circles as a polite intimation that the time has come to enter into serious negotiations for payments on the debt, although it is not believed in Paris that the American Commission intends to force matters. The French reply is expected to be briefly to the effect that France intends to pay all she owes, but must have some chance to collect some debts owing to her.

The balance sheet of French war debts is given as follows in gold francs: Owing by France to the United States, 13,750,000,000; to Great Britain, 12,500,000,000; total, 26,250,000,000. Owing to France—From Italy, 1,000,000,000; from Russia, 4,000,000,000; from Belgium, 2,250,000,000; from Jugo-Slavia, 500,000,000;

other Allies, including Rumania, 1,250,000,000; total, 9,000,000-000 gold francs which, plus reparations due from Germany, amounting to 68,000,000,000, totals 77,000,000,000 gold francs.

It is not pretended that the whole 68,000,000,000 due in reparations ought to be included in the War debt balance sheet, but it is held that at least 25,000,000,000 gold francs already spent by France for the account of Germany in reconstruction work in Northern France, ought to be so included. This would bring the credit side of the sheet to 34,000,000,000 gold francs, showing a balance in favor of France of 7,750,000,000.

Notwithstanding the fact that the National Mint recently struck 4,239,560 francs worth of 100, 20 and 10 franc gold pieces, the Government has dashed the popular hope that gold would replace paper notes and the tokens issued by various French Chambers of Commerce, by declaring that no more gold will be minted in the immediate future. The reason for this decision is that the tax of approximately 3,400 francs per kilogram of gold, bringing the cost of the precious metal to a figure between 8,000 and 9,000 francs per kilogram, would make the minting of gold pieces more costly than they were worth. The minting of 20 franc gold pieces, for instance, costing the Government not less than 30 francs each. The excessive cost of coinable gold is stated by officials to be one of the factors that will have to be taken into account in any plan to fix a new monetary basis in Europe. Because of the cost of standard gold, coins of purchasing power equal to that of those used at present would have to contain less gold.

Member Governments have been requested by the League of Nations' Secretariat to expedite their replies to the detailed questionnaire prepared by experts, upon which will be constructed the League's programme for reduction of armaments. It is hoped that the replies to the questionnaire, which is of an exhaustive character, requesting information on military reserves, food, currency, railroads and coal, will be in hand before July 1st, so that the Temporary Mixed Commission on Disarmament may meet July 15th and begin its discussions "of the main lines of the scheme" for the proposed reduction.

One of the earliest replies to the questionnaire came from the French Government, which called attention to the reduction in the 1920-21 army budget. It states, however, that it is unable to promise not to exceed, for the next two financial years, the sum of the total expenditure for naval, military and air forces, provided for in the budget of 1922.

May 15, 1922.

With Our Readers

THERE can be no question of the increase in number and extent of organized opposition to our Holy Church. Recently, the newspapers announced the formation of what is probably a new combination, extensive and varied, of certain evangelical Protestants and of Masons, which is professedly to war on the Catholic Church and on Catholics. Within a little over a month, the State of Georgia has granted a charter to a federation of anti-Catholic forces. Recently, the President of the United States felt compelled to make a plea for a more practical exercise of the American principle of religious toleration.

Evidences might be enumerated until the most skeptical was satisfied. The anti-Catholic wing of the Protestant bodies grows the more hysterical and the more rabid as it witnesses not only the decline of Protestantism as a religion, but the growth and vigor of the Catholic Church.

* * * *

MOREOVER, as the spirit of materialism (by the way, a contradiction in terms) increases, so will opposition to the Church increase. And materialism, in spite of magazine prophets to the contrary, is waxing stronger and stronger every day in the individual and social forces that rule our country. Many are the elements that contribute to the growth of a fraternal organization like the Masons: the strongest of all is the power of materialism, of personal, earthly, material gain. The Masons will deny this, of course. They will even argue that it is the higher spiritual appeal of human brotherhood that bands them together and that gives them vigor. But, ultimately, the spirit of fraternal brotherhood is not strong enough for them, as their very constitution proves. They are exclusive: not inclusive. It is not human brotherhood on which they are established: but certain oaths to which, above every consideration of fellowman and of country, they must be loyal, and to which no man loyal to Church or to country may subscribe. It is not human brotherhood they consider, but the advancement in earthly position and favor of themselves whom they are pleased to call brothers—to the exclusion of all other men. They are bound together for gain: they exercise their power by coercing others: and as materialism grows, the Masons, for that very reason, will grow stronger. In a great industrial plant, or business house of any

kind, or government department, where the Masons control, no man will have any chance for advancement unless he join the Masons. And within the Masons are cliques of Masons who are constantly seeking to advance the members of their particular set. If this be brotherhood—other than Masonic brotherhood—then the word has lost its meaning.

* * * *

THE full meaning of human brotherhood was given to the world by the Catholic Church. Until, through her as the interpreter of the teachings of Christ, the world knew the meaning of the Incarnation, the world knew not the full meaning of human brotherhood. We are, and can be, brothers only in Christ Jesus: we can be brothers in the common sonship of God only through Christ, Who has redeemed us all. This is our Faith, living and triumphant: the Faith that overcomes the world.

It must needs overcome the world: for the world is materialistic; the faith is spiritual. Materialism will combat, antagonize, strive to undermine, overthrow, defeat and destroy the Faith, because its principles are against the principles of Faith. Both cannot live and work in the same atmosphere.

* * * *

THE increased attacks upon the Church that we are witnessing are, in a certain sense, inevitable: and, in a certain sense also, they need not disturb us. It is our duty to lessen them in every way, for, by the obligations of our Faith, we are bound not only to those who are of the household, but to those who are without. He is the Saviour of all men, Who prayed that there might be one Fold and one Shepherd. We should have an earnest, insistent, anxious care for the well-being of the Church. Her life and her growth rest very truly, in some measure, in the hands of each one of us. By our example, we can make her more loved or more disliked: by our defence, better understood: by our own zeal, we can clear away misunderstanding, and by our own courage and work, we can help, even if it be ever so little, in making her the Light of the world shining as a hope for those who sit in darkness. There is no phase of life that she has not come to enlighten and to redeem: no channel of human activity that should not be inundated and invigorated with her power. Therefore, every path on which human feet walk may be made a path to her sanctuary. We are the messengers and the missionaries of her integrity, as she is of the integrity of Christ, the Son of God. And all men are her harvest, as they are ours. Paul appealing to the Greeks on their half-recognition of an unknown

god, and Paul preaching the whole counsel of God, not failing to accent every syllable of it, is one and the same Apostle.

* * * *

OPPOSITION and misrepresentation should lead us not only to the defence and exposition of our Faith, but also to what is preëminently necessary if we are to make the defence effective, the personal cultivation of our Faith. It seems needless to say that we are too often content to do only that which is of obligation. Even here, we lose sight of the fact that what is of obligation is most vital, and that obligation entails a more thorough understanding, an unceasing effort to change and mold ourselves on the pattern of those things which are of obligation. Through them comes our power, which in turn will be the measure of our success as defenders and protagonists.

The personal, intellectual appreciation of our Faith as the richest of inheritances: as the *summa* of all wisdom, both of earth and heaven: the personal re-making of ourselves unto the measure of Christ: the ever deepening sense that this is the end of prayer, of Holy Mass, of the Sacraments—through these come our sole strength for personal growth and for outward defence. No purely intellectual gift: nor subtlety in debate: nor dexterity in exposition: nor cleverness in answer will contribute one iota to our spiritual increase, nor to the welfare of our Holy Church—if personal spiritual growth, if the greater denial of selfishness be not our constant goal. Without these, our powers avail nothing.

* * * *

PERFECTION begins with oneself, and only as one molds himself will he mold others. The world teaches a different philosophy: do good to others, it says, and your own shortcomings will be overlooked. He who sounds that philosophy deep enough will know that it is wholly inadequate. What every man craves is not merely meat and drink and wherewith to be clothed—but the personal expression of his own self, the personal, conscious possession of his own self, not alone for time, but for all time. That is what made humanity hunger for the Saviour—and as all ages once looked forward to Him, all ages now look back to Him. He has given to every one the hope and the means of eternal salvation—the possession by every man of every man's own best self—the plenitude of life. He gives Himself as His personal gift to the individual soul, and the loyalty of that soul is not to anything external, but directly to Jesus Christ, His Redeemer and His Life.

* * * *

IN one sense, therefore, the world might suffer wreck: the enemies of the Church increase a hundredfold, and the peace of the soul in Christ be never disturbed. Secure is our life even as that promise is certain that the gates of hell will never prevail against the Church, the Bride of the Risen Christ. And it is this very peace, this very strength, that is our confidence in God: that is our power, our zeal among men. Necessarily, each man's way is a way of loneliness, yet a way illumined by the Light which not only shows, but gives, the love of our fellows. Necessarily, also, this personal life, communication, thoughtfulness, prayer of the soul with our Blessed Lord are the means of His grace and life: are the only means by which a man can feed his zeal, direct his action, exercise prudence and show forth wisdom. All other things are insufficient. We may give our bodies to be burned, yet if we have not charity—if we have not life with Christ the Son of God—it availeth us nothing.

THE Protestant tradition in English letters was so strong in the days of Charlotte Brontë that even when she recorded the kindness of a Catholic priest, who helped her in an hour of desperate need, she still felt compelled to placate an indignant English audience. The passage is found in her novel, *Villette*, in the chapter entitled "The Long Vacation," and reads as follows:

> Did I, do you suppose, reader, contemplate venturing again within that worthy priest's reach? As soon should I have thought of walking into a Babylonish furnace. That priest had arms which could influence me: he was naturally kind, with a sentimental French kindness, to whose softness I knew myself not wholly impervious. Without respecting some sorts of affection, there was hardly any sort having a fibre of root in reality, which I could rely on my force wholly to withstand. Had I gone to him, he would have shown me all that was tender, and comforting, and gentle, in the honest Popish superstition. Then he would have tried to kindle, blow and stir up in me the zeal of good works. I know not how it would all have ended. We all think ourselves strong in some points; we all know ourselves weak in many; the probabilities are that had I visited Numero 10, Rue des Mages, at the hour and day appointed, I might just now, instead of writing this heretic narrative, be counting my beads in the cell of a certain Carmelite convent on the Boulevard of Crécy, in Villette. There was something of Fénelon about that benign old priest, and whatever most of his

> brethren may be, and whatever I may think of his Church and creed (and I like neither), of himself I must ever retain a grateful recollection. He was kind when I needed kindness; he did me good. May Heaven bless him!

There are many attempts to sustain and satisfy that weakened tradition today.

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A NUMBER of popular bookstores, with special departments for children's books, where a more or less learned person recommends to parents just what is most helpful for children, "push" books seemingly innocuous, but really calculated to sustain and feed, in a quiet, subtle way, this anti-Catholic prejudice. The prejudice blinds both author and reader: it prevents them from seeing the truth and it misrepresents, or omits, so effectively as practically to lie. We had occasion recently to examine one of these books. It is entitled *Historic Girlhoods*, by Rupert S. Holland.

No doubt, the author intended to be sympathetic: he did his best. When he treats of Catholic heroines, he is always condescending. He, and his readers with him, feel that great allowances must be made for their narrow and somewhat ignorant training: but considering the darkness and shortcomings of their age, they proved quite worthy of human praise. Silence reigns concerning any such handicaps of Protestant heroines: silence reigns about the gross faults of many of the latter: and had such faults been characteristic of the Catholics, they would have been enumerated: or the individuals omitted altogether. Reading the volume, one prays, not so much for charity, as for justice. The penances voluntarily imposed by Catherine of Siena would not be followed in this more enlightened day: what might be explained by natural causes, the people of that age preferred to regard as miraculous: the vision of Joan of Arc was perhaps a dream: that such things were believed by the people is an evidence of the superstitious character of the time. But we will not continue the summary. Much will have to be undone if any reader of such books is afterwards to obtain a true estimate of history and historical events and personages.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

The Catholic Evidence Movement: Its Achievements and Its Hopes. By Rev. Henry Browne, S.J. $2.00 net. *The Household of God Series:* I. King's Daughters. By C. C. Martindale, S.J. $1.75 net. *The "Summa Theologica" of St. Thomas Aquinas.* Part II. (second part). Translated by the Fathers of the English Dominican Province. $3.00 net.

BLASE BENZIGER & Co., New York:

The Divine Story. By Rev. C. J. Holland, S.T.L. $1.00 net.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

The Educational Ideals of Blessed Julie Billiart, Foundress of the Congregation of Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur. By a member of the Congregation. 75 cents net. *A New Medley of Memories.* By Sir David Hunter-Blair, Bt., O.S.B. $5.50 net. *Pages from the Past.* By John Ayscough. $2.50 net. *Finding a Soul.* A Spiritual Autobiography. By E. E. Everest. $1.50 net.

ALFRED A. KNOPF, New York:

My Diaries. By Wilfrid S. Blunt. Parts I. and II. $12.00.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:

The Norse Discoverers of America: The Wineland Sagas. Translated and discussed by G. M. Gathorne-Hardy, F.R.G.S. A *Hoosier Autobiography.* By William Dudley Foulke, LL.D. $2.50 net.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:

The Vehement Flame. By Margaret Deland. $2.00.

SAMUEL FRENCH, New York:

The Gift. A Play in One Act. By Marie A. Foley.

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GREGOR JOHANN MENDEL.

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BY SIR BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE, M.A., SC.D., LL.D., F.R.S.

IT is now one hundred years since a child, afterwards christened Johann, was born in the small farmhouse of a peasant farmer named Mendel, at Heinzendorf, near Odrau, in what was then Austrian Silesia. It is more than sixty years since his epoch-making works were published and attracted no attention. It is some thirty-five years since their author died, chagrined at the cold reception of what he knew to be important contributions to science, but confidently asserting that his time would yet come. He was right. Some twenty-five years ago his papers were discovered by several men of science almost simultaneously. His time had come, and the re-discovered papers have turned the biological world upside down. Bateson, who is the prophet of Mendelism in England, has declared that "his experiments are worthy to rank with those which laid the foundations of the atomic laws of

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chemistry," whilst Lock, another biological writer, has claimed that his discovery was "of an importance little inferior to those of a Newton or a Dalton."

For the sake of the comparison which must naturally arise at a later point, let us set down the chief dates in the life of that other great biologist, Charles Darwin, for, though he knew nothing of Mendel's work, which was almost contemporary with his own, that work has shaken the Darwinian edifice. Bateson, in a Presidential address to the British Association for the Promotion of Science, declared: "We go to Darwin for his incomparable collection of facts. We would fain emulate his scholarship, his width and his power of exposition, but to us he speaks no more with philosophical authority. We read his scheme of evolution as we would those of Lucretius or Lamarck, delighting in their simplicity and their courage."

Darwin was born in 1809: his great work, *The Origin of Species by Natural Selection,* was published exactly fifty years later, and eight years before Mendel's work. It excited immediate attention. In fact, it convulsed the scientific world, nor had its influence in any way abated at the time of its author's death, in 1882, two years before that of Mendel.

The centenary of so distinguished a man and so distinguished a Catholic as Mendel, should not pass unnoticed in a Catholic periodical. The name Mendel has a Hebrew twang to those familiar with German and Austrian names, nevertheless the Mendel family was of pure Austrian descent, poor but fervent in their religion like most of their compatriots. Johann was educated at the ordinary school at Leipnik, near his home, and proving himself to be of uncommon abilities, his parents made a great effort to send him on to the gymnasium or higher school at Troppau, and subsequently to the still more important one at Olmutz. How great a strain this was upon the meagre family resources, may be gathered from the fact that Mendel's sister, at her own suggestion, gave up a large part of her dowry that her brother's education might not be interrupted. The magnitude of this sacrifice can only be estimated by those who know that in some European countries the marriage of a dowerless girl is a most unlikely incident. It is pleasant to recall that her self-sacrifice was re-

warded, for her brother not only repaid what was lent, but himself defrayed the expenses of the education of two of her sons.

At Troppau Mendel had as one of his teachers a young Augustinian from the monastery at Brünn, and it may have been on this account that, when his time at the gymnasium was up, he became a novice at the Abbey of St. Thomas, of which his teacher was a member. This was in 1843, when he was twenty-one years of age. Four years later he was ordained a priest. Another four years were spent in teaching, and then the young Augustinian was sent for a two years' course of study to the University of Vienna, where he devoted his time to mathematics, physics and natural science. In 1853 he was back again in his monastery and was appointed a teacher in the Realschule or Technical School of the town. Here he labored for fifteen years and seems, as indeed one might have anticipated, to have been a stimulating and much appreciated teacher. It was during this time that he carried out the experiments on which his papers are based. The fact that he was engaged in research no doubt tended to give a life and vigor to his teaching which can never characterize the instruction of those whose knowledge is purely theoretical. Then occurred what one can only call a real tragedy: Mendel was appointed *Prælatus* of his abbey. This is the accurate term, although he is generally called Abbot,[1] the nature of the office being identical. Here one cannot but be reminded of another great scientific ecclesiastic, Nikolaus Stensen. Stensen, after making discoveries in Geology and in Anatomy which won him the title of the Father of Modern Geology and caused the assembled men of science of the world, in the latter part of the last century, to place a tablet over the spot where his remains rest, proclaiming him to be "*inter Geologos et Anatomicos præstantissimus*," was, unfortunately for science, made a bishop, sent to a part of Europe, where he spent his latter days in what, to the human eye, seemed fruitless toil, and was completely cut off from all scientific work.

Such was the case with Mendel. Quite possibly he said to himself when he became Prelate: "Now I shall have time

1 The title of Abbé, so often employed when he first became known, has been dropped by all but the most ignorant.

to work more steadily at my beloved experiments, having no more teaching to occupy me."

Of course, he reaped the fruit everyone reaps who abandons teaching for administration, hoping for more time and a fresher mind for scientific work. Stensen achieved nothing more after he became a bishop; that perhaps was inevitable, for he was sent far from laboratories and libraries. But neither did Mendel, though he was not separated from the garden which had been the scene of his labors. The general routine business of his Abbey, if nothing had been superadded, might have left him leisure for scientific work, but Mendel was drawn into a long and troublesome dispute with the Government in respect of a taxation scheme which he believed to be unjust to the religious houses. So, no doubt, did the other houses, but many, if not most of them, capitulated to the Government. Efforts were made to induce Mendel to do likewise, but he steadily refused, and the contest was still raging at his death, though not long afterwards matters were settled along the lines for which he had always contended.

The struggle in question was enough to embitter the last years of Mendel's life, and it was not his only cross. Racial feelings and strifes were then most acute in that part of Austria, and an Abbey with such wide ramifications as that at Brünn, could not but be much affected thereby. Furthermore, he felt very bitterly the chill neglect with which his papers were received. This neglect is somewhat curious to explain for, though his papers were not published in an important periodical (the Proceedings of the Brünn Natural History Society are not of world-wide reputation), yet they were sent to the Royal Society of London and doubtless to other important libraries, and there is no doubt that Mendel corresponded with Nägeli, a very distinguished biologist of the day. Nägeli's failure to see the value of Mendel's papers is the more remarkable because of his own views, of which more shortly. Finally, the Abbot was the victim during the last years of his life of Bright's disease, that depressing malady, of which eventually he died. It is perhaps not surprising, therefore, that, in a fit of depression, he destroyed a number of his notes, including, apparently, those he had made on bees, on which much-studied insects he is known to have carried out a num-

ber of experiments. After his death, no trace of the notes of this and other researches were discoverable, nor has the most careful search ever brought them to light.

A complete study of the Mendelian doctrines as at present formulated is no part of the present writer's intention. They have arrived at a complexity of detail and of nomenclature only understandable by the expert. Some account of what Mendel discovered must indeed be given, for, without it, to estimate the importance of his position today would be impossible. Only an outline will be attempted. What is more important, from our point of view, is to see the effect his discoveries have had upon current biological opinion, and the relation they bear to some of the great philosophical problems of this and every age.

When we survey the realm of nature, we are confronted with certain obvious facts which must form the basis of all our study. In the first place, the picture which is unfolded before our eyes is *discontinuous* in its character. There is no apparent reason why all living things should not be of exactly the same species. They are not. And, what is more, they belong to species sometimes very sharply and always with sufficient distinction separated from one another. Again, the *discontinuous* picture is also characteristic of the past, where we find, in continuous succession, the rise, climax and, almost always, decline of various races of beings. There were at one time the great saurians or lizards which have completely disappeared. So has the Mammoth, to take but two examples familiar to all. Why this discontinuity? It is a question clamant of an answer. Then we find ourselves face to face with the undoubted fact of *Heredity*—a wonderful thing even if we are anæsthetized by its invariability and seldom stop to think how remarkable it is that a duck never comes from a hen's egg, nor is a colored child the offspring of white parents. Finally, for our purpose, we must not forget that, though heredity causes the offspring to resemble closely the parents, they are not precisely similar; in other words, we have to do with the factor of *Variation*.

Things may vary in two ways. There may be very slight variations such as a twist to the eyebrow hairs at the inner side of the eye—a small thing, yet one which has been known to descend in families for generations. It was to these small

variations that Darwin attached all importance in connection with his doctrine of Natural Selection. Huxley told him that he was making a mistake and that *Natura facit saltum* at times at any rate. We now know that such is the case, and many at least are of opinion that the small variations merely swing backwards and forwards around a fixed central point and have very little, if anything, to do with any process of evolution which may be taking place. On the contrary, major variations, which their latest describer, de Vries, calls *Mutations*, do seem to have a real effect. There is a well-known example in connection with the Greater Celandine *(Chelidonium majus)*, of which a variant (afterwards named, from the lace-like character of its leaves, *Chelidonium laciniatum*), suddenly appeared in the garden of one Sprenger, an apothecary in Heidelberg, in the year 1590. At the time, what we may call systematic (though there was not much system about it), botany, was a favorite pursuit, and Sprenger sent specimens to many botanists, none of whom knew the plant. They could not well know it, as it was a perfectly new appearance. Yet it has gone on breeding perfectly true ever since.

Heredity, Variations, Mutations, such are the factors which confronted Mendel and confront all workers in the biological field. Mendel determined to attack a problem which had been attacked by others before and has been by others since, and to adopt a perfectly original method of attack—simple, like almost all great ideas, yet yielding, as we shall see, almost astounding results. What he determined to study was the question of Heredity and Variation, and to ascertain what, if any, were the laws connected with these phenomena. Let us, for a moment, review the attitude towards these factors of a few other great men of science.

Lamarck (1744-1829) started out by accepting inheritance which he did not try to explain. Moreover, he accepted the inheritance of an acquired character, a subject, to this day, of even bitter controversy, of which more presently. What he did try to explain was Variation, which he looked upon as nature's response to some pressing need.

Darwin tried through his theory of "Pangenesis" to explain Heredity, but he could not explain the origin of variations on which, however, he had to rely for his theory of Nat-

ural Selection. In the language of philosophy, Lamarck took *Heredity* and Darwin took *Variation* as "given."

WEISMANN, who died only a short time ago, abandoned the theory of the inheritance of acquired characters which Herbert Spencer said was of such importance that, without it, there could be no evolution. He had to admit Variation of course and, in order to account for it, he formulated a theory of internal germinal selection which we need not linger over, since it never obtained any position in the scientific world.

Now the road is clear for Mendel and his experiments. Up to his time, workers had looked upon each living object which they were studying as a whole. The human being produced a human being more or less like its parents. The pea produced fresh peas more or less identical with the progenitor peas and that was all. Mendel had the flash of genius which led him to see that the proper path by which to approach the problem was by that of *individual and sharply contrasted characters.* The common pea was the first and the most important object of his study. Now there are tall and dwarf peas; there are peas with wrinkled skins and peas with smooth; there are peas with yellow flesh and peas with green (technical terms are rigorously excluded from this article), and so on. Mendel's idea was to take these contrasted characters and study their heredity, and this is how he did it, described as briefly and simply as possible.

Let us take the sweet pea which everybody knows. There are two varieties for our present purpose—tall and dwarf or "Cupid" as it is called. Several feet high and only a few inches high—a sufficiently striking contrast. Mendel took plants which had been breeding true for some time and he saved their seed. When these seeds had been planted, had germinated and grown up, he carefully fertilized the flowers of one with pollen (the golden dust on the stamens of the male plant which must reach the female flowers for seeds to be formed) from the other. It does not make any difference which way the cross is made. He took every precaution to prevent any other pollen but that which he had selected from reaching the female flower. Then the resultant seeds were saved, labeled, laid aside and, next year, planted. Now it seems obvious that from such mixed parentage the most likely

thing would be a mixed progeny, but such was not the result. In the case we are studying *all* the progeny were tall. It would appear as if the tall stock was so strong as to have wiped out the puny, but attractive, "Cupid" variety. However, the experiment was not over, for the seeds of these tall plants after being carefully excluded from the influence of any alien pollen, were allowed to grow and to fertilize themselves as they would do in a state of nature. The resultant seeds were again sown and the result was another surprise, for now there were a mixed group of descendants, tall and short, but in definite proportions: three tall for every one short.

Mendel so far, then, came to the conclusion (for the same things followed in connection with the other contrasting characters such as wrinkled and smooth) that one of the characters was suppressed or held *in petto* in the first generation, and this he called *recessive*, whilst the other alone was visible and thus *dominant*. Tallness, then, was dominant and dwarfishness recessive in the case we have under consideration. Yet, again, the experiment was not entirely concluded, for another generation's breeding was observed, again as the sequence of carefully protected self-fertilization. Now what came to pass was that all the dwarfs produced dwarfs and, it may be added, would go on producing dwarfs forever, so it would seem. In other words, they were a pure strain. As to the talls, they produced both talls and dwarfs. The dwarfs, as before, are pure and will go on producing dwarfs. The talls are partly pure and will go on producing talls. But partly they are not pure and will go on producing a mixed breed in the proportions just given. Thus after the first generation, all talls, there will be a second of seventy-five per cent. talls or dominants and twenty-five per cent. dwarfs or recessives. These last will go on producing one hundred per cent. of dwarfs, or breeding true; of the remaining seventy-five per cent. of talls, twenty-five per cent. will be pure, breeding talls, and the remaining fifty per cent. will be mixed, producing offspring in the numerical arrangement mentioned throughout, namely, one recessive to three dominants.

The same proportions are maintained in many other pairs of characters, and since the re-discovery of Mendel's papers, a vast amount of work has been done in order to ascertain what, if any, are the limits of this rule. Nowhere it may be

remarked has more striking or important work been carried out than in the laboratories of Columbia University by Professor Morgan and his fellow-workers; work, which with that carried out by Professor Bateson and his assistants at the experimental garden over which he presides, have filled many thousand pages of scientific works, and led to the formulation of many theories of which Mendel knew nothing and of which nothing will be said here.

One point, however, of prime importance must not be overlooked before we turn to some general considerations. Mendel's method shows us how a *pure* breed may be obtained, pure that is in so far as concerns some important factor—surely a point of first importance to breeders of horses and cattle, not to speak of growers of wheat and other agricultural products. A man wants a cow, let us say, with a certain characteristic—it is to be a first-class milker. There are good milkers and bad. Let us breed them and see if they work on Mendelian lines. All characteristics do not, and the case I have taken is purely imaginary. If it worked, it is easy to see how a pure breed of good milkers could be obtained. Let us take an instance where the principle was actually worked out along economic lines. There is a certain kind of wheat which alone will make the sort of bread people in England wish to eat, and its quality is called "strength." That quality is found in Canadian and American wheats, but not in English wheats, which can be grown at a profit, *i. e.*, which have a good yield per acre. If the "strong" American wheats are brought over and grown in England they soon become "weak." By means of experiments on Mendelian lines, it has been possible to produce a wheat with the "strong" quality which has the free cropping characteristics of the less valuable variety. Further, and in connection with another problem on Mendelian lines, it has been possible to produce a "strong" wheat which is insusceptible to the attacks of "rust," a fungoid plague which had been previously a desperate enemy of the desired varieties of wheat. Thus the "pure" scientific experiments, as in so many other cases, lead to economic results or become "applied." Thus again proving that any distinction between "pure" and "applied" science is untenable and, indeed, absurd.

Let us now survey the field of science from the aspect pre-

sented by Mendel's discovery. First of all, plain and distinct as sunlight, is revealed a law. We cannot have a numerical arrangement of unvarying character like that just described and refuse to give to it the same significance that one does to the laws called after Newton, for example. If one has a series of occurrences which occur and recur with complete regularity, and one has to account for them, one can only do so in one of two ways. They come about by chance or they come about by law. Huxley said somewhere that no one who had ever seen a glimmer of scientific light, could stand by the chance hypothesis and, indeed, it does not take much consideration to see how untenable such a thing is here and in a thousand other instances. "Personally, I always maintain that, if there are laws of nature, it is only logical to admit that there is a lawgiver. But of this lawgiver we can give no account." These were the words of Professor Plate in the well-known Berlin discussion between Father Wasmann, the eminent Jesuit biologist, and the combined materialist talent of Germany. As to the latter part of his statement, much might be said but cannot be said here. The first part contains the needed admission. If there is a law, there must be someone to formulate that law.

"With the experimental proof that Variation consists largely in the unpacking and repacking of an original complexity, it is not so certain as we might like to think that the order of these events is not predetermined." Professor Bateson, as I have pointed out before, in this passage uses a curious expression, for it is not clear why the scientific man should "like" to think of anything but the truth, whatever that may be. But he has clearly indicated an important point which calls for an explanation and can only obtain one by conceding the existence of a packer and a predestinator. In other words, to drop paraphrase, we come back to the need of a Lawgiver and a Creator. That is the first and, from our point of view, at least, not the most negligible asset obtained from Mendel's discoveries.

There are other things, however, to which we must direct our attention. In the passage just quoted, the writer alludes to an "original complexity," and on that phrase hangs a most important consideration. The Darwinian view as to evolution, indeed we may say the general view of all Transformists,

was, it may be safely said, that of an original simplicity passing to greater and greater complexity. Thus we have the efforts to show that life first appeared in some vaseline-like carbonaceous jelly by the side of some steaming pond of millions of years ago, which somehow divided and somehow got the habit of dividing, a process which in time became hereditary, and that this jelly gradually became more complex, and thus you have all the living things of the past and the present. It takes some believing but, as a method of Creation, there is nothing in it to turn a hair on the head of the firmest believer in religion, though he may be assured, to begin with, that there is not one particle of evidence for anything of the kind. It may have been, but then, and a hundred times over, it may not. But the view of some of the modern Mendelians is quite a different thing. According to it, everything that ever was to be, was in the original germ or germs. *Germs* we say, advisedly, for we gather that Bateson and his following would agree with Father Wasmann that evolution was polyphyletic; that there is, as the Bible says—though not as a scientific pronouncement, one flesh of fish and another of birds, and so on. This text Bateson put on the title-page of his first and greatest work.

Just how many sources of development or starting points, to make our meaning clearer, they would allow, is nowhere stated, but let us suppose—for the sake of clearness—that a starting point was allowed for vertebrates. That would mean that all the characteristics of all the vertebrate forms that have ever existed, or will ever exist, were in that germ which formed the starting point. That is a startling idea, but it follows from the statement of this school of Mendelians, that nothing can ever be added to the germ, and that the differences we observe are due to the removal of some inhibiting factor which permits the previously "stopped down" character to make its appearance. Let us take an illustrative quotation: Professor Bateson expresses his confidence that "the artistic gifts of mankind will prove to be due, not to something added to the make-up of an ordinary man, but to the absence of factors which in the normal person inhibit the development of these gifts. They are almost beyond doubt to be looked upon as *releases* of powers normally suppressed. The instrument is there, but it is 'stopped down.' "

Now, if all the characters are in the original germ, we have to account first of all for their being there, which on materialistic lines seems absolutely impossible. There was some wild kind of possibility—never coming within hailing distance of a probability—that an originally simple germ might develop and, without any direction, acquire further complexities. I say that this is wildly thinkable, but the other is not, wildly or otherwise. If you are going to begin with a germ packed with all the characters which are to develop afterwards into a rich and varied fauna or flora, they must have been packed there by a Creator. There is absolutely no other way out of it except by plunging into the agnosticism of Professor Plate and saying: "Of course, there must have been a Packer, but we cannot know anything about Him."

Further, it is also abundantly obvious that if you are going to achieve development by gradual shaking off of inhibiting characters, you must in your developing germ have some directing factor. It is obvious that this train of thought could never have passed through the mind of Nägeli when corresponding with Mendel, for Nägeli was a strong upholder of what he himself called orthogenesis, that is the existence of something in the developing individual which impelled it along a certain line of development and no other. Strange that ignorance or prejudice should make men invent new names for old things. Nägeli's orthogenetic factor was, and could be, nothing else but the "entelechy" of Aristotle and today of Driesch and that, of course, as every educated person knows, is nothing else but the "soul" of Scholastic Philosophy—the "animal" or "vegetable" souls, the principles of direction and of the perfection of the possessors.

But, if we have reached this conclusion, then where is the original Darwinian Deposit of Faith? If everything is in the original germ, then there is an end of any discussion as to the Heredity of Acquired Conditions; there is an end to Natural Selection; there is an end to almost everything that Darwin and his followers have postulated and argued about. No wonder that, this being the case, Bateson, the chief prophet of Mendelism, should tell us that it is useless any more to look upon Darwin's works as anything more than a storehouse of facts. We are not now laying down the conclusion that

Bateson is right and all the Darwinians and Neo-Darwinians wrong. It is not hard to understand why these latter classes are not best pleased with the extreme Mendelians who are challenging all the tenets which they had almost converted into scientific dogmata. This final moral we may surely draw. There was a time when the major scientific excommunication seemed to await any daring mortal who appeared to deny any part of the doctrine not only of Darwin, but also of Darwin's numerous disciples. There was a time when not to believe in Weismann was to earn a cold shrug of the shoulders. Professor Bateson, let it be said at once, always had the courage of his opinions. It may be that now he will become the enunciator of dogmata, and that to deny some of the recent accretions to the true Mendelian faith will become the sin that the denial of other much lauded scientific keys to all mysteries once was. And the moral? Well, it is not difficult to draw. The non-scientific reader may bear in mind that the scientific gospel of today may find its way tomorrow to the scrap-heap, and, in that fact, find good reason to exhibit some decent incredulity when he is told for the thousandth time that such and such a discovery has put an end to the effete ideas of a Creator and Maintainer of nature. Thus the non-scientific man. The scientific student ought to know these facts, if he does not, and to order his thoughts accordingly.

THE WOMEN OF SHAKESPEARE.

BY HELEN MORIARTY.

NO impressions are so lasting as those of childhood. We ourselves know this to be true. The loving faces that floated above us in our awakening consciousness, the emerald sward that enticed our first tottering steps, the clouds that caught our wandering vision, no less than the paths we trod and the ways we knew in childhood's happy days, these go with us, howsoever vaguely and indistinctly, all through life. Perhaps unconsciously, they make more perfect our golden moments. Certain it is, they brighten many a dark and tedious hour, cheering them with glimpses of long-past innocent joys, memories none the less sweet because thorned with poignancy.

In Warwickshire, sometimes called "the garden of England," Shakespeare was cradled. Through his native town flowed the peaceful Avon, and green bank and grassy path alike invited the dreamy boy to many an idle stroll, where in youth's happy inconsequence he thought that "there was no more behind, but such a day tomorrow as today, and to be boy eternal." We are given to believe that his home was gentle, and his early experiences such as to set in his plastic mind ideals that were never to depart.

I like to think of him as a gentle, thoughtful lad—later in life, he was to be known as the gentle Shakespeare—playing by the picturesque stream, and making friends of the flowers and birds and bees, or lying in the grateful shade to let his thoughts sail away in cloudy armadas over "the long savannahs of the blue." He took, I think, a "shining morning face" to the Guild school where he studied and where he was probably not a very attentive student, learning "little Latin and less Greek." What need had he of foreign tongues who was to read the deepest secrets of the human heart? Indeed, as Dryden said: "He needed not the spectacles of books." It is thus I like to think of him, as child and boy and stripling, imbibing the sweetness and peace of the quiet idyllic country-

side. He was to require them later in turbulent, foul-smelling London, and true to his dreams he often wandered back in spirit, immortalizing with his pen the spots he earliest loved. Shakespeare was born with the heritage of dreams, "the curse of destinate verse," but on the harsh anvil of life a modicum of practicality was forged into the shining metal of his soul. Both were to stand him in good stead in the proper study which was to engage the best years of his life.

But what has all this to do with the women of his plays? I think it has much to do. For it is my belief that only a real dreamer, one, that is to say, to whom dreams are as real as the actual and the actual sometimes as visionary as dreams, can properly interpret the heart of a woman, itself the shrine and centre of all the dreams the world has ever known, or distill from the fire and dew that are her soul the strange and subtle sweetness that makes her so essentially human and so essentially a woman. For not all the seers who dreamed of life and saw it wonderful, had this sure and certain gift of divination. Dante, I dare assert, did not really know his Beatrice, for against the vision of the great Florentine the heart of woman locked many secret doors. Poor Tasso, burning himself out against the slight flame of a woman's inconsequence, failed in that high and perfect understanding which comes only to the serene of soul, and Cervantes, immortal in his men, left us but pale spectres of women who refuse the light of day. Still others give us weak imitations, sticks, as it were, clothed in women's garments, who, like Hawthorne's Featherhead, shrivel and die at the first touch of human feeling.

Not so the women whom Shakespeare has depicted. They are real because they are what we call, for lack of a better term, human, by which we might mean any or all of a number of things—fallible, faulty, inconsistent, proud, unreasonable, weak and vacillating, foolish, passionate, petulant, demandful; and yet how compellingly sweet and wonderful, how engaging in *naïveté*, how strong in virtue, pure, high-souled, dignified, "instructing even their sorrows to be proud"—what an array of attractions is theirs; what moods to match our own, what cleverness we fain would snare, what brilliancy one might dream to emulate, what sprightliness, what fancy, what arresting yet elusive grace! And who, caught in the

trammels of a later civilization and hampered by the conventions of polite society, has not had moments of envying Katherine the frank directness of her vitriolic tongue?

Easy enough it is to picture the faults in a woman; easier still to memorialize in her those admirable qualities which we like to think belong to her as her own peculiar property; but it is not so easy so to mingle the two—amazing fault, incredible virtue—as to build a character irrevocably "grappled to our soul with hooks of steel." Who but Shakespeare could have fashioned a Lady Macbeth, make her before our horrified eyes by intent a murderess, and a few moments later shake our very soul to tears by the mere sight of her tragic, haunted figure and blood-stained "little hands?" Who but he could have won us to the knowledge of how closely interwoven with the fibres of a woman's heart is the stinging, searing, bitter, saving thread of quick remorse.

If it were one type of woman alone that Shakespeare had presented, he would still have all the elements of greatness in the charm of his drama no less than the depth of his philosophy. But he was great again in his portrayal of women, wonderful in the types he limns and the perfection of his handling. All types are here, from the girlish Juliet flaming innocently into first love, to the impassioned, unprincipled daughter of a hundred Ptolemies, implacable in her evil course, piteous in her final desolation, immortal in her deathless love. Here is personified the beauty of filial love, there, the incomprehensible horror of the thankless child, sending a mad old king to desolation and death. Here is the brilliant, charming, attractive Portia, strong to aid, but with a woman's heart trembling under her masculine disguise, and there, fleeing away in the darkness from the falling house of her usurious father, a perfect foil for the majestic figure of Portia, is the shallow, deceitful, dishonest Jessica. Were I a Jew, I would never resent Shylock, but I should resent Jessica, a type uncommon in the Hebrew race. In all literature, there is no more noble figure than that of Paulina in *The Winter's Tale,* defending her young mistress, the Sicilian queen, against the unjust accusations of the jealous king; but give me a tale of fishwives and I will point out its prototype in the sharp, not to say vulgar, exchange of personalities between Constance and Queen Elinor in *King John.* Elinor says (to quote some

of the most innocuous): "There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father!" And "there's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee," retorts Constance.

"Come to thy grandam, child," begs Elinor further on. And Constance: "Do, child, go to its grandam, child; give grandam kingdom, and its grandam will give it a plum, a cherry and a fig; there's a good grandam!" She scolds superbly, we must admit, until Elinor inveighs bitingly: "Thou unadvised scold, I can produce a will that bars the title to thy son!"

"Ay, who doubts that? A will! A wicked will; a woman's will; a cankered grandam's will!"

In truth, a lusty fight, only retrieved from complete immersion in the pit of sordidness by the motherly devotion of Constance, which drives her to strike fiercely back at those who sought to injure her son. Shakespeare, be it said, always exalts mothers and motherly devotion, and in an age of moral corruption pays strong tribute to wifely fidelity, a fidelity too often unappreciated by recreant spouses. What womanly truth and purity and goodness we have exemplified in Queen Catherine, in Desdemona, Hermione, Imogen, what potential devotion forecast in the gentle Miranda. All that is sweet and admirable he has given us in womanly characters; sometimes, too, all that is mean and contemptible; but transmuted by the alchemy of his genius, some bit of golden light touches, however remotely, each one. Even to Dame Quickly we give the tribute of a fugitive heart throb as she speaks of the dying Falstaff.

But though all of Shakespeare's women are creations of an inimitable sort, to them, as women, we cannot and do not always yield our fullest admiration. Yet in judging them we must take into consideration the character of the times in which our author lived and wrote. It was to some extent merry England, the England of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, of *As You Like It*, of prototypes of Falstaff and Touchstone, of jester and fool and strolling player. It was likewise in London a foul England, given over in the new freedom and license of the period to loose speech, worse action, every vulgar intrigue that evil imagination could spawn. In the world's history it was perhaps the greatest period of change, second only, one might say, to that in which we are living

today. England, in the main, had thrown off the shackles of the old religion and, finding no like restrictions in the new, laid hold again of that dark pagan strain so long held in check by the wise impulse of spiritual forces. The old simple faith had gone down, and with it the old simple, well-ordered life of religious restraint.

The world was opening out, too, with new adventures on land and sea, new colonies in far countries, and a new stimulus was furnished to men's minds by the Italian renaissance, the effects of which were but now penetrating to this little isle, "set in a silver sea;" and novel ventures showed alluring avenues to wealth, tossing fortunes into hands all unaccustomed to the uses of prosperity. A mad orgy of spending ensued, luxury rioted, and fashion trickily gave rein to every freakish fancy. Of styles, there were almost an endless variety, some, as witness the ruff, inconceivable in their absurdity. But women not only took to them with avidity, as they always do, but set agile wits to work to invent others still more striking. Out of the exigencies of the ruff, which demanded something less rude than spikes to keep in place its ever-growing width, was born the homely starch, a pointed exemplification of the utilitarian following in the wake of the ornamental, and that sartorial feminine genius was loudly acclaimed who invented a colored starch to suit the taste, and it might have been the complexion of the wearer. Though, to be sure, complexions were made to order then as now.

Despite this elegance in dress, this fair outward seeming, mere bodily cleanliness was lightly esteemed and strong perfumes took the place of the bath. The rushes with which the floors were covered, even those in the very audience chamber of Elizabeth, were allowed to disintegrate into foulness before being removed. Masses of filth filled the streets and those who were fortunate enough to escape the royal ax, were like to be swept away by the pestilence which scourged the unsanitary cities. Who is wise enough to say what relation this general uncleanliness had to the loose speech and degrading conversation of the day?

It is safe to say, however, that it would be strange indeed were not the women of those times to suffer some contamination from these sinister influences, or that the bright lustre of pure womanhood should not be dimmed in some measure

by the foul miasma of the reeking streets. But the old faith was not dead, though hunted, decried, contemned, and history has preserved for us the story of many a pure and exquisite life whose influence, like a hidden rose, sent forth a saving odor. There were many spots in England where family life was still sacred and secure, spots even in the teeming city itself, and places remote from London and the glaring corruption of the court. And if we wince at the coarse speech of the day, as wince we must, we need not for that reason rashly condemn the speaker, for custom is powerful and impels betimes into strange ways. We have only to look around us in our own times to see how custom makes fashion to gibe at modesty. So far as dress was concerned, the women of Shakespeare's time presented a more modest mien than those of today, whose offensively scant attire has won, if not international reprobation, at least to the doubtful ascendancy of the international joke. Then, at any rate, the ladies were well guarded behind the barricading ruff from whatsoever gallant would fain steal a kiss. This may be one reason why our poet puts so many of his heroines in male attire, sending them forth unhampered by fripperies and trailing skirts to seek the truth of the romance that beckoned, beckoned, and would not be denied. But are they not as modest as they are attractive in their disguises, Viola, Olivia, Rosalind? We might never have come upon the tricksy charm of Rosalind had we not adventured with her through the Forest of Arden, and witnessed her naïve girlish joy over her swain's adoring verses yielded up so obligingly by the friendly trees. We are fain to sympathize with Phoebe in preferring this graceful youth to her own lovesick, tiresome pursuer.

The only woman over whose characterization we like to take special issue with Shakespeare is Joan of Arc, and even at that we recognize that his misconception of the Maid was due to the false opinions of his day. The years that justified and crowned the Flower of France, produced in Andrew Lang, who, though a Scotsman, is, of course, esteemed to be British, another genius who helped, with Justin Huntley McCarthy, to redeem England from the obloquy of Shakespeare's mistake.

A writer with some vogue among Shakespearean com-

mentators has arisen in our own day who chooses to read into the character of Shakespeare's women a moral turpitude which those who have loved them long will be slow to accept. Perhaps he is a good judge of moral obliquity, but I suspect that he has looked too long upon dunghills to vision the flowers that may spring there. He would have us believe that of that gracious and brilliant galaxy stepping ever sedately across the glass of Time, many were formed on the character and personality of an infamous woman at Elizabeth's court for whom the poet-dramatist had cherished an illicit attachment, and, to prove his case, he goes through the plays like a carrion crow, picking out to his own satisfaction lewd speeches and bald words. Now it is not for me to claim that Shakespeare escaped the moral laxity of the time or failed to pay homage at the shrine of court beauties. Perhaps he did sometimes follow the line of least resistance. But shall we, because Juliet falls unconsciously into the free speech of the day, suffer a foul imagination to smirch the fair, white robe of her virgin innocence? Besides, it is a foolish, as well as an unprofitable, task to search for obscure motives, to find ulterior designs in casual complexions, or to probe the gentle speech for hidden sores that may never have existed.

I venture to believe that, if Shakespeare "looked into his heart" and wrote what he saw there, fixed in the fine, resilient fabric of a mind that roamed widely and at will, was not the shortcomings of any particular person who may, however unhappily, have crossed his path; but the engaging faults, the little weaknesses, the piteous sins, the dear inconsistencies, the lost dreams and forgotten aspirations, the triumphs he had visualized of right and justice and sweetness, though it may have been in the dark night of death and tears. In a word, what he saw there and wrote down for succeeding generations, were all the splendid, fallible forces of the restless, resistless, human soul, the same yesterday, today and forever.

THE ETHICAL BASIS OF WAGES.

BY FATHER CUTHBERT, O.S.F.C.

IN a previous article we drew attention to the fact that the Labor programme is no longer concerned primarily with the question of wages, but with the general economic freedom of the worker. The movement is definitely towards a larger liberty in the economic sphere corresponding to the democratic movement in the political sphere. On the general claim involved in this question, the words of Leo XIII. concerning political liberty may well be applied to economic liberty: "It is not in itself wrong to prefer a democratic form of government. . . . Unless it be otherwise determined by reason of some exceptional condition of things, it is expedient to take part in the administration of public affairs." [1] If this be true of political liberty, it must be true also of economic and other forms of human liberty. On the general question of economic freedom, it may be taken that the Christian conscience regards it as not merely lawful, but expedient, "unless it be otherwise determined by reason of some *exceptional* condition of things."

This limitation of its expediency will be admitted by every serious thinker, and by none is it more candidly admitted than by many of the leaders of the Labor movement itself. Full economic freedom can come to the worker only in so far as he is efficient and self-disciplined. Consequently, it can only be achieved gradually, as the education of the worker, intellectual and moral, proceeds apace. Yet, as we have said, in placing this ideal of economic freedom in its wider sense in the forefront of its endeavor, the Labor movement has become more consciously ethical in character than when its direct purpose was concerned merely with wages. The question of wages, however, must always remain one of the fundamental problems: it can never be absent from any Labor programme since it eagerly determines, even as it is largely

1 Encyclical, *Libertas Præstantissimum*, in *The Pope and the People*, edit. 1912, p. 129.

determined by, the other conditions of the worker's existence. The worker and the economic student today are not less intent upon the wages question than were the earlier Trade-Unionists: but this question has become envisaged in a larger conception of economic and social well-being. Wages, it has been said, are but a means towards the achievement of a higher human existence. That being so, they must be determined with a view to that ultimate end.

The first consequence of admitting this principle is that wages should properly be based not upon the market value of a man's work, but upon the necessity of his well-being as a man. Market value enters into the question not as a primary determining factor, but as a secondary consideration for the securing of the worker of a wage which will enable him to attain to a proper human existence. In other words, market value should not so much fix the rate of wage and, consequently, the condition of the worker's life; but the claim of the worker to a human existence must be a factor in determining market values. Any competition which ignores this principle, is so far unethical and cannot be defended on moral grounds. And thus the whole system of free competition as it was understood by, let us say, the Manchester School of economists, is revolutionized. That school of economic thought was, from the point of view of Christian ethics, radically unsound, inasmuch as it considered a man's labor as apart from the man himself and bartered with his labor instead of with the man. The man as a human being did not enter into the economic scheme: he entered into it merely as a machine for turning out so much work: and the value of his work was determined theoretically merely by the price it obtained in the market.

As a matter of fact, the worker did not usually obtain the price his labor was worth in the market, simply because there was no real freedom in the barter on the worker's part: the worker was at the mercy of the employer, who exploited his necessity and manipulated the market to his own advantage, with the result that the employers too frequently amassed vast profits while the worker had a bare subsistence wage, or less. But even apart from this abuse of the employer's power, the taking of market value as the ultimate basis of the worker's wage was wrong ethically, in that it limited the

responsibility of the employer to paying a reasonable price for the mere product of Labor apart from wider considerations of the worker's welfare: it meant that the worker was regarded as a mere tool, and not as a human coöperator in industry whose work is indissolubly bound up with his personality. The system itself was ethically false in its first principles: nor did the economists endeavor to justify it on high ethical grounds. They fell back upon the proposition that economics stand apart from ethics, in the same way as political action was justified by its expediency without reference to the moral considerations which are recognized as regulating individual conduct. So the worker was considered to have no claim apart from the selling price of his labor in a market uncontrolled by any consideration for the worker himself.

Instinctively, the workers have taken other ground as the basis of their demand. What they have almost consistently claimed is that their wage should not be measured by the market value of their work, but by the standard of life to which they felt they had a just right.[2] The economic value of their labor might be above or below the wage necessary for the sustaining of this standard of life: generally speaking, it was above, as the wealth created by industry shows; but they were content with a wage which would secure them a certain standard of life. As a general principle, this claim of the workers was sound: instinctively, they took the ground that the first call upon Labor is the maintenance of the worker. With the majority of them in the earlier days of Labor organization, it meant simply that they should have a sufficient wage to prevent them from falling lower in the scale of human life.

Today it means more than that: what the Labor Organizations have for years past aimed at, is a progressive raising of the standard of life and the right of the worker to opportunities for bettering his human conditions and social status. Wages are regarded as a means towards this progressive betterment. But the important thing to be taken notice of is

[2] For one period, the Trade Union movement in the early seventies of the last century abandoned this principle, though not without protest from the organized workers of certain industries. The principle then adopted was that wages should be regulated by the price of product without insistence on a minimum wage. The result was disastrous to the worker, and did much to bring about a Socialist reaction. *Cf.* Sydney Webb, *History of Trade Unionism*, edit. 1907, p. 324, *et seq.*

that wages are not primarily to be adjudged by the output of labor, but by the standard of life to which the worker has raised himself. There can be no doubt that this principle is ethically more sound than the "payment by output" theory: and it may be well to remember that, after all, it is no new principle. For a long time, it has been the basis of remuneration generally recognized in the professional vocations. It is only new in its application to workers generally.

The principle is ethically to be upheld for several reasons. In the first place, there are no possible means by which a man's labor can be absolutely or adequately reduced to a money value. In all labor there are certain real but intangible values beyond what falls under the eye: and these values are the greater the more a man puts himself into his work. A miner not merely brings coal to the surface: he contributes to the comfort and well-being of his fellow-men: in proportion as he does his work honestly, he is making himself a good citizen: his work is a link in the general scheme of civilized life and contributes, directly or indirectly, in the upbuilding of the general social fabric, morally, intellectually, as well as materially. No wage can be affixed to the moral and intellectual product of a man's labor: and yet in all honest labor there is a direct and indirect moral and intellectual value, even in the meanest, which benefits not merely the individual himself, but the community.

To base a man's wage absolutely, or even primarily, upon the material output, is not to give him a just wage. His wage should have a correspondence to his value as a man and a citizen: and the only practical means to secure that correspondence, is to give him a wage which will enable him to maintain a standard of life and a status in the community such as is needful for his moral and intellectual development and welfare. In that way a wage acquires a real human value to the worker: it is a recognition on the part of his fellow-men of the worker's moral or intellectual value in the community, and not a mere payment for the material product of his work. From this point of view, the higher ethical value of the wage based upon status and the standard of life, lies in the fact that it is a recognition of personal worth: it is an acknowledgment of the man in his labor.

But further it tends towards a recognition of a more moral

character in labor itself. The idea that a man can sell his labor in exactly the same way that he can sell impersonal goods, is morally degrading. This is commonly felt in regard to work which is mainly intellectual or spiritual. The man who writes for mere gain seldom produces good literature; the minister of religion whose work is weighed against his salary, is generally reprobated by honest men. And much the same feeling exists in regard to all men who hold any high position of responsibility in the community. It is recognized that their work is of higher value to the community in so far as it is not governed by the thought of "market values." The salary or honoraria given them is regarded in the light of a maintenance allowance which will set them free to devote themselves to the work they have undertaken. They themselves will seldom confess that their emoluments are the price of output, because they instinctively feel that to regard them as such would degrade their work to mere menial service.

All honorable labor must bear the character of a free service or of a free activity of the human mind and will; and it loses that character of freedom when shackled to mere market values. Its motive must be dictated by spiritual or moral interests—the service of God or of one's fellow-men, the sense of duty or the desire for a higher self-development: and the further removed is the motive of material gain, the better is it for labor itself, and the more nobly will it express the man in his work. Material gain will of necessity enter into the worker's motives: the problem of the economist should be to make it less prominent. And the means to that, is to apportion the material reward by a regard to his status and standard of life rather than by the immediate output of his work. There can, in fact, be no real freedom of labor until the wage-earner's work is regarded in the same light as that of the higher professional or public vocations—as a contribution to the common good, in return for which the worker is maintained in that status of life to which his contribution of the common life gives him a legitimate claim.

The general recognition of these principles would at once tend to raise the moral dignity of labor and to increase its value in the moral development of the worker: but it would, at the same time, give a deeper meaning to the social value of

labor in the building up of a real common life in the community, and of a common life based in a true liberty of action. The industrial system of the old competitive school took from the worker both his liberty and his interest in the common good of the community: it depressed his liberty by refusing to allow him an economic status, and forced him to concentrate his thought and energy upon a mere struggle to maintain himself against the social body at large. Market values, divorced from the larger considerations of human life, were to him nothing but a symbol of his servitude and a call to battle. That he should consider the general welfare in his struggle for his individual existence, quite intelligibly seemed to him a cynical mockery of justice. The community which treated him as a tool, could hardly expect him to respond to the responsibilities of a citizen. Status and freedom are the two necessary qualifications for citizenship: and both these qualifications have long been denied him in the economic world. Given status and freedom—and by freedom we must understand not merely the freedom of bargaining, but even more an inducement to put himself into his work as into a human and moral activity—industry will inevitably tend to assume a more social character.

Much, of course, will depend upon the spirit in which the new conditions are accepted by all concerned; it is not claimed that the mere shifting of the basis of wages from output to status, will, of itself, bring in an era of perfect peace and Christian amity. The new system will have its own problems demanding reasonableness and good-will on all sides, if strife is to be avoided. But in so far as the claims of the human personality are considered in the estimating a man's wage, the economic system will have been brought into a closer harmony with Christian ethics and with the Christian conception of society. The estimation of wages by status and by the standard of life which the status implies, will, at least, mean that the worker is recognized in his work: industry will regard him no longer as a machine, but as a man.

A difficulty, however, at once presents itself. By what means is the status of the worker and his standard of life to be determined? The answer is surely that once the principle is accepted, the common sense and right feeling of the com-

munity will determine its practical application, in the same way as it already determines to some extent the status and standard of life due to those in the higher professions. There will, indeed, always be the temptation to create an artificial standard of life, and a status which has no real correspondence either to the necessities of the individual or to the function he discharges in organized society. That danger has been apparent enough in the higher grades of society at all times: it is already manifesting itself amongst the workers in the highly paid industries. The only effective remedy lies in a higher intellectual and moral education and in the fostering of the religious sense. Without a moral and religious background, no human system can work towards that rule of justice and good-will, which is the basis of a free community.

It must, however, be frankly recognized that as regards the individual worker and corporate bodies of workers, status and the standard of life are not fixed quantities. No fixed status or standard of life can be imposed upon the worker or any man in the community, irrespective of his personal qualities and abilities, without infringing his rightful liberty and reducing him to a condition of serfdom. Every man has a just claim to the conditions in which he can make the most of himself or spend himself to the greater advantage of his fellow-men: to refuse him these conditions by any arbitrary rule, is to deny his right to a full human existence. In any well-organized community the endeavor will be to prevent its members, individually and socially, from falling below their accustomed standard of life and to maintain them in the status which they have acquired: but it will go beyond that in holding out opportunities, and securing to them the liberty of legitimate advancement. And with this advancement necessarily goes the right to a wage sufficient to secure a man in its enjoyment.

Only when we recognize that the remuneration of the wage-earner should have some correspondence with his legitimate standard of life, and his status in the community and that his labor can never adequately be fixed by market values—only then can we rightly approach the question of the distribution of wealth as resulting from industry. For, to some extent, wages do, and must, represent the worker's share in the wealth his labor helps to produce: and there can

be no question as to his moral right to a share in the wealth produced corresponding to his part in the production. As economists point out, three factors nowadays have to be considered in industry, the capitalist who puts his money into the concern, the employer who runs it, and the worker. Each of these has his claim to a share in the wealth produced; and to these must be added the State, which, in the interests of the common well-being, has a right to a share in the wealth of the country. Under whatever form industry may be conducted, these four factors enter into the ethical question of the distribution of the wealth produced. For instance, where capital and employment of labor are in the hands of one man, a share in the product may be claimed for the capital put into the industry and another share as remuneration for the employers. Even if the State were the owner, the worker's claim to a share in the wealth produced would not be morally greater than under private ownership. Here we have to distinguish clearly between two problems: the right of a man to the status and the standard of life due to him as a citizen, and the right to his own property. In so far as labor produces wealth, that wealth is the property of the worker: but in industry, as we have seen, several factors go to the production of wealth besides the worker's labor: and the problem before the ethical economist is to determine how far the product of industry is the property of each of the partners in production.

It may be said at once that no practical determination of the separate claims can be made with mathematical precision, simply because no one can exactly define the limits of the activity which each factor puts into the industry. The actual workings and contributions, whether of capital or labor, of State protection or of management, are so complex and, to a large extent, intangible, that the right of each to the product can never be exactly weighed up in money values. All one can do is to determine certain principles which enter into the problem: the practical application must depend upon the common sense and good-will of those whom the question affects.

The primary principle from which we must start is that the product of industry is the joint property of all who are engaged in the industry: consequently the distribution of wages and profits—and we may add, taxes—must have regard

to this right of property in the product. Thus, though the State in return for the protection it affords an industry, has a right to a share in the product, it cannot in justice so tax an industry as to prevent a fair share of the product falling to the other partners concerned. Equally as between these other partners, the capitalist, the employer, and the worker, regard must be had by each to the others' inherent right of property in the concern. Hence, although it is impossible exactly to determine the limits of each one's share, yet it may normally be assumed that an increase in the value of the product, gives a just right to an increase both of wages and of profits. Equally does a decrease in product or the value of product, mean a decrease in what can be justly claimed. But both increase and decrease must, in justice, be shared proportionately by all the partners.

Here, however, we are met by the principle implied in the claim of the worker to a standard of life which necessarily includes a more or less stable wage sufficient to maintain that standard. Were the problem merely one of the distribution of wealth as the product of industry, there would be no just reason why, in a time of depression of trade, such a wage should be maintained. The primary question, however, in industry is not the distribution of wealth, but the maintenance of the standard of life, which is the first duty on industry: and, consequently, no industry, viewed merely as market produce, has a right to exist which does not provide the wage-earner with a proper maintenance. Such industries are injurious to the individual and to the public good. But normally industry tends to increase wealth: the transient fluctuations in value eventually more than make good the losses incurred in times of depression. It is true that in times of depression someone must bear the transient inconvenience and risk: but that inconvenience and risk justly falls on those who are the better able to bear it, the employer and the capitalist, especially as the remuneration of employer and capitalist is partly based upon the risk they take. The wage-earner dare not take the risk which is taken by the employer and capitalist just because his labor is his only asset: he necessarily demands a stable wage which shall not be liable to sudden fluctuations.

As a consequence, in fixing the standard of wage at any

given time, a balance has to be struck between the transient particular values. Thus the wage-earner is debarred from seeking a rise in wages with every boom in trade by reason of the condition of the security he claims, in the same way as he rightly refuses to accept a decrease in wage with every depression. Nevertheless, he has an undoubted right to a share in the permanent rise in values as apart from fluctuating values. The difficulty is to justly apportion his right share or, in other words, to determine his right of property in the product of his work. What is certain is that the more a man puts himself into his work, the more does the product become his rightful property. Thus a mere manual laborer, as such, has less property in the product of industry than the man who puts his training and intelligence into the industry, or who brings his moral force into the building up of industry. On this ground, a skilled workman has morally a claim to a higher wage than one who is unskilled. On the same ground, an employer or manager, whose part in production calls for a greater output of character and intelligence, rightly claims a larger share in the product. He has put more of himself into the industry than has one whose part demands less intelligence and moral force.

The case of the capitalist, who merely puts his money into the concern and takes no further part in it, is more difficult to determine. That he has a right to remuneration for the loan of his money and that the remuneration should be in proportion to the risk he takes, can hardly be gainsaid. Yet he cannot claim the same direct right of property in the product which belongs to the man to whose labor—whether as employer or worker—the product is due; simply because his part in production is less personal. Beyond a due interest proportionate to his risk, therefore, it seems difficult to assign him any absolute claim to a greater share in the product corresponding to its increased value, in the same way that such a share is due to both employer and wage-earner. For if the right of property in industry is connected with the personal activity put into it, it would, at least, follow that the more personal the activity, the greater the claim to the increased value of the product. Even admitting that the capitalist indirectly puts personal activity into the industry he supports, in so far as his capital represents his labors in the

past, yet such indirect labor cannot give an equal right of property as does the direct labor of the workers. As a consequence, wherever there is an absolute increase of value in industry, the workers, whether employers or wage-earners, should benefit more than the capitalist. For the capitalist to take the greater share is nothing less than to defraud the workers of their due and to fall into that "usurious dealing" which Leo XIII. has classed with force and fraud as immoral means of "cutting down the worker's wage." [3]

That, of course, is a principle unrecognized in the old school of economics, in which the buying power of money is exalted as the main determining factor in industry, and in which the necessity of one man is regarded as another man's opportunity. Otherwise, we should not have witnessed the gradual fall in real wages and the large increase in returns on invested capital which has characterized the industrial conditions during the past twenty years. But it must be remembered that upon no ethical principle could that school be justified. It was as much a tyranny in the economic world as Prussian autocracy has been in the political. And under any economic system, unless the right of property is conceded to the worker in his work, he must become a mere tool and sink into servitude, whether capital and employment be in private hands or in the hands of the State or public corporations: nor will he attain to full economic freedom nor to full justice, unless the share in the property of industry is adjudged in accordance with the human activity put into it.

But, further, it is from the standpoint of the worker's property in his work, that wages—or the remuneration for his labor, under whatever title it is made—will naturally find a correspondence with the worker's proper standard of life, since it is in his work that a man proves his own proper value. Upon any other basis, the correspondence will be artificial and unenduring. A man's standard of life and his status must, if it is to have any real significance, express his personal worth either individually or socially, and his contribution to the well-being of the community: and there is no other way of determining that except by the work he produces. An increase of wages based upon his right of property in his work, though no absolute test of a man's value, at least gives

[3] Encyclical, *Rerum Novarum*, in *The Pope and the People*.

some indication of his worth to the community. Moreover, it is the quality of a man's work which determines the standard of life which is requisite for him to make the most of himself; and when wages correspond to that quality, the requisite standard of life will normally be realized.

We have, however, still to face the problem as to who shall determine for practical purposes the fair share which each of the partners may claim in an industry. Granted that workman and employer, capitalist and the State, have each a right to a share in the wealth produced, and that the wage-earner and the employer, have a right to the greater share, there is still the difficulty of precisely determining the value of each one's claims: and the difficulty is the greater from the fact that much of the activity put into industry is of its nature so very intangible, though real. The practical question here is not so much the fixing of the real values of industry, as of fixing the rate at which each partner is willing to sell his right of property in the industry for a money value. The only just solution lies in the principle of free-bargaining: any other solution strikes at that very principle of property which is fundamental to economic freedom in the widest sense. Neither State nor capitalist, neither employer nor worker can arbitrarily fix their own or each other's interest and claim, without regard to the rights of all concerned: yet each has a right to obtain his full value or what he considers such and equally a right—subject to certain moral considerations—to accept less than his full value. But in the determination of that value, each has the right to be heard and to put forth his own price.

The worker has an equal right to bargain for the sale of his labor as the merchant has for the sale of his goods. And where there is no real standard for the fixing of values, free-bargaining is the only means of arriving at a price which satisfies a man's just claim to his own property. Hitherto, the lack of freedom in his bargaining with the employer and capitalist, has been one of the main grievances of the wage-earner. He feels that his necessity has been exploited to the advantage of others and that, in consequence, he has received less than his due. To remedy this state of affairs was the primary object of the Trade-Union movement. Its aim was by collective action to obtain for the worker a larger freedom

in bargaining with the employer, than could be obtained by the isolated action of the individual.

That the Trade Unions have at times shown a tendency to restrict unduly the liberty of the individual worker can hardly be denied. But the difficulties are not to be overlooked. The Unions had to teach the individual worker that he may not willingly barter his labor for a wage which is insufficient for a decent existence; they had to teach him that no man may enter into a contract to the injury of his fellowmen; and, consequently, that the individual wage-earner should not accept a wage which is sufficient for his own actual needs, if that wage is likely to be used as a standard for fixing the wages of other men whose needs are greater than his. Yet in aiming at establishing these and other rules of conduct, which are morally justifiable, the Trade Union has not always kept itself free from an arbitrary restraint from the individual worker's freedom of action: and it is partly in consequence of this arbitrary restraint that the workers are seeking a greater liberty through the formation of workshop committees and such like associations. But in whatever way it is to be attained, the right of free-bargaining is due to the wage-earner equally with the employer. It follows as a direct consequence from his right of property in the wealth his labor helps to produce. This right—as are all particular rights—is conditioned by moral considerations. As we have already noted, the industrial worker may not bargain for himself to the injury of his fellow-workers. Hence, normally, it is a mere matter of justice to one's fellow-workers, to refuse to accept less than the recognized standard of wages. Free-bargaining does not imply either a right to starve oneself or to starve others, which is what undercutting in the price of labor frequently spells. So, again, he cannot morally extort from an employer, either by force or fraud, a wage which will react injuriously, either to the employer's own legitimate interests or to the interests of the community at large, no more than the employer can act in the same way towards the worker.

So far we have mainly regarded this question of wages from the standpoint of mere justice, or of a man's due. It need hardly be pointed out that in any treatment of the question on the basis of Christian ethics, there yet remains a

higher rule of conduct than that of mere justice, the rule of Christian fellowship or neighborly charity. Where this rule is accepted and made the basis of social intercourse, the rights of property and the right of free-bargaining and all such rights which aim at giving a man his natural due, will tend to fall into the background, so far as their practical assertion is concerned. They come to the forefront when they are called in question or when a line of conduct is based upon their denial, as has been the case under the dominant economic system of the past century. In so far as the sense of Christian fellowship obtains amongst men, rights of property and free-bargaining give place to the higher law of a common life founded in a free service of each other and the community and a free partnership in the goods of life. Yet even so, the fundamental rights of justice remain intact, nor can there be any true Christian community of interests or of fellowship which theoretically or practically denies these rights.

Any individual, for the sake of a greater good, may divest himself of his natural right, but no individual or community may take them from him against his will or to his injury. There is no Christian charity where justice is denied. To feed the poor, whilst at the same time denying them their right to earn their living by their labor, is not Christian fellowship, but a mere covering up of an essential act of tyranny: and it is just that line of conduct which has given the word "charity" so sinister a meaning amongst the honest poor. Precisely the same fallacy as that which underlies this so-called "charity," is at the root of many communistic theories: the worker is to be given the sop of higher wages and a better material condition, whilst his real freedom as a man is to be taken from him; he is to be held in servitude by the State or communistic society instead of by the private owner; but it is servitude all the same.

The only proper function of a State or Society is to protect the individual and common rights of its members: as soon as it oversteps the limits of protection and assumes to itself the rights which belong inherently to the individual, it becomes a tyranny: the common life thus created is not fellowship, but servitude, and that is true whether the form of government be aristocratic or democratic: the substance remains the same by whatever name it is labeled. To some extent, the

workers are already aware of this truth: hence, the reaction against the old collectivist theories. If, at the present moment, the worker still leans towards systems which deny the right of property, it is because his own right of property in his labor and in the product of his labor is still largely denied him; and until that right is more widely recognized and conceded, Christian fellowship and the neighborly charity which it implies, will continue to bear the sinister meaning of the "charity" he rebels against. The due recognition of his fundamental rights as a human worker is the first step towards the spirit of good-will and fellowship, in which an industrial economy will be built up such as the Christian Faith demands.

LIGHTS OF BLACKWELLS.

BY HARRY LEE.

Blackwells castles
Like phantoms loom,
Grim and ghostly
Along the gloom.

Castles of penance,
Castles of pain,
Castles of madness,
In wind and rain.

The dim lights flicker
And fade, and then
Out of the darkness
They flare again.

So on Blackwells
The souls of men
Fade and flicker
And flame again.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

BY BROTHER LEO.

I met a traveler from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand
Half sunk, a shatter'd visage lies, whose frown
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamp'd on these lifeless things,
The hand that mock'd them and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal these words appear:
"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

IT would require much ingenuity to find in those lines an exact parallel to the character of Shelley, the man; but it would require something like obtuseness not to find in his picture of the desert's "colossal wreck" a prophetic symbol of Shelley, the poet. About the man there is to us of the twentieth century nothing shattered or trunkless. A good sized library has been written about his life and personality. He has been appreciated by Dowden[1] and depreciated by Jeaffreson[2] and "gribbled"—the verb merits incorporation into the language—by an Oxonian who dispenses gossip with more assiduity than Suetonius and with more piquancy than St. Simon.[3] His theories have been interpreted by Francis Thompson,[4] Mr. Yeats[5] and Professor Santayana,[6] and some of his associations have been dramatized by Mr. Harvey.[7] His life in England has been memorialized in scholarly fashion by Mr. Ingpen,[8] his life abroad has been sympathetically recorded by Mrs.

1 Edward Dowden, *The Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley.*
2 J. C. Jeaffreson, *The Real Shelley.*
3 Francis Gribble, *The Romantic Life of Shelley.*
4 Francis Thompson, *Essay on Shelley.*
5 William Butler Yeats, *Ideas of Good and Evil* (The Philosophy of Shelley's Poetry).
6 George Santayana, *Winds of Doctrine.*
7 Alexander Harvey, *Shelley's Elopement.*
8 Roger Ingpen, *Shelley in England.*

Angeli,[9] and his deeds and moods and opinions, his plans and preferences and prejudices, live for us anew in a remarkably complete collection of his letters,[10] the first written when he was a boy of eleven, the last within a week of his tragic death. Opinions continue to differ concerning the uprightness of his character, the validity of his beliefs, the rationality of his projects, the significance of his actions; but there is a compelling unanimity in our recognition of the leading traits of his personality and the motivating facts in his troubled life.

As far as man can be known, the man Shelley we know; and we know—whether we condemn him as a monster of heartless irresponsibility or acclaim him as the Prometheus of a new era of liberty and light or dissect him as a rare specimen of personal reaction to an uncongenial environment—we know that "Ozymandias" is not his picture in little. We know that, though his big blue eyes often widened in wonder and narrowed in perplexity, utterly alien to his countenance were the "frown and wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command." That description might serve for a caricature of Byron—at least of the Byron that Byron pretended to be; but it is too remote from the real Shelley to possess even the fragmentary resemblance essential to caricature. Shelley himself recognized a vital distinction between the man and the poet. "The poet and the man," he wrote to the Gisbornes a year before his death, "are two different natures; though they exist together, they may be unconscious of each other, and incapable of deciding on each other's powers and efforts by any reflex act." [11]

When Shelley wrote "Ozymandias," he did not paint his own portrait; but he did, unknowing, foretell the fate of his own poetry. Much that he wrote—indeed, the bulk of what he wrote—though not forgotten, is ignored; today "Queen Mab" and "The Revolt of Islam" and "The Cenci" are truly "lifeless things." But still potent above the sifting and obliterating sands of opinion, still visible against the fierce and veering winds of time, loom, at once vast and trunkless, the noble remnants of his verse. "The Cloud," "To a Skylark," the "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty," thrillingly eloquent are

9 Helen Rossetti Angeli, *Shelley and His Friends in Italy.*
10 Roger Ingpen, *The Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley.* 11 *Letters,* July 19, 1821.

they of "The hand that mock'd them and the heart that fed." In the highest and best expression of his lyric gift, Shelley is not only unsurpassed, but peerless. Isolation is his, the splendid isolation of sheer and undisputed excellence: "The lone and level sands stretch far away." And on the pedestal of his genius gleam the ineffaceable words: "Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair."

One thing must be taken into account in seeking to understand Shelley either as man or as poet: he died before completing his thirtieth year. And he was young, almost incredibly young, for his age; he united, even to the end, a singular precocity of expression with an exceptional ingenuousness of character and temperament. Literally, his favorite amusement was to make and sail paper boats; figuratively, he was habitually engaged in the same occupation. His school career at Brentford and Eton, where he won the significant nicknames of "Mad Shelley" and "Shelley the Atheist," and his Oxford months at University College with their absorption in experimental science and their culmination in his expulsion on account of "The Necessity of Atheism," show him to have been the victim of what the Freudian psychologists would call an infantile fixation. He never quite grew up, and his life, at almost every point, serves to illustrate La Bruyère's reflections on childhood.[12] It was boyish thoughtlessness which brought about his quixotic elopement with Harriet Westbrook; and it was boyish thoughtlessness that cost him his life. When his body drifted ashore near Via Reggio, his friends found in his coat pocket a copy of Keats' poems with the pages folded backward. Evidently, he had been practising his oft-formulated theory that, since reading is an intellectual occupation and managing a boat a mechanical one, it is possible to attend to both at the same time. That was eminently boyish logic, and only in death did he discover its underlying fallacy.

Boyish was Shelley's unreliability, his whimsical and passionate judgments, his self-pity, his fatuous conceit, his penchant for novel and impractical theories; boyish, his youthful revolt against revealed religion and his adoption of the atheistic materialism of "Queen Mab," which later merged into a nebulous pantheism expressed in "The Sensitive Plant" and

12 La Bruyère, *Les Caractères* (De l'homme).

"Epipsychidion." He was a reformer, a vegetarian, a teetotaler; to the last, he was an enthusiastic, even a rabid, foe of tyranny and conventionality. Boyishly, he railed against the institution of marriage, and boyishly inconsistent, he married both Harriet Westbrook, whom he abandoned to her suicide, and Mary Godwin, to whom he remained faithful, less through his own sense of loyalty than through her very capable tact and determination. Singularly immature were his revolutionary theories and his opposition to militarism [13] and to capital punishment.[14] Boyish was his devotion to William Godwin's political principles and his interest in the Godwin coterie—"What a set!" cried the urbane Matthew Arnold. And boyish beyond the verge of the farcical was his famous invasion of Ireland to bestow upon the people of that island their political and religious liberty.

The essential boyishness of the man Shelley is manifested at every turn in episodes comic and episodes tragic, in things little and things great. On the eve of his final departure from England, he entertained a group of friends by falling into a heavy slumber and compelling the adieus to be addressed to his recumbent and unconscious figure;[15] and it was characteristic of him that he should subsequently reproach Leigh Hunt, one of the guests on the occasion, for not waking him up. His unique invitation to his wife, Harriet, to join him and Mary Godwin in Switzerland has rightly been recognized as an indication of the lack of humor; but it is most significantly a boyish lack. Amid all the linked fantasies of his glowingly poetic essay on Shelley, Francis Thompson is psychologically correct when he maintains that: "To the last, in a degree uncommon among poets, Shelley retained the idiosyncrasy of childhood, expanded and matured without differentiation. To the last, he was the enchanted child."

The application to Shelley's life and character of this theory of boyishness, the envisaging of Shelley as "the enchanted child" and "the magnified child," may easily be pushed too far; by Thompson it has been pushed too far. Though it helps very considerably to explain Shelley to the

[13] "Declaration of Rights," section 19.

[14] "On the Punishment of Death;" also, "Address to the People on the Death of the Princess Charlotte."

[15] Ingpen, *Shelley in England*, vol. ii., pp. 529, 530.

psychologist, it does not altogether justify him in the eyes of the moralist who might—rather ungraciously, perhaps, but most consistently and logically—object that even the poet, when he becomes a man, should put away the things of the child. It is conceivable, though by no means probable, that had Shelley lived longer he might have outgrown his seemingly incurable boyishness. The fact is that, as Thompson well puts it, "less tragic in its merely temporal aspect than the life of Keats or Coleridge, the life of Shelley in its moral aspect is, perhaps, more tragical than that of either; his dying seems a myth, a figure of his living; the material shipwreck a figure of the immaterial." The case of Shelley calls less for the strictures of the moralist than for the sympathetic understanding of the student of human nature. Here was a victim of inadequate home training, of grossly incompetent education, of a state of society in which the letter of Christ's teachings was accorded lip honor, but the spirit of it tacitly ignored. The "ifs" of history are ever alluring. Had Shelley encountered among the Oxford dons even one man big enough and kindly enough to win his admiration and his confidence, had he been led to perceive the rather elementary, but not always obvious, truth that life is a discipline not less than a field for self-expression, had his eyes been opened to the essentially expansive and uplifting possibilities of religion, despite its inevitable and extraneous accretions of human greed and human narrowness and human insincerity, it is more than possible that the man's life would have been cleaner and nobler and happier and that the poet's fruitage would be, not "a shattered visage" and "two vast and trunkless legs of stone," but a statue goodly and splendid of white and enduring marble.

Certainly, for all the brevity of his life, Shelley revealed growth and the possibilities of growth; he was always a child, but not always a very young child. In 1813 he planned that the notes to "Queen Mab" should be "long and philosophical" [16] because "a poem very didactic is, I think, very stupid." But presently he discarded the practice of burdening his poetic flights with a panoply of explanations, and even grew contemptuous of the juvenile incendiarism of "Queen Mab" itself. Crabb Robinson found young Shelley's conversation

[16] *Letters*, vol. 1., p. 379.

"vehement, arrogant, and intolerant;"[17] Byron and Trelawny and the Williams, who knew Shelley at Pisa and Lerici, could tell another tale. Indeed, whatever his conversation may have been, Shelley as a poet was, unlike Byron, no adept in the ungentle art of vituperation. Far removed from the ferocity of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" or the mordant satire of the comminatory passages in "Don Juan" is the mild expostulation of Shelley's "Lines to a Critic," beginning:

> Honey from silkworms who can gather
> Or silk from the yellow bee?
> The grass may grow in winter weather
> As soon as hate in me.

And, in one of the last letters he wrote, he embodies a canon of literary appreciation which some day, had he lived a little longer, he might have seen the wisdom of applying to life itself:

> I do not think much of ——— not admiring Metastasio; the *nil admirari*, however justly applied, seems to me a bad sign in a young person. I had rather a pupil of mine had conceived a frantic passion for Marini himself, than that she had found but the critical defects of the most deficient author. When she becomes of her own accord full of genuine admiration for the first scene in the *Purgatorio*, of the opening of the *Paradiso*, or some other neglected piece of excellence, hope great things.[18]

The note of boyishness is there, to be sure—it is reminiscent of advice imparted by the very young and condescending pedagogue—but in spirit how different from "The Revolt of Islam!"

Shelley, the boy whom England had failed to educate, was learning something from Italy, an older teacher and more humane. Always reading, Shelley absorbed much of Italian literature; and Dante and Petrarch did for him what Eton and Oxford had failed to do. In the north, he had learned the languages of the ancient civilization; beneath southern skies, he began to sense something of their rich and

[17] Crabb Robinson, *Diary*, Nov. 6, 1817. [18] *Letters*, vol. ii., p. 976.

fascinating vital implications. Only a few days before he embarked for the last time in the ill-fated *Ariel,* he could enthusiastically write: "I still inhabit the divine bay, reading Spanish dramas, and sailing, and listening to the most enchanting music." [19] The music was discoursed by Mrs. Williams' guitar, presented to her by Shelley. The dramas were the plays of Calderón. Superficially considered, it is a bit incongruous that Shelley, who professed such intense hatred of religion in general and Catholicism in particular, should find delight in the most religious and most Catholic of dramatists; but over and over again in his letters from Italy he expresses his keen enjoyment of Calderón: "Plato and Calderón have been my gods." [20] "I am bathing myself in the light and odor of the flowery and starry *Autos.*" [21] The author of "The Necessity of Atheism" immersed in devotional dramas of the Blessed Sacrament! He even translated portions of Calderón's *El Mágico prodigioso.*[22]

There were, then, intimations of maturity, hints that those blue eyes were losing their hunted look of wonder, that that shock of auburn hair had not prematurely grayed in vain. Italy taught him much, even though to some of her most persuasive lessons he turned an unappreciative mind. After viewing an alleged devotional painting by Guercino, he exclaimed: "Why write books against religion when we may hang up such pictures?" [23] His response to the highest religious art was equally unsympathetic. Says Dowden: "The genius of Michelangelo disconcerted and almost repelled him. . . . His 'Moses' was only less monstrous and detestable than the Moses of the Old Testament; his 'Day of Judgment' was a kind of 'Titus Andronicus' in painting. Of his tenderness, his ardor of love, his passion of inspiration, Shelley could perceive nothing." [24] Nothing in him responded to that "sad sincerity," though in good sooth the sadness in his own heart was genuine enough. Even Italian skies are occasionally overcast, and we need no Francis Gribble to interpret their portents. "Few poets," says Thompson, "were so mated before." It may well be so, and it is beyond question that

[19] *Letters,* June 29, 1822. [20] *Letters,* vol. ii., p. 831. [21] *Letters,* vol. ii., p. 833.

[22] A suggestive study of the influence of Calderón on Shelley is *Shelley and Calderón, and Other Essays,* by Salvador de Maderiaga (1921).

[23] Mrs. Angeli, *Shelley and His Friends in Italy,* p. 48.

[24] Dowden, *Life of Shelley,* pp. 419, 420.

Shelley's union with Mary Godwin brought him congenial companionship and a measure of happiness. Yet there were times when, with his boyish habit of dreaming unrealizable dreams, he longed mightily for solitude; and for true happiness his heart was out of tune. We have his own word for it in "The Woodman and the Nightingale:"

I think such hearts yet never came to good.

The thought of death, of sudden death, even of self-inflicted death, was to Shelley no strange visitant. One day he gave Mrs. Williams a fright by suggesting—some would say in jest, but the jest wore a sombre mask—that she and he and her two children, being out in a boat, might together attempt to solve "the great mystery." It is a coincidence that when Shelley was drowned Mrs. Williams' husband shared his fate. And he actually wrote to Trelawny for poison—"Prussic acid, or essential oil of bitter almonds." "I would give any price for this medicine. . . . I need not tell you I have no intention of suicide at present, but I confess it would be a comfort to me to hold in my possession that golden key to the chamber of perpetual rest." [25]

The phrase—was it an unconscious variant upon the *lux perpetua* and the *requiescat* of the Catholic liturgy?—does not sound the true note of Shelley's interest in the life beyond life. It was not rest he sought, but certainty; not surcease, but perfection; not inanition, but surpassing loveliness. And in that unrest, by no means ignoble, the poet of beauty and aspiration joined issue with the ineffectual man. The sting of eternity had entered his heart, a hint of the abiding verities had dazzled his imagination, and henceforth there could be for him no complete satisfaction in the things of earth. For upon Shelley, who worshipped Plato and translated the *Symposium*, had fallen the spell of the Platonic quest.

Fell custom desecrates even the fairest things, so it is not surprising that the popular impression of Platonic love is at considerable variance with the signification animating the phrase in the *Phædrus* of Plato. In common parlance, Platonic love means "passionate attachment apart from desire," [26]

[25] *Letters*, vol. ii., p. 980.
[26] *Edinburgh Review*, cited in Standard Dictionary under "Platonic."

an affection in which the sensual element has no place. And this popular connotation, though not altogether erroneous, is inadequate and misleading; it substitutes a part for a whole, a consequence for a principle. The true Platonic lover is he who recognizes in even the most beautiful mundane objects their innate imperfection and evanescence, who takes delight in them not for themselves, but because the soul of him is inevitably drawn to the Infinite Beauty and Perfection behind and above them, and of which all that men call beautiful is but a shattered and imperfect reflection.[27] Most of the supreme poets have been in this sense Platonists, have in their finest and highest strains sung the pæan of Platonic love. Thompson did so in *The Hound of Heaven*, Dante did so in the *Commedia* and in the *Vita Nuova* as well, Goethe did so in the noblest passages in the Second Part of *Faust*. And Shelley did so prevailingly and insistently.

For though Shelley the boy may have reputed himself Shelley the Atheist and the implacable foe of religion, Shelley the poet yielded himself fully and freely to the lure of the Platonic quest. He was one of those who perceive the illusory character of earthly delights, who detect flaws in the seemingly perfect beauties of nature and of art, who find in life and the experiences of life, not a cloying sweetness or a grateful surcease, but only an ever-increasing thirst for more and yet more loveliness, and an incentive to splendid hazard and unending pursuit. Not all men are in this sense Platonists. Every age and every country has its dominant quota of "fat and greasy citizens" who find the world to be, on the whole, a pleasant and satisfying place, who can do their work with easeful industry and enjoy the fruits thereof with comfort and complacence, who find a paradise terrestrial in human love and domesticity and creature comforts, who eat and drink and are merry and content. To such a man might be addressed the words in which Shelley greets his skylark:

> Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

But the Platonist—whether he be a pagan philosopher or a Catholic mystic or an expatriated English poet—knows well

[27] See *Interpretations of Poetry and Religion*, by George Santayana, chapter v., notably pp. 127, 137.

the sad satiety of earthly life; for his heart is attuned to celestial harmonies, his eyes fixed upon the vision of the stars. He discerns things *sub specie æternitatis* and knows that, interpret the intuition as he may, he hath not here a lasting city. He can appreciate Thomas à Kempis' rhapsodical outpourings on "The Wonderful Effects of Divine Love;" and he reads an infinity of meaning into the familiar and soul-searching cry of the Platonic Bishop of Hippo, "Thou hast made us for Thyself, O Lord, and our heart is restless ever till it rest in Thee!"

The fitfulness and inconstancy of Shelley's human affections are in the light of this theory susceptible of psychological explanation. Such an explanation is offered by Thompson, himself a Platonist, when he insists that certain unpleasant episodes in Shelley's life were occasioned by "no mere straying of the sensual appetite, but a straying, strange and deplorable, of the spirit," that "he left a woman not because he was tired of her arms, but because he was tired of her soul." And Shelley himself admitted as much. Within the compass of a single sentence I know of no more complete and suggestive formulation of the Platonic quest, and of the obstacles which most commonly impede its advance, than that furnished in one of the poet's letters: "I think one is always in love with something or other; the error—and I confess it is not easy for spirits cased in flesh and blood to avoid it—consists in seeking in a mortal image the likeness of what is, perhaps, eternal." [28]

That note, in infinite variety, is not infrequent in Shelley's letters, but in his poetry, or in that portion of his poetry which has preserved its vitality through more than a hundred years, that portion of his poetry to which we turn for a vision of sheer beauty and for high delight and an expansion of mood, the Platonic quest is the insistent and glorifying refrain. It seeks utterance in the philosophic idealism voiced by Ahasuerus in "Hellas." Wondrously is it phrased in his "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty" where, at the intimation of perfect loveliness he can say: "I shrieked, and clasp'd my hands in ecstasy." It is the motif of his "Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude," wherein with that wealth of moving imagery and that suggestion of impalpable abstractions so characteristic of the Shelleyan embodiment of human emotion, he recounts the

[28] *Letters*, vol. ii., p. 976.

story of the poet who, at first happy and appeased with the joys of earthly love, was smitten in his dreams with the vision of a higher beauty and straightway rose up and followed it over seas and sands to his ultimate glorious doom.

> He liv'd, he died, he sung, in solitude.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> The fire of those soft orbs has ceased to burn,
> And Silence, too enamourèd of that voice,
> Locks its mute music in her rugged cell.

In his fragment, "Prince Athanase," Shelley sings once more the quest of the Ideal Love. The poem was never completed; but Mrs. Shelley tells us in her notes that the poet's plan "was a good deal modeled on 'Alastor.' . . . Athanase seeks through the world the One whom he may love. He meets, on the ship in which he is embarked, a lady who appears to him to embody his ideal of love and beauty. But she proves to be Pandemos, or the earthly and unworthy Venus; who, after disappointing his cherished dreams and hopes, deserts him. Athanase, crushed by sorrow, pines and dies. 'On his deathbed, the lady who can really reply to his soul comes and kisses his lips.'"

> Her hair was brown, her sphered eyes were brown,
> And in their dark and liquid moisture swam,
> Like the dim orb of the eclipsed moon;
> Yet when the spirit flashed beneath, there came
> The light from them, as when tears of delight
> Double the western planet's serene flame.

Shelley was not the first poet to recognize in "the earthly and unworthy Venus" the most formidable obstacle to the pursuit of the Ideal Beauty, but no other poet has given that theme an ampler embodiment. There was in his genius nothing of the dramatic, nor of the melodramatic, and he lacked conspicuously—if we choose to consider it a lack—the ability to weave his fancies and emotions into vivid, concrete pictures. For these reasons, among others, he never has been and never will be a singer of wide appeal. The dramatic version of the Platonic quest we find in Calderón's *La Vida es sueño* and, in a measure, in *Hamlet;* its popular poetic pre-

sentation—unless we consider Thompson a popular poet—is yet to come. But it may be long in coming. Popular poets are popular for the very reason that, like Moore and Campbell in Shelley's day and Noyes and Kipling in ours, they are impervious to the light of the higher beauty to which the master singers were usually so sensitive. Yet Shelley, in an isolated passage of his "Ode to the West Wind," came nearer than his wont to the tangible and concrete when he gave to the frustrated quest of the Ideal Beauty this vigorous and colorful apostrophe:

> Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere,
> Destroyer and Preserver, hear, oh hear!
> . . . . .
> Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
> I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

There is the heart cry of the poet, the exquisite agony of the Platonic quest, there the vision of the surpassing loveliness, the eternal verity, the ultimate good; there, too, the realization of the pettiness, the inconsequence, the relativity, the evanescence of earthly things, coupled with the realization, not less keen and frantically bitter, that the shows of things, the refractions of the Ideal, exercise a potent spell on "spirits cased in flesh and blood." To open our eyes to this basic aspect of human life we need both the philosopher and the saint; it is not generally recognized that we likewise need the poet.

Taine has rather well said that Shelley's error consisted in giving full sway to his emotions and his imagination in daily life, instead of confining their spontaneous activity to the realm of art. Though it is a truism that, in a general sense, literature reflects life, it is not less true that the very qualities of temperament that make for distinction in creative literature frequently make for failure in the workaday world, that what is sublime in poetry may be ridiculous in conduct, that the best and purest literature is an idealization of normal living—that, in short, though art and life are similar, life and art are not identic. Shelley was an extremist, and therefore a tragic figure because he failed to make that important and fundamental distinction. Most men, also tragic figures,

err at the other extreme. They assume that life and art have substantially nothing in common; in practice they keep literature and the business of living in watertight compartments; they are prone to regard poetry as a frill, an adornment, as one of "the minor arts and graces," instead of a source of growth and power and inspiration. Somehow, we like to persuade ourselves that Shelley's was the nobler mistake.

The body of Shelley, found on the shore near Via Reggio on July 18, 1822, was first buried in the sand, and later cremated beside the sea. Byron and Leigh Hunt and the faithful Trelawny conducted the unusual obsequies. The fire was intense and consumed most of the poet's remains; but Trelawny records that the heart remained entire and unaffected by the flames. It was an impressive symbol of Shelley's poetry. Despite the extravagant eulogiums and encomiums of his worshippers—some of them none too wholesome in their moral tone and none too judicial in their attitude toward literature—much that he wrote shares the oblivion of his poor ashes, which now repose with those of Keats in a Roman cemetery; but, despite the hostility of his adversaries and the neglect of the great masses of the English-speaking peoples, his finest poems, his matchless songs of lyric loveliness, his unique triumphs of quintessential poetry, remain, like the heart of him, "tameless, and swift, and proud," untouched alike by the waters of forgetfulness and the flames of searing censure.

And, surely, it is meet and just, right and salutary, that what was weak and unworthy in his life and conduct be now, a century after his death, consumed in the fire of charity; that what in his verse was beautiful and sublime be cherished of mortal men with gladness and admiration. "A poet," Shelley once wrote, and in so writing described his own poetic gifts, "is a nightingale, who sits in darkness and sings to cheer its own solitude with sweet sounds; his auditors are as men entranced by the melody of an unseen musician, who feel that they are moved and softened, yet know not whence or why." [29] To be entranced and moved and softened—is it not enough?

[29] *A Defence of Poetry*, part i.

SAINTS AND FAIRIES IN PROVENCE.

BY GERTRUDE ROBINSON.

THERE are corners of the world, to wit, certain hillsides of old Etruria, valleys of Thessaly, moors of Scotland and Cornwall, fir-clad mountains of Provence, some still bearing the names of the gods whose shrines they guarded, where old civilizations and old faiths seem to linger, not only as memories, but as potent, if unacknowledged, forces.

"*Omnes dii gentium dæmonia:*" it is one thing to remember the words in modern Oxford, reeking with reason, common sense and culture; it is quite another when they recur to a mind caught in the eerie mysteriousness of a Cornish moor while the feet roam in the trackless wastes of a long-perished Celtic village. It is one thing to apprize or criticize the Greek Pantheon over the *Iliad* by an English fireside or to wander through a museum between rows of satyrs and nymphs and fauns, even with Pan himself looking on; it is quite another to find oneself at midnight beside the marble image of a god which, broken though it be, seems scintillating with life, under the rays of a Greek moon in June, in a ruined and deserted temple of Thessaly far from any human habitation. Then there is real comfort in the memory that, while the gods of the nations are indeed but *dæmonia, "Dominus autem cœlos fecit."*

More than any other land I know is Provence dæmon[1]-ridden. There the gods of all the nations meet. Though their reign is over, still in that land so like in some of its physical aspects to the Holy Land, with its sun-dried hills covered to the limit of cultivation with terraces of round, flat-topped olives, its burnt-white rocks crowned with little hill villages like in color and shape to the rocks on which they are perched, with its wild mountains so like to those Syrian heights where altars to Baal and Astarte were reared, there is a deep satisfaction in the thought that "the mountains of

1 Using "dæmon" in its wide sense.

the world are bent beneath the weight of God's eternal journeyings." [2]

For just as the ghosts of long dead peoples, Ligurians, Phocians, Phœnicians, Carthaginians, Romans, Saracens, seem to jostle one another on those ancient roads, so the shadowy images of their gods float, as it were, over their long since desecrated altars on those high hills. There were altars many as there were gods many. Belus, the Syrian, was worshipped side by side with the guardian deity of the Voconces on the mountains of Vaison, their capital. The great Phrygian Mother shared her honors with Andarte, the Celtic goddess of the Dienses, whose home was in the mountains of Drome.

The lesser divinities of the conquering people, the nymphs and fauns and fates, welcomed into their ranks those strange mysterious Celtic *Deæ matræ (Déesses Mères)*, who are now said to wander about the land where they were once worshipped in the form of fairies. After the Roman conquest of Gaul, practically all the gods and goddesses of the country were received into the Pantheon and given the title of Augustus or Augusta, as the case might be. The *Déesses Mères* shared with the nymphs in the guardianship of the springs, with Ceres in the protection of fruitful lands, and with Juno herself in her care for motherhood and childhood. They were, indeed, the divinities of life and fruitfulness.

It is to this generosity of the gods of Rome towards their Celtic brethren that the latter owe their survival. Apollo shared his altar with Borvo, the Celtic protector of waters. To Rudianus, the god of the great pagus Vertacomacorix, a district of Voconces, a tablet was found at Vaison coupling his name with that of Mars. The great mountain of the South, Mont Ventoux, had for its tutelary god Albiorix; his name, too, is found on the same votive tablet with the Roman god of war. Albiorix means "king of the mountain," and it is easy to imagine how much reverence would be paid to him, connected as he was with that mountain of the *Midi*, who stood there clothed with robes of kingly purple or dazzling crimson, or collecting round him the mighty cohorts of winds who sweep through the valley of the Rhone with fierce yells and fiercer blasts.

[2] *Roman Breviary*, Friday Lauds for Lent:

Incurvati sunt colles mundi
Ab itineribus æternitatis ejus.

They all live, these old gods in broken altars and in votive tablets,[3] but the *Déesses Mères*, for the people of Provence, still walk the land. Still, country festivals are held where their altars used to stand beside deep green pools fed by springs from some rocky mountain side. One such there is in the shadow of Mont Ventoux at Malaucène, where the waters of Groseau spring from the mountain's barren rocks, making fertile all the country round. But they are not only goddesses of the springs. *Deæ Matræ, Mairæ, Matrŏnæ* (not *Matrōnæ*), sometimes *Matres Junones, Nemetiales* (from Nemetum, the Celtic word for a wood), or again, *Matres fatuæ*, sometimes simply *Fatuæ* they are called on their votive tablets. It is the latter name which has survived. The Latin *fatuus* and *fatua* became in the chroniclers, *fou (feu)* and *folle* and have become *"fée"* in modern French.[4]

Wherever one goes one comes across the *Fées*. In immense underground caves they dwell according to Mistral, the great Provençal poet. "In majestic halls suffused by a light veiled and pale, where altars and palaces, pillars and colonnades stand side by side in marvelous confusion, such as Corinth or Babylon never knew, and which vanish at the breath of a fairy. There, like trembling rays, the fairies roam, there in those shadowy aisles, in that peaceful hermitage they live the life they once lived on earth." [5]

It is beneath the strange rock city of Les Baux that Mistral images these spacious halls. And, indeed, nothing seems impossible in that amazing place. An impregnable rock whose history disappears into the dim past, the history of its inhabitants is like the history of the ancient world. Their traces lie thick about us as we walk amid the ruins; the caves of primitive man, Greek and Phœnician pottery, Roman walls, a tower where Saracens kept watch over the blue line of the just visible Mediterranean, an impregnable castle whence the Lords of Baux ruled all the country round, marvelous mediæval houses with whose sculptured remains the rock is strewn, and around and among these works of living men the stone tombs of the dead, Gallo-Roman sarcophagi cut closely together, one beside the other, in the rock.

[3] Some of these tablets and heathen altars have been used to make holy water fonts, or even Christian altars. Some are built into the walls of houses and churches.

[4] In Provençal *Fado*.

[5] *Mireille*, Canto VI.

Thither Marius came after his famous victory over the Barbarians to rest his army in the sheltered plain below the rocks. Thither, too, in the time of Alaric, the Arian, came Catholics from Arles to hide in the caves which primitive man had left. Thither, too, came Dante to find in the strangest and wildest of rock valleys a setting for his dream of the Inferno.[6] It is just at the entrance to this Val' d'Enfer that Mistral has placed his *Trou des Fées,* the entrance to the Fairies' land, a dark and terrifying hole which leads to cavern after cavern of a most mysterious underworld—a meet abode for dethroned and dispossessed divinities.

But the *Déesses Mères* were not only *Matræ* and *Fatuæ,* they were, as their votive tablets show, *"Dominæ"* and *"Virgines sacræ"* also. Partly for this reason, partly because they were most frequently represented as three, they have become curiously linked with the great Christian tradition of Provence, that of the Saintes Maries.

The coming of the Holy Women to Provence is too well known to need retelling. The Office for St. Martha's feast tells how, with a great company, they were wafted from Judea by a wind from God to a safe landing where now stands the great church of Les Saintes Maries de la Mer, and how thereafter the company dispersed to become the Apostles of the South of France. Mary, the mother of St. James, with Salome and Sara, the servant, remained on the shore, died and were buried there. In their honor, the great festival of Provence is held at the little village of Les Saintes Maries, when the holy barque is let down from the roof of the church in the sight of the multitudes who are gathered together.

But it is not at first apparent why the sacred barque, venerated in the great fortress[7] church by the Mediterranean where the saints' bodies rest, should have its counterpart in the little church of Les Baux. Tradition, however, says that when the little company scattered, St. Lazarus to Marseilles, St. Maxim to Arles, St. Joseph of Arimathea to Glastonbury, St. Martha to Tarascon, St. Mary Magdalene to St. Baume, that

[6] Dante's

In su l'estremità d'un' alta ripa
Che facevan gran pietre rotte in cerchio

is an exact picture of the rock valley known as the "Val' d'Enfer."

[7] The church of les Saintes Maries de la Mer is fortified. It was a refuge for all the country round when the Saracens raided the coast, and is an excellent place of defence.

Mary, the mother of James, with Salome and Sara, the servant, left their home by the sea on various apostolic missions. On one of their journeys, they visited the Alpilles. Setting sail in their barque up the Rhone, in itself a miracle, they reached Arles, and from thence they made their way, taking their lives in their hands, to that rocky country which lay towards the north, and finally reached Les Baux.

It would be interesting to try to picture what the Les Baux of those days was like. No great castle crowned the rock, no Saracen towers looked over the plains towards the sea. A bleak wild jagged rock it must have been, raked by the wind; its unattainable peaks the dwelling places of wild beasts and wilder men. Once the Greeks had colonized the place and built a temple there. Had all traces of it disappeared, a prey to barbarian incursions and Roman military operations?

The Holy Women, if they approached, as they probably did, the rock from the south, must have come upon the Roman road to the city of Glanum, and must have seen the remains of the camp of Marius. Close to the camp, they would find altars, votive tablets and all the traces of Roman worship. Did they ever, we question, look with wonder at a great archaic representation of three figures carved in bas-relief on a mighty rock on the hillside? What would they have thought had they known that one day this monument would be connected with them and their mission? Yet so it is.

For a long time, its very existence in that wild and remote place seems to have remained undiscovered. When it became known, probably through the breaking away of a part of the rock, it was at once conceived to be a representation of the Saints of Provence. All kinds of legends circled about it, and it was considered to prove without possibility of doubt the presence of the Saints in Les Baux. A chapel was built beneath it and a pilgrimage established, which, though shorn of much of its glory, still takes place.

But if this monument does not represent the Saintes Maries, whom does it represent?

It stands now just at the bottom of the hill among strewn fragments of fallen rock. The figures are in a standing position, the two at each side leaning towards the centre, one in an attitude of dependence. This in itself seems enough to

disprove the theory of the French savant, M. Gilles, which has been adopted by certain English writers, that the figures represent Marius and his wife standing one on each side of the Eastern prophetess, Martha, by whom he was always accompanied on his campaigns. Marius allowing himself to be depicted in an attitude of dependence is unthinkable! Other historians and archæologists consider, with much more probability, it seems to me, that the figures represent certain indigenous Celtic deities, probably the *Déesses Mères.* It is no detriment to this theory that one of the figures seems to be bearded, for male deities were often associated with the *Matræ,* especially in the guardianship of waters and trees.[8]

This monument close to the site of Marius' camp may well have been the work of the Roman soldiers, who were disposed to pay peculiar honor to the *Déesses Mères.* Possibly, it was a votive offering made on the discovery of a spring; for though that side of the hill is without streams now, water must have been at hand when Marius chose the place to camp in.

But however we may speculate about the *"Tremaïe,"* to the *paysans,* it is still the Saintes Maries. The shepherds, as they pass with their flocks, uncover to it, old women gathering sticks kneel for a moment before it; and on the twenty-fifth of May, the Feast of the Saints, it feebly reflects as a place of pilgrimage the great glory of the church of the Saintes Maries de la Mer.

There is legend which says that on this day the *Fées* leave their shadowy dwelling beneath the Val' d'Enfer to join in the homage which all the world is paying to the Mother Saints of Provence.

[8] The name of the fountain just beneath Mont Ventoux, Groseau, comes from Grosel, its male guardian spirit who was associated with the *Déesses Mères.* Sometimes a male and female divinity are represented together, guarding trees as well as streams. See Toutain, *Les Cultes Païens dans l'Empire Romain,* and *Bulletin de l'Académie Delphinale "Dieux indigènes des Voconces" 1876–77.*

"HIND-SWARAJ."

BY BRIAN P. O'SHASNAIN.

THERE exists in India today a movement towards freedom which is shaking the British Empire to its foundations. For Gandhi's "Swaraj" movement is a revolt not merely against British rule, but against the whole machinery of Western militarism, bureaucracy, materialism and commercial exploitation. It is not only a political movement—it is industrial, social, cultural, spiritual. It is old India snapping its chains and standing upright after a century and a half of submission.

The Hindu revolt is undoubtedly the greatest menace that the Empire has ever faced. Taken in conjunction with Egypt's struggle for freedom and the partial breaking away of Ireland from the "United Kingdom," it has assumed most serious proportions. Naturally, the American people are asking themselves: "What justification have the Hindus for their revolt? Has not the Empire conferred upon them freedom from local wars and the blessings of Western civilization?"

To answer these questions a candid examination of the whole historical relation of India with the English is necessary. One does not go very far, however, in studying the story of the East without being compelled to abandon the idea that the Hindus were at any time in the historic period poor, ignorant or uncivilized. When Alexander the Great entered the northern part of India, he found rich and flourishing civilizations, which put forth, in opposition to his conquests, elaborately equipped armies commanded by chiefs who traced their descent back to the mists of antiquity. After his departure, the Greeks settled down into amicable intercourse with mighty kingdoms, the existence of which were, till then, unsuspected in Europe. That the Hindus were at that time (317-312 B. C.) the inheritors of an old and settled civilization is testified to in these words of Megasthenes, a Greek Ambassador to the court of Asoka: "They live happily enough, being simple in their manners and frugal. They

never drink wine, except at sacrifices. . . . The simplicity of their laws and their contracts is proved by the fact that they seldom go to law. They have no suits about pledges and deposits, nor do they require either seals or witnesses, but make their deposits and confide in each other. Their houses and property they generally leave unguarded. . . . Truth and virtue they hold alike in esteem. Hence, they accord no special privilege to the old unless they possess superior wisdom."

That the Hindus had a love of freedom (self-determination) and that they were intolerant of permanent foreign rule, is revealed by the successive national movements which destroyed the Greek kingdoms in India and restored the forms of native rule. It should be understood, however, that regardless of who sat on the throne the primary administrative unit of the nation—the village—kept its traditions and its ancient life unchanged. Monier Williams writes: "The Indian village or township—meaning thereby not merely a collection of houses forming a village or town, but a division of territory three or four miles in extent, with its careful distribution of fixed occupations for the common good, with its intertwining and interdependence of individual, family and common interests, with its provisions for political independence and autonomy, is the original type, the first germ of rural and civic society in mediæval and modern Europe."

It is easy to see that when life in the rural villages was so soundly based, the nation as a whole must have been creative and prosperous. Old India, indeed, was as happy a place as any land can be on this troubled earth. Her fame went abroad among the nations. A great merchant fleet exchanged her surplus with the traders of other lands. And the teachings of the gentle Buddha permeated the creeds and softened the relations of people with each other within the social scheme. This is revealed by the writings of Ta Hian, a Chinese traveler in the fifth century A. D., who states in his journal concerning Pataliputra: "The nobles and householders of this country have founded hospitals within the city to which the poor of all countries, the destitute, crippled and the diseased may repair. They receive every kind of help gratuitously. Physicians inspect their diseases, and according to the cases order them food and drink, medicine or decoc-

tions, everything in fact that may contribute to their ease. When cured, they depart at their convenience."

Another Chinese traveler, Houen Tsang, who lived in India for fifteen years of the seventh century A. D., writes: "As the administration of the country is conducted on benign principles the executive is simple. . . . The private demesnes of the crown are divided into four principal parts: the first is for carrying out the affairs of state and providing sacrificial offerings; the second is for providing subsidies for the ministers and chief officers of state, the third is for rewarding men of distinguished ability, and the fourth is for charity to religious bodies, whereby the field of merit is cultivated. In this way the taxes on the people are light, and the personal service required of them is moderate. Each one keeps his own worldly goods in peace, and all till the ground for their substance. Those who cultivate the royal estate pay a sixth part of the produce as tribute. The merchants who engage in commerce come and go in carrying out their transactions. The river passages and the road barriers are open on payment of a small toll. When the public works require it, labor is exacted, but paid for. The payment is in strict proportion to the work done. The military guard the frontiers, or go out to punish the refractory. They also mount guard at night around the palace. The soldiers are levied according to the requirements of the service; they are promised certain payments and are publicly enrolled. The governors, ministers, magistrates and officials have each a portion of land assigned to them for their personal support."

We now have to consider India under Mohammedan (Mogul) domination. From 646 to 1761 A. D. a stream of tribal warriors flowed down upon her cultivated plains, and contended with native rulers for these golden kingdoms of which rumor had brought them the tale. They were Huns, Turks and Tartars pouring in from the vast breeding grounds of warriors in Central Asia. When the Mongul conquests were consolidated, that part of India ruled by them settled down to a philosophical acceptance of these newcomers, who disturbed the political, but not the economic, structure of the land. As distinguished from the English, who followed them, the Moguls were *native* rulers, that is they lived among the people they had conquered and spent at home the treasures

they collected. They were easy of access to the people. The throne was not eight thousand miles away. Dr. Bernier, a French doctor, tells what he saw in Aurungzeb's Hall of Audience about 1660: "All the petitions held up in the crowd assembled in the Hall are brought to the King and read in his hearing; and the persons concerned being ordered to approach, are examined by the monarch himself, who often redresses on the spot the wrongs of the grieved party. On another day of the week he devotes two hours to hear in private the petitions of ten persons selected from the lower orders and presented to the King by a good and rich man. Nor does he fail to attend the justice chamber on another day of the week attended by the two principal chief justices."

Under Akbar (1556-1605) the Mohammedan civilization reached its closest amalgamation with the Hindus. This enlightened ruler abolished Hindu-Mohammedan race distinctions, inviting capable Hindus to share high offices of government. Unfortunately, Aurungzeb did not carry out this humane policy. His bigotry re-opened the old wound, and on his death the empire began to decay. Native India began again to assert itself. The Sikhs broke loose and established a league in the northwest. In the south, the Mahrattas carved out a kingdom. The Rajput power began to grow.

It was at this critical point, when India was going through civil wars and economic readjustments, that the European appeared on her shores. He announced that he had come to bring civilization, religion and protection to those who needed it. Meanwhile he would set up a store and trade. Hospitable India opened the gates to him. Portuguese, French, English flocked to the treasure-house of the East and looked with longing eyes—not on the poetry and art of wondrous India, not on her temples or her renowned sages. European eyes then saw only her piled up treasures, fruits of the labors of unnumbered generations of civilized and *skillful* natives.

The white men had announced themselves followers of the same Christ, yet, although they were all strangers in a heathen land, no sooner did they discover each other's settlements than they fell to fighting or intriguing—Dutch, Portuguese, French, English. This should have opened the eyes of the native rulers, but it meant little to them, and they went

on quarreling and plotting among each other, none, indeed, realizing that their hour had struck. For by the time the "Christians" had ceased slaying each other, there were no Dutch, French, Portuguese—there were only English! These were armed with weapons of precision such as the native armies could not match. They were desperate adventurers, to whom it was win all or lose all. At once, they found a fertile field for intrigue among the native princes, whose sense of patriotism had sunk so low that they did not hesitate to seek the help of the white traders with their convincing weapons. The rest of the story is soon told. The East India Company advanced to the rulership of all India, after the "Mutiny" passing on its title to the British Government. And the Hindus found that it was not the religion of Christ that had come to their shores, but a band of greedy and rapacious shopkeepers—a company of men whom their own home government had repeatedly to restrain lest they kill the goose that laid the golden egg. The servants of the East India Company, as Burke once said, were "birds of passage and beasts of prey." They were the carpet-baggers of their day, accumulating enormous fortunes, not spent in India like the loot of the Mogul conquerors, but taken across the sea, drained out of the country forever.

It is interesting to listen to the testimony of the great English historians as to the character and achievements of the men who conquered India. Macaulay, who was neither a friend nor admirer of India, wrote: "The Roman proconsul, who, in a year or two, squeezed out of a province the means of rearing marble palaces and baths on the shores of Campania, of drinking from amber, of feasting on singing birds, of exhibiting armies of gladiators and flocks of camelopards, the Spanish viceroy, who, leaving behind him the curses of Mexico or Lima, entered Madrid, with a long train of gilded coaches, and of sumpter horses trapped and shod with silver, were now outdone. Cruelty, indeed, properly so-called, was not among the vices of the servants of the Company. But cruelty itself could hardly have produced greater evils than sprang from their unprincipled eagerness to be rich."

Lecky says: "Nowhere in Europe, nowhere else, perhaps, in the world, were large fortunes so easily amassed. Clive himself had gone out a penniless clerk; when he returned to

India, at thirty-four, he had acquired a fortune of more than £40,000 a year, besides giving £50,000 to his relatives."

India now began to experience a government of aliens. Her people were gradually disarmed. Quietly, the white traders began to destroy the old foundations in government, economics, industry. Compared to them, the Mohammedans were amateurs indeed. The process of bleeding the land white began. The English mercantile aristocracy carried on, without hindrance, in India that process of uprooting native industries which, attempted in America on a far smaller scale, brought on the revolt of the Colonies. Lecky, in *A History of England in the Eighteenth Century,* writes: "The English officials (of the Company) began everywhere to trade on their own account, and to exercise their enormous power in order to drive all competitors from the field. . . . They defied, displaced or intimidated all native functionaries who attempted to resist them. They refused to permit any other traders to sell the goods in which they dealt. They even descended upon the villages and forced the inhabitants by flogging and confinement to purchase their goods at exorbitant prices, or to sell what they desired to purchase at prices far below the market value. . . . Monopolizing the trade in some of the necessities of life, to the utter ruin of thousands of native traders, and selling these necessities at famine prices to a half-starving population, they reduced those who came under their influence to a wretchedness they had never known before. . . . Never before had the natives experienced a tyranny which was at once so skillful, so searching and so strong. . . . Whole districts which had once been populous and flourishing were at last utterly depopulated, and it was noticed that on the appearance of a party of English merchants, the villages were at once deserted, and the shops shut, and the roads thronged with panic-stricken fugitives."

Thus we observe in India the opening scenes of the dark tragedy that was already being played to a cruel finish in Ireland. The same characters and conditions are there—an absentee government, the trader intent on the ruin of native industry through the absolute rule of a military bureaucracy. Let us glance at the scene through the eyes of another Englishman—one who was on the spot. William Bolts, in his book, *Considerations On Indian Affairs,* says that "various

and innumerable are the methods of oppressing the poor weavers, which are daily practised by the Company's agents, and sub-agents in the country, such as by fines, imprisonments, floggings, forcing bonds from them, etc., by which the number of weavers in the country has been greatly decreased. The natural consequences whereof has been the scarcity, dearness and debasement of the manufactures, as well as a great diminution of the revenue."

Not only was India looted by the first servants of the East India Company. It became the settled policy of the foreign rulers to make the interests of the country entirely subservient to those of England. From this time on, no better image can be formed of that unfortunate situation than that of England as drawing sustenance for its growing Empire from the life-blood of India. The standard of living of the natives began to go down as the standard of living in England went up. The menace of famine, an occasional occurrence under the native and Mogul rulers, now became an ever-present possibility. Since it was the interest of the English to prevent India from competing with them in the world markets, prohibitive laws were passed whereby the ancient industries and arts were destroyed, so that the whole country gradually became a market for English manufactured goods. Thus the artisans and craftsmen of the villages, finding no outlet for the products of native looms or shops were thrown back on the land, and having no income, save that from agriculture, were certain to starve if the rains failed even for a season. Is this an overdrawn picture? The late Hon. G. K. Gokhale of the Viceroy's Council states that "from 60,000,000 to 70,000,000 of the people of India do not know what it is to have their hunger satisfied even once in a year." The daily income of the people of India per head was in 1850 two pence, in 1882 it was one and one-half pence, and in 1900 it was less than three-fourths of a penny. This, according to Mr. William Digby of the Indian Civil Service, in a book with the ironic title, *Prosperous India.* The same author asserts that before the coming of the English, India suffered from: "Two famines in the eleventh century, both local. One famine in the thirteenth century, near Delhi. Three famines in the fourteenth century, all local. Two famines in the fifteenth century, both local. Three famines in the sixteenth century,

all local. Three famines in the seventeenth century, extent not defined. Four famines in the eighteenth century, north-west Provinces, all local."

With the invasions came widespread hunger. India was called upon imperiously to give, give, give. Wealth flowed in a steady stream out of the country. Her native industries wrecked, dependent upon England for unmanufactured goods, she fell rapidly behind the European races in material well-being. Her poorer classes of population began to starve. Between 1768 and 1800 India had four great famines. From 1800 to 1825 five famines with, perhaps, 1,000,000 deaths. From 1825 to 1850 two famines with, perhaps, 500,000 deaths. From 1850 to 1875 six famines, with 5,000,000 deaths, are recorded. And from 1875 to 1900, with the Western world at the highest efflux of material power and wealth, 26,000,000 people died in India of direct starvation. It must be remembered that the evil effects of a famine are not measured merely by the deaths from hunger. There are millions who do not die, who live on, permanently injured by a year or a two years' course of starvation diet. These fall an easy prey to Famine's prompt second, the Plague, and to other sicknesses.

It is commonly believed that India is overcrowded and that this is a main cause of famine. The density of population of some modern centres of civilization is given as follows (population per square mile):

Austria	246	Poland	247.4
Germany	310.4	Italy	313.7
Holland	470	Belgium	589
England and Wales	519	India	244.27[1]

The London *Times*, in its issue of March 24, 1911, discussing this question, admits that India's hunger is not a matter of over-population. The *Times* said: "Two-thirds of the people of India live within a quarter of its area. There are vast unoccupied lands which have still to be populated. . . . The problem of the Indian population is to distribute the people more evenly. The process is slow, but the difficulty is not insoluble, and every fresh migration increases pros-

[1] These figures are from the Statesman's Year Book for 1912.

perity. The growth of numbers is not a subject for alarm, but rather for congratulation."

The rains, of course, fall in India now as they did in pre-British times. Nor is famine due to the incompetence of the native agriculturalist. Mr. Vaugn Nash, an Englishman, in his book, *The Great Famine and Its Causes,* writes as follows: "The famine, let me say, is in no way due to defects of the ryot, qua agriculturist. He is short of capital and hampered by debt. But every competent judge admits his wonderful knowledge of the land and the crops, his laborious industry during the seasons of hard field work, and his eagerness to improve his holdings. Agricultural enthusiasts from the West, who came to scoff at his primitive customs remain to admire and learn as they watch him at his work."

These statements will perhaps surprise the reader who imagines that the Occident has said the last word in scientific agriculture. Dr. G. A. Voeckler, consulting chemist of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, was sent to India in 1889 to suggest improvements for Indian agriculture. He wrote that "in the ordinary acts of husbandry, nowhere would one find better instances of keeping land scrupulously clean from weeds, of ingenuity in device of water-raising appliances, of knowledge of soils and their capabilities, as well as the exact time to sow and reap, as one would in Indian agriculture, and this, not at its best alone, but at its ordinary level. It is wonderful, too, how much is known of rotation, the system of mixed crops and of fallowing. Certain it is, that I, at least, have never seen a more perfect picture of careful cultivation, combined with hard labor, perseverance and fertility of resource, than I have seen in many of the halting places in my tour."

Such is the condition of India (once the world's wonder for riches) in the twentieth century, that Dr. Sudhindra Bose of the University of Iowa expressed its degradation in these terrible words: "Famine has become a normal condition in India." Further in his book, *British Rule in India,* he writes: "The Indian famine is not a famine of food; it is a financial famine. Poverty is its prime cause. The ryot lives constantly on the borderland of starvation. And as he cannot save enough even in good seasons to tide him over the bad, he succumbs easily at the least touch of scarcity."

Although the Hindus are theoretically subjects of the King, equal in rights with any other subjects, actually they are treated as an inferior class in the outlying parts of the Empire. Those who migrated to Australia, South Africa, Canada, answering the call of these sections for cheap labor, seeking a happier life, found themselves quickly disillusioned. Discriminatory laws were passed against them, and they were made to feel, even in the most trivial affairs of life, the sting of inferiority. The writer just quoted says: "The Indians in Natal, as indeed all over South Africa, are subjected to many cruel indignities. They cannot find accommodations in public hotels, they cannot use public baths, and in many places they cannot travel even in municipal trolley cars. In Pretoria and Johannesburg, they are prohibited by law from walking on the sidewalks . . . and from use of the ordinary trolley cars."

It was in South Africa, as a leader of these oppressed Hindus, that M. K. Gandhi first came into public notice. Finding that his poor compatriots had been deprived of their elementary civil rights, that they were the most despised members of the community, he organized a passive resistance movement which, from 1894 on, proved that the Hindus yet possessed one weapon before which all material force proved vain. Gandhi, son of a distinguished family in India, had gone to South Africa to practise law. Arrived there, he quickly experienced in his own person the cruel persecutions of the dominant race. Although a man of the highest spiritual attainment, a graduate of an English law college, and expressing in his slight frame the utmost gentleness and tolerance, he was more than once brutally assaulted, kicked and beaten by white men twice his weight and size. Despite such experiences, despite repeated terms of imprisonment, he built up a great movement of protest on passive, non-violent lines. And then his genius went further. Passing beyond the farthest dreams of the modern Hindu liberals, searching in the souls of his humble followers, he found an ancient spirit there and brought it forth into manifestation. He discovered that the most powerful expression of Hindu genius is not political, but spiritual, and that this spiritual force, once aroused into manifestation, conquers even its bitterest foes. Since the hour of that discovery, he has been transforming

the carnal weapons of the political plane—the walkout and the boycott—into the spiritual weapons of passive non-resistance—or as he would say, conquering one's enemy through love. Coming to India in person during the Great War when he was still devotedly serving the Empire, he has gradually evolved his idea of "Swaraj," which may be roughly defined as freedom or self-determination, along with "Swadeshi," which involves the using of home-made articles only, and the revival of the historically celebrated arts and crafts of mediæval India.

At once, he found himself the leader of millions of Hindus, educated by the several great reform movements of the past hundred years—such movements as the Brahmo Samaj (Brahmo Society) founded in Calcutta in 1830 by Ram Mohan Roy; the Arya Samaj founded in Bombay in 1875 by Dayananda Saraswati; the Theosophical Society, which came to India about the same time; the Ramakrishua Mission launched by Swami Vivekananda during the eighteen-nineties. Through these movements have evolved various types of Hindus, all passionately devoted to the service of India, to the conservation of the best in her old life and faith. They find a common political platform in the Indian National Congress, and a common leader in the strange and thrilling personality of Mahatma Gandhi. The title "Mahatma" meaning Great Soul, or as we would say in the west, "Saint," conferred on Gandhi by universal choice, singles him out as unique among modern national leaders. His doctrine subverts all established political and revolutionary practices, for he expects to free India without using brute force, by using what he names soul-force or love-force.

This is a strange doctrine to Western ears, to those peoples skeptical and materialistic, who have forgotten that their own spiritual teacher, Jesus of Nazareth, taught the same doctrine in words even more emphatic than those of Gandhi, who admits that the Sermon on the Mount has been a permanent guide in all his activities; this along with the Hindu scriptures, for he holds that Swadeshi means the acceptance of the purified ancestral faith, not less than the ancestral industrial heritage. Also, he insists that his followers shall practise "Ahimsa"—literally non-killing, and that this prohibition shall be applied to animals as well as men. As

Gandhi interprets "Ahimsa," it really means much more than non-killing. It means leading an innocent, a beautiful life. The gradual giving up of Western machinery, the vow to wear native cloth only, to be fearless, truthful, to regard no one as an outcast or as untouchable, to use the vernacular languages of India in place of English, to work with the hand at weaving or some other craft, to bring religion into politics—all these are parts of the vast reform which this great leader proposes for India. His methods are so unique, his personality so innocent and simple, his spirit so fired with exalted altruism that he makes all other political leaders of our day seem very material indeed.

Yet Gandhi is not a visionary. He has actual political power—the power given him by over a hundred million followers. The British fear him more than any other man on earth today—far more than they fear De Valera or Lenine—for they recognize that he is fighting them with weapons which he knows how to use with consummate skill, but which they do not know how to handle at all. Bullets, bayonets, artillery, aëroplanes, bombs are useless against the man who is teaching all India to despise death, even to die loving the slayer. For Gandhi insists that his followers shall not harm the British no matter what evil they do. He treats the British as if they were ignorant children playing with forces they know not of. He teaches his people to take an attitude of spiritual leadership towards their oppressors, to be careless of death and wounds, to have the sublime indifference of martyrs. And this, he says, requires the ultimate reaches of courage. "Believe me," he writes, "that a man devoid of courage and manhood can never be a passive resister . . . even a man weak in body is capable of offering this resistance. One man can offer it just as well as millions. Both men and women can indulge in it. It does not require the training of an army; it needs no Jiu Jitsu. Control over the mind is alone necessary, and when this is attained, man is free like the king of the forest and his very glance withers the enemy."

Strange words to hear from the leader of a great political movement. A sublime, but impossible, doctrine it will seem to most of us in the West with our sudden rage at any invasion of individual rights. But the sage who writes these words is no doctrinaire. He has proved his spirit for twenty years

in the provincial bitter life of South Africa. Can he demonstrate in India? Can three hundred millions endure the bayonet, the bullet, the aëroplane bombs, all the instruments of repression possessed by the hundred thousand English among them? Can the resistance of a mutinous people be sublimated to these heights of renunciation? If Mahatma Gandhi and his people can do this thing, then, indeed, the West must sit at the feet of the East as it did long ago, and learn again an ancient message of love and pity and simplicity, which it is far on the way to forget.

The arrest and imprisonment of Gandhi has not served to effect any diminution of revolutionary fervor, even though the leader, as he left the court, gave utterance to no thoughts that were not pacific and constructive. India sits thinking, while her Mahatma is behind the bars in a prison which seems likely to become a shrine. Gandhi knows what will happen if his great policy is carried out with uttermost sacrifice. If human nature should prove incapable of a course so exalted, then no one knows what will happen. If the British are wise, generous and intelligent, India even yet may be turned to a noble friend, a necessary friend in the parlous days to come. One can only hope that there will be enough of the Christian spirit left in the great sea empire to meet a challenge that all empires must meet, sooner or later, the challenge to offer as sacrifice, as her own laureate has expressed it, "an humble and a contrite heart" at the shrine of the Lord of nations.

SHRINES.

BY HENRY ZIMMER.

THE hills erect high altars, shrines of snow and light
Carved masterfully—shining marble-white.
Here sunset lays its gifts of gold and porphyry,
And day-close trails its fluttering pennants. See!
In this dim sanctuary, with the dusk aglow,
The vigil-lamps of twilight flicker low!
Slow falls the incense-dew, like clouds of mist-veiled foam,
And far off burns a blue star-frescoed dome.
Hush! A queen, the silver-girdled moon draws near,
In her white beauty, come to worship here.

IN FAIR VERONA.

BY JOSEPH FRANCIS WICKHAM.

IT is dreaming, dreaming, all the way, in Italy. From Sorrento to Siena, from Rome to Ravenna, everywhere and always—one long vision of half-eternal beauty. And so the pathland of your fancy ever through Venetia is strewn with dream. If I might guess your thoughts as the train rumbles in the twilight through the maize fields and vineyards outside Verona, I should conjure up a garden, a beautiful moonlit garden, and a palace balcony all fragrant with the scent of roses. And there would be an eager lover in the garden by name of Romeo, and there would be a maiden faithful in the balcony who called herself Juliet; Romeo and Juliet, world-loved lovers of world-famed "households, both alike dignity, in fair Verona, where we lay our scene."

Verona is the city of Juliet, and is as beautiful as our fancies of that fair daughter of the Capuletti. Beautiful in palaces, beautiful in streets, beautiful in churches, in campanili, in pictures, in tombs, in cypress gardens, beautiful in the rushing blue waters that flow through her heart, Verona is the most magnificent city of Venetia. She will ask you to remain longer than your leisure may allow.

A temple of beauty she is, of a certainty, but none less surely is Verona a fortress and an armed camp. For standing here in north Italy at the foot of the Brenner Pass, she is the gateway of the northern world, the world that ever has been an embattled host against the Italian peninsula. It will not be uninteresting, when one thinks of Verona under this aspect, to recall the chief events in her history.

Chronicle first remembers Verona as a city of the Euganean Gauls. They yielded to the Cenomani five hundred and fifty years before the Christian era. Two and a half centuries later, Roman expansion had assimilated the Veronese land, but Verona waited until the year 59 for the franchise. Under imperial sway, she remained a fortified city, where the Italian roads met, fighting Rome's battles against the hills. When,

in 452, Attila swept through Venetia, Verona fell prostrate, but she rose again, and was a fortress for Odoacer in 476. But Theodoric, the great Ostrogoth king, drove him out in 493. Theodoric built a fortress in Verona and kept the city until 552, when the Gothic rule was overthrown by the Byzantine Valerian. In 569 the Lombard king, Alboin, captured the town, and the rule of the Lombards now prevailed until Charlemagne shattered their kingdom. The new kings of Italy made Verona their residence, the Counts of San Bonifacio governing the city.

But the citizens grew wealthy and powerful, and at the opening of the twelfth century made Verona a commune. When she joined the Lombard League, the factions of Guelphs and Ghibellines sprang into being, bringing the usual local disturbances with them. When death came to the Ghibelline, Ezzelino da Romano, lord of Verona through a long period of years in the thirteenth century, the Great Council of the city elected Mastino della Scala as *podestà*. He succeeded in making the rule of Verona an heirloom in his family, a coveted possession which was to last until 1387. During this period of a century and a quarter, the Scala family counted among their number warriors, patrons of art, wealthy princes, and at least two fratricides. The most famous of the Scala name are Can Grande I., the protector of Dante who dedicated the *Paradiso* to him, the patron of Petrarch, and the conqueror of many a town in Venetia; Mastino II., the conqueror of Brescia, the purchaser of Parma and Lucca, next to the King of France the richest man in Europe, a prince who fought and, of course, lost the struggle against the combined force of Florence, Venice, the Visconti, the Gonzaga and the Este; and Can Signorio, who built beautiful palaces and bridged the Adige, and brought drinking water to the city, an estimable prince if he had no brother's blood upon his hands.

The Scaliger rule came to a close in October, 1387, after Gian Galeazzo Visconti of Milan had exhausted Verona's power of resistance. In 1404 Guglielmo, grandson of Mastino II., led the people against the Milanese and drove them out, but he died soon after; and, in 1405, when Gian was dead, Venice became mistress of Verona. With the exception of the years between 1490 and 1517, when the Emperor Maxi-

milian I. was in possession of the town, Verona was a lovely city of the Venetian Republic until Napoleon came down, as Charlemagne had done, and in 1797 ended the sway of the queen of the Adriatic. Austria came next, but she, too, returned home in 1866, when Verona, her southern fortress-city, became the northern stronghold of the Italian king.

When Verona was a part of the civilization of the Roman world, she had a Forum that served her as that great space near the Golden Milestone ministered to the citizens of the Tiber City. The Forum still remains, though the empire that built it is dead, and to no other place should the visitor to Verona make his initial visit. He will find it today a great fruit and vegetable market, picturesque as any he may find in Italy. The Piazza delle Erbe it is called, a busy centre of life now, as it was nineteen hundred years ago, as it continued to be through the long centuries of the Middle Ages.

When you first come in sight of the Piazza, you are bewildered by the multiple array of white umbrellas protecting the market women's stalls from the sun, and you will find an intense interest in the color and glow of the modern pageantry. But you will cease to wonder after a little, and will look about for the things of old. In the centre of the square you will see a fountain originally of the time of Berengarius I. of the tenth century, but rebuilt by Can Signorio in the fourteenth century. Close beside stands the Tribuna, where the judgments were announced to the people in the days of the Scaligers and after. At the north side of the Piazza rises a marble column bearing today a lion of St. Mark, as it did when the Venetian Republic ruled beneficently over the land of Verona. The home of Alberto della Scala is here, the Casa Mazzanti, as well as the Casa dei Mercanti, which he began, and many another old house and palace; and there is the Lamberti tower, and the Torre del Gardello, which once boasted the first clock seen in Verona.

From the life and color of the Piazza delle Erbe to the peace of the Piazza dei Signori is only a step. Dante's statue presides over the enclosure, to commemorate his stay in Verona when he was banished from Florence; and on every side beautiful buildings of mediæval days stand together, communing on proud centuries that have gone to dust with the Scaligers that saw them. The Palazzo delle Ragione, built

in 1183 for the law courts, has a courtyard fair to look upon and a Gothic staircase that is the pride of the city. Beside a brick campanile, which rises in a magnificence of three hundred feet, stands the Tribunale, and across the way old palaces of the Scaligers. On the north side is the ancient town hall, the Palazzo del Consiglio, better known as the Loggia, which Fra Gioconda, it is thought, built for the Venetian government in the late fifteenth century. It is truly of wonderful grace and loveliness, and is an exceptional specimen of Italian Renaissance architecture. Upon the door, Girolamo Campagna has worked a bronze Annunciation, and above, the Venetians have left their tribute to Verona, *"Pro summa fide summus amor, MDXCII."* The busts of famed Veronese citizens are ranged in niches along the façade, to tell the passerby that the city is not forgetful.

An arched passage invites the wanderer to explore beyond, and he will follow the path to the church of Santa Maria Antica. It is the Sainte Chapelle of Verona, the court chapel of the Scaligers, nine hundred years old. One may not imagine what prayers and what hopes have been breathed in this chapel to the One Eternal Heart, for that is enshrouded by the veil that lifts not. But outside the chapel there is stimulus a plenty for the fancy, in those great reminders of the great family, the magnificent Gothic tombs of the Scaligers.

Most noted among the Scala family was Can Grande, who was lord of Verona between 1311 and 1329; it is with a certain propriety that his sarcophagus rests in an exalted position over the entrance of the church. On the tomb, surrounded by bas-reliefs of the chief events of his life, the prince lies in sculptured rest, his sword at peace by his side; above, surmounting the pinnacle of an arched canopy, he rides, a marble knight on a marble horse, seeking the battles and the victories in a charge silent and motionless, but lacking not the sweep and dash and irresistible confidence of the life of fire and blood.

There is a tiny graveyard beside the church, enclosed with an exquisite grille of wrought iron, which displays frequently the ladder device of the Scala family. In this diminutive Campo Santo lie other members of the Scaligeri, with noble sarcophagi guarding their dust, and many a sculptured virtue and saint pleading for peace and love and salvation.

Mastino I., Alberto, Mastino II., Can Signorio, whose tomb by Bonino da Campione is finest of all—the bones of these keep watch with Can Grande's ashes, waiting for the Doomsday Voice. It is quiet enough now in the little graveyard, uncommonly peaceful, indeed, for those who made such a stir in the world hundreds of years ago. Would one wonder if, in the solemn stillness of some dark Verona night, unheard whisperings tremble along the trellis work, and unseen figures walk together on the unpaved paths that only spirits know?

You will leave the tombs of the dead at last, and seek the living welcome of the Duomo. On your way, you will visit the exquisite Gothic church of Sant' Anastasia, which the Dominicans built in the thirteenth century. Caroto, Liberale da Verona, Francesco Morone, and other native painters have left their handiwork within the spacious interior; outside and within, it is a beautiful edifice, a harmony of delicate blendings of color and material. Beside the church, above a gateway, is the tomb of Can Grande's friend, Guglielmo da Castelbarco, a monument of wonderful beauty.

A little way, and the fair outlines of the Duomo disclose themselves. A work of the twelfth and fourteenth centuries, the present cathedral is the successor of older churches, and occupies ground once sacred to Minerva's worship. It is an imposing edifice, the portal, with its canopy resting on griffins, being particularly magnificent. Noticeable among the reliefs of the entrance are the figures of Roland and Oliver, the paladins of Charlemagne.

What first impresses the visitor to the interior is the beauty of the eight red Verona pillars which support the vaulting of the nave. And then he will seek out the charms of Sanmicheli's superb Renaissance screen of marble, and the bronze crucifix by Gian Battista da Verona; he will pause in æsthetic contemplation over the Gothic loveliness of the tomb known as Sant' Agata's; he will admire the "Adoration" of Liberale; and he will spare more than a moment for the fair glory of Titian's "Assumption." The Baptistery, with its twelfth century font, and the cloisters still are in waiting, as well as the rare palimpsests of the Biblioteca Capitolare.

Not far from the Duomo the Adige flows tumultuously around a great bend. The oldest bridge in the city, the Ponte Pietra, will take you across to the church of San Stefano, once

Verona's cathedral, a little journey from the ancient Roman theatre. The edifice is a reconstructed sixth century building, the original resting place of many bishops and martyrs.

The Via Sant' Alessio will carry you now to the church of San Georgio in Braida, where Sanmicheli, that greatest of Veronese architects, again shows his skill. Within the church are a number of very fine paintings. Chief among them are the "Madonna and Saints" of Girolamo dai Libri, the "Madonna in Clouds" of Moretto, and the "Martyrdom of St. George" of Paolo Veronese. It is more than a picture gallery; the church is full of that sweet compelling atmosphere that bids you linger and rest and pray.

There is one more great church for you to see in Verona, but it is some distance from San Georgio's. Your way thither will lead you past much that is best in the city. Through the promenades you fare, and across the river by the Ponte Garibaldi, to the Lung' Adige Panvinio. A turn leftward will disclose the thirteenth century Gothic church of Santa Eufemia, where the cloisters designed by Sanmicheli, and Moretto's "Madonna and Child," may make you pause. The Corso Porta Borsari lies beyond, at the western end of which the Porta de' Borsari, a Roman gate of the year 265, invites you. Here the Corso Cavour begins its beautiful avenue of palaces, some of them of Sanmicheli's planning. A church or two are worth your noting, and all the steady stream of busy people will tell you that this is a street of modern days. At the end of the avenue the mighty fortress of the Castel Vecchio, a Scaliger stronghold, looms up, a stern, bulky, magnificent barracks now, with lofty towers speaking across to the forked battlements of the grand bridge over the river. The Rigaste San Zeno leads you on, and presently you reach your destination, the church of San Zeno Maggiore, in the peace and solitude of the city's edge.

There is no edifice in Verona that affords so much interest as the church of San Zeno Maggiore, just as there is none in north Italy that surpasses this as an achievement in Romanesque architecture. While, indeed, a church stood on this site in the ninth century, the present structure, with its detached brick and marble campanile, is a work of the twelfth, and has passed through a nineteenth century restoration. A red brick church, it stands, with a wonderful façade of red

and white and yellow marble. The exquisite portal rests on columns supported by marble lions. One can gaze for hours at a time studying the twelfth century sculptured figures that adorn it. Bronze reliefs on the old doors call to mind the life of San Zeno, the eighth bishop of Verona, a martyr of the fourth century; above, the twelve months, with the duties they bring, are plain to see; Theodoric rides in relief in pursuit of a stag, which leads him to the devil; and the sacred story is told in varied scenes from the Scriptures Old and New.

From the entrance a flight of thirteen steps lead downward to the nave. The vast interior is a harmony of well-proportioned space. It contains many interesting objects. The visitor will see, among other things, an antique vase of porphyry nine feet in diameter, an old font, Romanesque statues of Christ and the Apostles on the choir screen, and many a faded fresco telling sweet tales of former splendor. The masterpiece, "Madonna and Saints," announces Mantegna's claim to rare merit; a painted statue of San Zeno, and his simple tomb in the crypt remind everyone that this is his church; and the fair loveliness of the old Benedictine cloisters beg the grace of a tender sigh.

As you go away from the broad piazza, weary and happy at once, you have no thoughts but of rest and shadowy windows; but for all that you will wish to take the best way home. You will drive along the road that leads by the old Franciscan church of San Bernardino, where the Renaissance perfection of Sanmicheli's Cappella Pellegrini should tempt you, tired as you are, to alight and tarry; and then your way lies up the Corso Cavour, and on to your Verona inn.

There are two centres of life in Verona. The Piazza delle Erbe has a rival in the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, or Piazza Bra, the old name by which it is still known. The main interest here, for the stranger to the city, rests in the old Roman amphitheatre that rises at the eastern side of the Piazza, a brown, grim, massive pile. Since the days of Diocletian, this arena has stood, witnessing the centuries pass slowly, one by one, and outlasting their whips and scorns even to this day. Many a time, have the old stones seen twenty thousand people cheer a blood-reddened gladiator, who had felled with brute strength a brute beast less strong;

they have watched Christian martyrs dragged here for sacrifice; they have looked upon tournaments of the Middle Ages and jousts of the Renaissance; Pius VI. they saw when he gave benediction to an assembled multitude; and they remembered the great Napoleon who graced the arena at the games he gave over a hundred years ago.

You will derive much pleasure in reconstructing past civilizations as you walk about this vast Verona Colosseum. It will be easy for your mind's eye to follow each age dissolving imperceptibly into its successor, merging itself and its heritage into the ever-present, ever-passing time. And when you cross the Piazza, and go away, you will tell yourself, as you have so often told yourself in Italy, that the Roman empire is not yet dead, nor will it wholly die until its monuments crumble to the dust.

There is a broad way leading from the Piazza Bra, the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, and it takes you to the Porta Nuova, whence you may drive to the Porta del Palio. These gates are objects of wonderful beauty in design and workmanship, but the hand of Sanmicheli could make them nothing else.

Who will wish to leave Verona without seeing Juliet's tomb? No one, to be sure—but everyone does. The sarcophagus shown as that of the heroine of Shakespeare's play, is itself a play on a poor visitor's fancy, but as he probably is aware of that fact, little harm is done him. Perhaps, the old mediæval house in the Via Cappello, supposed to be that of the Capulets, may have been the scene of her maiden meditations, and one may allow oneself the privilege of faith.

Verona's picture gallery and archæological collections are to be found in the Palazzo Lavezzola-Pompei, which lies across the Adige. The Ponte delle Navi takes you there, and generously gives you a fine vantage point from which to view the Gothic beauty of the church of San Fermo Maggiori, which you are leaving behind. In the gallery, there is much to see, if you would give a careful study to the Veronese school of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It will repay you also to visit two churches on this side of the river, that of Santi Nazzaro e Celso and the church of Santa Maria in Organo. Sanmicheli was the architect for each, and Fra Giovanni da Verona built the campanile of the latter church. Both churches are adorned with beautiful pictures.

But there is something else on this side of the stream that is more lovely than any picture in Verona—the Giardino Giusti. No one who comes to Verona can forget those tall, straight, green-clad, ancient cypress trees, that stand so still and solemn as they look over the city's life. For four hundred years some of these trees have watched the streets grow fair with palaces, and castles and churches wake into being. They themselves are wondrously beauteous types of nature's architecture, living, growing columns, yearning toward the clouds. They lead the promenade to the terraces on high, and thither you will go to see Verona as the cypress trees can view her. How clearly each campanile lines itself against the blue sky; how brilliantly every globing dome is glistening, how roseately gleams every palace roof, how wonderful the whole marble city proclaims herself. The old Castello San Pietro looms clear over yonder where Theodoric once guarded his city, where Lombard kings waxed proud, where the Third Army Corps of the Italian army watched the passes of the Alps; the battlemented walls, five-strong, reveal themselves encircling the town; and you can see the bridges, here and there, spanning the Adige, which glides in sinuous swiftness through the city, a Grand Canal through a little Venice.

A little Venice! Go at night to the Piazza Bra, and then you will recall the nights you have left behind you on the Piazza before St. Mark's. Here are the cafés, and the chairs in front, and the tables; the people are thronging in from the Via Nuova and promenading across the pavement; the band is playing all joyously; the night is glad, and the care of the day is a thing forgotten. Then do you, stranger you, sit here, watching the gayety of Verona. The huge gray mass of the Arena rises solemnly between you and a fair patch of star-lit sky, and makes you wonder what the old Roman workers would say if they could come back and see their walls still here. The great arches, where the wares of the little shops are exchanged for *centessimi* by day, seem quiet enough now, and you know that within the walls there is flitting about the Arena the spirit of Dietrich of Bern, come back to watch the city that was his. And then, as some handsome, confident Veronese youth walks by, you think of that son of the Montecchi, who would go to the enemy's banquet *sans cérémonie;* and you think, too, of that faithful Mercutio that Tybalt

ended. Then out the dreams of fancy comes that pale, fair face of the little Juliet sleeping in the seeming death. "Ah, dear Juliet, why art thou yet so fair"—the old loved words still echo in your heart, as the crowds laugh and talk and pass you by, little caring for your visions.

So the night wears on; the moon travels slowly across the sky, and the clouds are trailing its brilliance in an unending procession of white. Soon the music ceases, and the throngs dwindle away to seek the peace of home. The Municipio looks sadly upon the emptiness, the tower of the mediæval gateway is a thing forlorn, the Gran Guardia Vecchia thinks of the men and women it saw three hundred years ago. You are alone with your echoing footsteps, and, as you turn homeward, you are happy, for you are in love with old Verona and the beauty of her face; in love with the dreams of beauty her name evokes, that visioned something that is delicate and fragile and precious, like the charm of a melting rainbow or the memory of a parting smile.

"WHEN ISRAEL OUT OF EGYPT CAME."

BY HELEN PARRY EDEN.

"Et creabit Dominus super omnem locum montis Sion et ubi invocatus est, nubem per diem, et fumum et splendorem ignis flammantis in nocte, super omnem enim gloriam protectio."—Isaias iv. 5.

WHEN Israel out of Egypt came
Along a desert way,
God went before to give them light,
His grace was as a fire by night
And as a cloud by day.
So Blessed Jesus, Thou shalt be,
To all who call Thy name,
A shade by day, a light by night,
A covert and a flame.
Without Thy help how faint I stay
Captive in Egypt, *tenuit me*
Defectio.

O lead me forth, Immortal Lamb,
For mine Thou art, as Thine I am,
Et super omnem gloriam
Protectio.

When Israel out of Egypt came
Along a weary track,
King Pharaoh's chase was keen and hot,
With horse and man and chariot,
To bring his bondsmen back.
So, O my spirit, thou shalt see,
When thou shalt turn from ill,
A world of evils in thy wake
To make thee serve them still.
And I who am so faint a prey,
How shall I shun them? *Tenuit me*
Defectio.
Take then my part, Victorious Lamb,
For mine Thou art, as Thine I am.
Et super omnem gloriam
Protectio.

When Israel out of Egypt came,
Through the Red Sea, alone,
King Pharaoh and his fatal host
Sank like a heavy stone.
So in the Passion of my Lord
If all my guilt is drowned,
My unacquainted feet shall tread
His city's golden ground;
Where none shall faint or fall away
But live secure, *reliquit me*
Defectio.
Whose Sun and Moon are Christ the Lamb,
Et super omnem gloriam
Protectio.

A CATHOLIC OUTPOST.

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS.

"Nor can that endure which is not based on love."

N their pursuit of the Bolsheviks, after the first Red retreat in the early spring of 1919, the Polish armies were able to go forward at such a pace through the endless miles of marsh and forest which lie to the north and east of Lwów—the districts of Polesia and Lithuania—that even their own leaders marveled. No foreign army had ever before advanced through this militarily-impossible country without fatal delays. Napoleon's disaster in 1812 had one of its chief sources in the impenetrability of these woods and swamps. In the World War, Russia had failed here, and Germany had halted. But the Pole strode on. Roads and "corduroys" were mended for them, bridges replaced; railways (destroyed by the Bolos to cut off their pursuers) rebuilt in a few days by volunteer bands of peasants. What was the reason?

The reason dated back five hundred years to the Treaty of Horodlo, signed in 1413, when Poland and Lithuania formed their unique union, embracing in its pact all of these widespreading eastern territories, and sealed it with those pregnant words: "Nor can that endure which is not based on love." This union has endured for over five centuries. Nothing except good-will and popular sympathy could have made possible the penetration of Polesia by the Polish troops, whom the natives hailed as liberators, offering them every assistance in their advance towards Vilna and the countries of the north, to clear the land of the Red Russian hordes. In these districts neither Tsarist nor German nor Bolshevik authority could ever have taken root. They have always remained Poland to the natives. Old peasants in times past would dismiss talk of anything otherwise with a laugh; many persisted for years before the War in still paying their taxes, as their forefathers had, "to the Polish King;" however, the tax collectors relished it. One old huntsman was found who

had never heard of the partitions nor of the Napoleonic wars! In their odd dress and shoes of birch bark, these Polesian peasants are like figures out of an old story-book.

This country, lying between Lwów and Vilna, between the rich plains of the Ukraine and the hills and forests of Lithuania, forms one of the great borderlands of Poland, and is one of the few original countries left in Europe. It is a land of forests—its name, Polesia, means "along the forests" (po—along; las—forest)—a land of great marshes, of innumerable small lakes and countless little streams. It is a hunter's paradise, where otter and beaver still are trapped, where wild deer abound, surpassing the dream of Nimrod; the bear and the antlered elk, and even the almost extinct white bison, of which only a few remain and which otherwise have vanished from the earth, still haunt the unexplored fastnesses. The famous forest of Bialowiez, the greatest forest in Europe, stretching from Brest Litovsk to Bialystok and far beyond, was formerly the favorite hunting ground of the Russian Tsar.

Through these forests thousands and tens of thousands of Poland's four million refugees fled when the Russians retreated in 1916. Many of them went no further, but died in the woods, after keeping body and soul together for weeks on the food of grass and roots and bark. The place is full of wayside graves.

Besides its wilderness of woods, swamps and lakes, Polesia possesses a vast area of drained and arable soil, estimated at some five million acres; and the possibilities of its further reclamation and development, I should judge, are practically unlimited. In the eighteenth century the Polish Government began to organize road and water communication through this part of the country, but the Russian partition put an end to development. Two important waterways, however, were organized, the Royal Canal and the Oginski Canal, joining the Vistula and the Dnieper—the Baltic and the Black Sea.

We saw a good many cattle grazing here. The stock raiser would find this a paradise, so rich is the natural pasturage. The timber wealth also of these vast resinous forest tracts is almost untouched, save for the depredations of the Germans, who cut over three per cent. of the Bialowiez. Some enterprising Poles developed tar, pitch and charcoal

industries here, in the past, to a certain extent; but under the new Republic the forests are being all conserved to prepare for a modern scheme of reafforestation.

We journey due north through the Lithuanian country, passing many scenes which excite romantic fancy. We are now possibly near the great trade route of ancient times where Greek and Roman merchants traveled toward the Baltic in search of amber. Then Vilna at last, set on picturesque hills cut by the Vilja River, surrounded by pine forests, orchards and farms; in the springtime fairly buried under a cloud of leafy verdure.

The quaint old domed and turreted city invites you at the first sight of its ancient walls. Some of Vilna's historic walls do still remain, dating from the days when Christopher Columbus discovered us; but these walls, after all, are "new," being the last ones built, after no one knows how many previous centuries of fortification. You enter the town by the Ostrobrama, that is, by the Gate of the Virgin, with its double device of heraldry over it, the White Eagle of Poland and the Horseman of Lithuania. And, instantly, you note a curious fact: that everyone passing under this high arched portal bares his head as he goes; even Jews, marked in the throng by their long black halats, remove their little round caps. A crowded street, narrow and crooked, faces you beyond the gate; and in it you see men and women kneeling on the sidewalk in prayer. I have seen them so, even in the depth of winter, the snow ankle deep, oblivious to all passersby. Impelled by the force about you, you, too, find that you have removed your cap, though you may not yet know why. Then turning, as you pass the gate, you see over the arch a chapel, behind the glass doors of which stands an altar with many votive lights and offerings and a great curtained picture at the back.

There are two famous shrines in Poland, Chenstohova (Czestochowa), near Krakow, and the Ostrobrama here in Vilna. If by good chance you happen to pass Ostrobrama at the proper hour, you will find the curtain of the shrine raised, disclosing a very old, much discolored picture of the Blessed Virgin, done in the Byzantine manner, painted on wood, but entirely covered, excepting the face and hands, with silver and gold. It is in the manner of what the Russians call an

icon, a form of sacred art highly developed and very popular in the Eastern countries.

The Ostrobrama was erected in 1671, but the picture, said to have come originally from Italy, and long held miraculous by the devotional, is thought to date about a century earlier. Previous to the building of the chapel the picture hung outside the walls, above the gate, where the Eagle and the Horseman now proclaim the union of Poland and Lithuania.

If it be blossom time when you enter Vilna, with the pear orchards, the cherries and the apples one drift of bloom; if it be Easter, let us say, then you will hear a story told wherever you go in the town that will make you enjoy and understand Vilna and its people. It is the story of the Easter of 1919, of the liberation of the city from the Bolsheviks, and of the remarkable civic struggle the citizens of Vilna made for their freedom during the Soviet occupation. It was a battle of the Idea against brute force and terrorism, of old-fashioned Catholic faith against the new paganism of the Soviets.

I heard the story from the Princess Anastasia of Georgia. I could have gone to no more interesting or authentic source; for this remarkable lady was one of the leaders in Vilna's anti-Bolshevik fight. Her black eyes, her strong face, flashed with a hundred emotions as she recounted the tale; and when she came to her own dramatic adventures, there was a first-hand thrill to it all which could not be communicated in the written word. How she was thrown into prison, lying in a crowded, filthy cell among so many others that there was hardly room to breathe, sleeping on the floor or the table, half starved and tortured with vermin; how, on Easter Saturday, after ten weeks of this, they heard shooting in the town, and the word began to pass through the prison that the Poles were coming; how, at last, on Easter morning, the alarm did break, with the Bolos, seen through the window of the cell, flying in panic: the noise of artillery, the rattle of machine guns all that day, all that night; then, on Easter Monday, the sudden ceasing of all sound, all commotion and, at last, the cry, "The Poles are here!"—with the prisoners falling on their knees, weeping, praying, raising their voices in a loud joyous Easter hymn half broken with happy sobs; the sudden bursting open of the door; a young Polish officer, blackened beyond recognition with smoke and blood and unshaven beard, cry-

ing out in a familiar voice: "Is it you?"—and the Princess swooning (the first time in all her life that she fainted) into the arms of her adopted son whom she had not seen for two years, and whom she supposed was dead: that is a story that never could be told more than once as I heard it.

Yet this is only the ending (or at any rate, the middle) of the real story of Vilna's fight with the Bolsheviks. That actually begins three months earlier in February, 1919.

When the Bolsheviks first took Vilna, January 6, 1919, following the withdrawal of the Germans (who did much more in those days of fateful change than merely leave the back door of Poland open when they pulled out), there was in the city an army chaplain, Captain Muckerman, who had served with the Polish conscripts in the German forces. This man had been in Vilna ever since the Germans came three years before; and he had so won the hearts of the Vilna people, and had been so won by them—especially by the members of St. Kasimir's Church, mostly workingmen—that he had stayed on after the Bolshevik invasion.

Chaplain Muckerman was a Jesuit, a learned man, with a special leaning toward social welfare work and the study of economics. In the coming of the Bolos to Vilna, Father Muckerman saw a rare chance to put some of its own ideas of social reform into operation to counteract the heathen communism of the Reds.

On the morning of January 11th, the sixth day of the Bolshevik occupation, Vilna appeared literally plastered with flaming red posters, the reddest of Moscow red, summoning the workmen of the town to a public meeting in St. Kasimir's Church. Even the walls and doors of the church itself were covered with these flaring proclamations, and, as the Princess Anastasia remarked in telling the story, "the people were very displeased with that." "What next?" they began to complain, beholding even their churches disfigured by what they supposed were "Trotzky's banners." Some two thousand of them, however, attended the meeting, curious and not in the best of temper. To their astonishment, they found Father Muckerman in charge.

The result of that meeting was the organization of a popular workingmen's league, which grew so rapidly that within one week it had eleven thousand members. Father Mucker-

man merely launched it; the leadership he at once placed in the hands of the men themselves. From the first night, when he made all who had anything to say get up into the pulpit and say it, the league developed the workmen's own initiative. "Bolshevism is strong," the Chaplain told them. "But it is strong because it is organized. The only way to fight it is by counter organization. Christian workmen, get together! Organize!"

They organized. They at once took over the former Jesuits' school building, established a coöperative bank, a bakery, a laundry, a school for little ones, a school for girls and one for boys of fourteen and fifteen—the latter with a separate Junior League of their own, holding their own meetings and carrying on their own autonomous organization. A kitchen was opened, serving seven hundred meals a day. Bread was furnished at cost. A little farm was purchased outside the city, with horses, pigs, goats, hens, and cows to supply fresh milk for babies. A complete self-supporting organization was established and in full operation within the space of a few weeks.

The Bolshevik authorities were furious at this bold snatching of power and prestige out of their hands. But they could do nothing. Father Muckerman and his Vilna workmen, not knowing fear, faced the Soviet Commissars full front, not with explanations or apologies, but with demands. They were brazen. They forced the Bolsheviks to give them light, heat and other necessary concessions to carry on their establishment. The Vilna League was a workmen's league, an actual soviet, and the Soviets dared not refuse. At first, they thought to evade by making restrictions; but the League met them at every turn and disarmed them, not with a defiance, but with acquiescence. The name "Christian Workingmen" could not be permitted. "Very well." Off came "Christian." "St. Kasimir's—that is not allowed." "All right." "St. Kasimir" went the way of the Christians. The wise Vilnovians freely let all unessential points go by the board. They were out for bigger game than names. The Reds were balked at every step.

But they were determined to put a stop to it. Nothing is more infuriating than passive resistance. So, one day, they came to Father Muckerman and informed him that he was

to be transported; that he was a spy. "But if I'm a spy you must not transport me. You must arrest me, court-martial me and shoot me. I demand to be arrested and tried." The Reds went away to talk it over.

That afternoon the Chaplain called a mass meeting to explain the situation to the people, and to prepare them for the arrest which now seemed to him inevitable. In fact, he had determined to give himself up rather than to expose the lives of his companions. Large crowds attended this meeting; and in the midst of it the Bolsheviks, having come to a decision, suddenly drew up a regiment around the church, encircling it with a cordon of machine guns, and completely surrounding the crowd. And then a curious thing happened. Father Muckerman announced his intention of surrendering; and his own people made him prisoner. They would not give him up nor let him give himself up. They held him there in the church, one man against five thousand of them, packed into the building and gathered in the plaza. They refused repeatedly to let him out, and they refused to disperse. "If they want him, just let them try to take him!"

Parleys began. Conferences were held between League delegates and Red officials, but no agreement could be reached. The Bolshevik Commissars themselves were afraid to appear before the crowd. "Do you want us to be mobbed?" they asked the League representatives when the latter visited the Soviet headquarters. The Princess Anastasia was one of the League negotiators, and on the evening of the second day of the "siege," she was arrested and jailed. Then the Reds cut the electric wires lighting the church, leaving the crowd in pitch darkness. But the workmen secured candles and still stood their ground. For three days the people stayed there, eating what food the League's kitchens could supply, praying, singing hymns in great lusty choruses which challenged and enraged the Bolsheviks. Every member of the League received Holy Communion. They would do anything and everything Father Muckerman suggested, except let him go. Whenever he began to argue about that, they respectfully shut him up.

At last, however, about five o'clock on the morning of February 12th—Lincoln's birthday in America—the Reds began to open fire on the church. At that, the Chaplain, put-

ting his people under a spiritual obedience, insisted on being taken. "There shall be no bloodshed," he declared. And the workmen at last acquiesced. "You may arrest him and try him," they told the Bolsheviks, "but there's to be no packing him off in the night and all that."

The Bolos agreed. But, Bolshevik-like, within twenty-four hours they had broken their word and had shipped Father Muckerman to Minsk. At Minsk he was promptly sentenced to be shot. But the Vilnovians followed him, and they spread the fame of their "Christian Soviet" so effectively abroad in the Minsk neighborhood that this town also rose up and championed the priest. From there the Reds hustled him to Smolensk; but they kicked him so badly that he was seriously injured and fell ill. They were still afraid to shoot him, so he was sent to the hospital. Here he was kept for nine months; and here again he very nearly started another "Christian Bolshevik" revolution among the Reds. At last, they let him go. He was too troublesome a customer for them, with his popular and practical ideas of workingmen's freedom and human rights.

Vilna's "Christian Soviet" still flourishes. When I was there last, in the spring of 1920, it had twenty thousand members and was carrying on a more extensive work than ever, enlarging its school and its coöperative store and adding a harness shop to its activities. With generous supplies furnished through the American Red Cross, the League was able to feed and clothe thousands of needy instead of hundreds. A shoe shop had also been opened, and here I saw huge heaps of discarded old American shoes, of every imaginable size, style and degree of depravity, being remade into good stout footgear for the children and laborers of Vilna.

The Princess who told me this remarkable story was not herself a Pole, but a Georgian, from the ancient Kingdom of Georgia in the Caucasus. A refugee since the Bolshevik upheaval in Russia, she had thrown in her lot with the Poles, and, as she spoke a remarkably fluent English and possessed a high literary culture, she had now become professor of English in the Vilna University.

To tell the story of Vilna and its University, we must go back once more to the Treaty of Horodlo, with its historic clause of union "based on love;" back even to pagan times,

when Lithuania was still a land of heathens, adoring strange gods. Traces of those unenlightened times are still to be found in remote Lithuanian villages; but the country has been for centuries Christian in faith and Polish in culture, the terms being synonymous in this part of the world.

In the heart of Vilna, topping a steep hill (now the centre of handsome public gardens) stands Gedymin's Tower, the remains of the fortress and castle of Gedymin, the last pagan ruler of Lithuania, and the first Lithuanian chieftain to seek a union with Poland, in order to fight off the incursions of the Teutons coming in from the North and West. At the foot of this hill stands the beautiful Cathedral of St. Stanislaus, with its stately campanile set apart; the Cathedral, itself an imposing edifice built in the classic style of a Greek temple, with a Doric portico, the coloring of the whole a creamy white, rich against the green background of the hill.

Founded in 1387, this ancient Cathedral occupies the exact site of the pagan sanctuary of Perkunas, the Lithuanian god of light. Thus, if we stand at Gedymin's Tower, looking out over the city, with the Cathedral of St. Stanislaus below us, we can review, as it were, by the corporal eye, the history of Vilna from its pagan days to its present state, from the time that it was a little fortified town containing a few hundred people, to its twentieth century population of tens of thousands, its modern traffic and busy railway lines and factories. If, by chance, an aëroplane whirrs overhead while you stand there, then, indeed, the span seems long between other days and this.

Invaded from the west by the always depredating Teutons; harrassed on the east by the Muscovites, the moment came when Lithuania's only safety lay in union with Poland. That union was consummated in 1386, when Jadwiga of Krakow, relinquishing her love romance with an Austrian Prince, consented to marry Jagiello, Gedymin's son, and become Queen of Lithuania as well as of her own Polish realm. From that time, with Jagiello's conversion to Christianity, dates the rise of Vilna as a capital and a centre of Western culture. All Lithuania followed its Prince to baptism, and in the year after his marriage he founded this Christian Cathedral which rises below us at the foot of Gedymin's Hill, setting its foundations on the very spot where his ancestors from unremem-

bered time had worshipped their mythological deities. A few years later, in 1413, he signed the Treaty of Horodlo, "based on love," which never has been abrogated and which remains in effect to this day, despite even the long Russian occupation, and the more recent German intriguing to the contrary. As for the manner of the Russian's one hundred and fifty year occupation of Vilna and Lithuania, it took its gesture from the self-righteous declaration of the first Muscovite seizure, in 1656: "God gave Lithuania into the Tsar's hands, and the Tsar must not return what God gave him to anyone!"

There is a famous "Silver Chapel" in the Vilna Cathedral, a rich sanctuary of marbles and precious metals where the sarcophagus of St. Kasimir is to be seen, and the tombs of eight of the Kings and Queens of Poland. An interesting old Madonna is here also, the gift of the Greek Emperor Palæologus. Everything in sight speaks not only of Christianity, but of that momentous change five hundred years ago, when Lithuania, the last country in Europe to abandon paganism, accepted the Latin faith and culture which Poland brought her. The sacred fire of Perkunas is long extinguished. The sanctuary lamp of the Holy Eucharist burns in its stead. Even Bolshevism left no trace here of its brief but godless régime, not daring to lay hand on these consecrated precincts; just as it did not dare to keep on its cap when it passed the Ostrobrama. The Soviet Commissars, Vilnovians will tell you, skirted clear of the Virgin's Gate.

Jedwiga of Poland brought not only the Faith, but the culture of the West, to this corner of the world. Schools developed rapidly. Within a little more than a century after Horodlo, the Polish educational system had progressed in Lithuania to such an extent that the foundation of a university was demanded. In 1578 King Stefan Bathory, with the assistance of the Jesuits, opened the University of Vilna, and a new era of cultural development began, to continue uninterruptedly for two hundred and fifty years, until the blind hate of Russian despotism and the fear of the intellectual ascendancy of the Pole put an end to it.

In 1830, following the Polish insurrection of that year, Tsar Nicholas I. abolished the University. The closing of schools was one of the favorite disciplines of the partitioners of Poland whenever the Polish people dared to assert their

national rights. Prussian and Russian alike knew well how to touch the Pole to the quick. His appetite for education is insatiable. But the first official act of the new Republic, following the liberation of Vilna on Easter, 1919, was the reopening of the old University. With its library of two hundred and forty thousand volumes and its collection of ten thousand priceless manuscripts, it is today one of the best equipped seats of learning in Europe.

It was here that Father Hugo Kollontaj, one of Kosciuszko's chief collaborators in the Revolution of 1794, worked out those schemes which crystallized in the establishment of the first national educational commission founded in Europe. Lelewel, the father of Polish historians, whose ethnographical maps created a new department in learning, studied at Vilna. From Vilna also came the financier, Lubecki, who astounded the diplomats at the Congress of Vienna in 1815 with his mastery of economics. He was the founder of the Bank of Poland, the "father of Polish industry."

To review the history of Vilna and of Lithuania is to review five centuries of the progress of Polish culture. It is a curious fact that more of the great and world-known names among Polish leaders came from this district than from any other part of the country. It was Lithuania that produced Poland's greatest patriot, Kosciuszko, whose name at once links this far-off land to America and seems to open the way for those Americans who came in 1920 to repay in part our debt to Poland—the Directors and Surgeons of the American Red Cross who established at the Vilna University a great hospital and school of modern war-surgery, and the scientists of the Harvard Research Unit, who, under its auspices of the League of Red Cross Societies, completed here the discovery of the deadly typhus germ. The name of Mickiewicz, Poland's national poet, is inextricably woven into the story of Vilna. It was at Vilna University that he began his long life of patriotic apostleship, and it was from this university that he was exiled by Russia, never to see his native forests again, though he was to immortalize them in literature. Another of Poland's chief poets, Krasinski, the prophetic author of *The Undivine Comedy*, was the son of a Lithuanian mother, a Radziwill. Kowalewski, a famous Orientalist, is still another illustrious son of the Vilna school, a man whose life story in

a special manner sums up the Polish characteristics of tenacity of purpose and common sense. He was an exile for thirty-five years, but instead of repining in his devotion, he set about to make life worth while as best he could in the Far East, to which he had been banished, and became in time the first authority of his day on Oriental languages and history. Unfortunately for scholarship, his entire collection of manuscripts and original documents was destroyed by the Russians, when a bonfire was made of the contents of the Zamoyski Palace in Warsaw in reprisal for the Polish uprising of 1863. Other treasured relics, among them Chopin's piano and many of his priceless letters to his mother, were burned in the same heap.

The poet Slowacki, the statesman Czartoryski, the novelist Kraszewski—the "Polish Dumas" he has been called, not alone for the quality of his writings, but because he produced six hundred and thirty volumes during his lifetime, not counting journalistic writings—these are others of Vilna's honored names, while the city's records in art and music reveal a civic theatre opened as early as 1783, where the first opera of Moniuszko, the composer of *Halka,* was produced in 1858. Finally, in our own day, there is Sienkiewicz, whom we know best as the author of *Quo Vadis.* And there is the Chief of State of the Polish Republic at the present moment, the unique soldier and statesman, Josef Pilsudski.

Vilna has been a storm centre always. Plundered by Prussians, Swedes, Cossacks, Germans and Bolsheviks, it has had the sort of history that makes or breaks a city's generations of men: either they go down or they stand. Vilna has stood.

When the Germans lost in 1918, after hanging on as long as they dared in these parts, they treacherously slipped the keys of Vilna into the hand of their friend, Lenine. "We sent Lenine into Russia," writes Ludendorf in his memoirs, "to attempt the ruin of the Russian army. It was an extremely risky undertaking, but it succeeded beyond our greatest expectations." (Assuredly, it did!) Then, in the spring of 1919, as we have seen, the Poles liberated Vilna from the Bolsheviks. In 1920 the Bolsheviks came again, this time better equipped than ever with German officers, arms and ammunition. Once more they were defeated by the Poles—

but Vilna was not returned to Poland. Instead, it was claimed by the Lithuanians, that is, by the "political" Lithuanians of Kovno, a claim which was at once disputed by a small army of Vilna Lithuanians and Poles, who seized the city under the command of a Polish General, Zeligowski, and held it pending an agreement to be made between the Poles and the Lithuanian government of Kovno.

But who are the Lithuanians?

The Lithuanians are the racial descendants of those people who, in Jagiello's day, signed the Treaty of Horodlo. That Treaty, as I have said, still stands. But when the Germans came into this great timber country, the forest wealth of which it would be difficult to compute, she coveted it not only for its untouched riches, but as a key to Baltic supremacy and a corridor to Russia. She set about, therefore, to destroy that union "based on love," which had existed for more than five centuries, and sought to replace it by disunion, based on hate. In other words, she began to play here in the north the game of intrigue and quarrel-making that she had played in the Ukraine among the Ruthenians, stirring up a "new national" anti-Polish movement among the Lithuanian minorities.

The Lithuanians are not Slavs, and their mother tongue is as different from Polish as Greek is from Latin. In all, there are about 1,800,000 Lithuanians in their native land, with some 800,000 immigrants scattered in different parts of the world; the entire number of Lithuanians in existence being thus hardly 3,000,000 at the very most. In the city of Vilna, the old Lithuanian capital, with a population about 50,000, there are not four thousand of the aboriginal people; in the entire Vilna district, not seven thousand. Politically, these few thousand are, according to the elections held in 1919, less than negligible, either voting the Polish ticket as Poles or abstaining altogether, no distinct Lithuanian vote being registered.

Where then, one asks, are the 1,800,000 Lithuanians noted above as being in their native land? They are in the Kovno district, east and north of Vilna, where Lithuania borders on the East Prussian frontiers. This latter fact is significant.

At Kovno the Lithuanians have set up a government or "Taryba" of their own. But this Kovno government has been

so markedly Prussian in its attitude and deliberations since the period of German occupation, 1916-1918, that it has never attained the degree of credit among neighboring peoples which a legitimate and genuinely native Lithuanian government would. To such a government or to the existence of a separate Lithuania, the Poles seem to have no objection. On the contrary, they would evidently welcome it as a solution of the Lithuanian problem, realizing that such a government, with the Lithuanian people really behind it, would be Poland's natural ally. It is the palpable German nature of the Kovno Taryba, as it has revealed itself so far, that must be questionable, not alone to the Poles, but to all who are interested in peace. A nation of less than 2,000,000 people, set in such an important keystone situation as Lithuania's, must have a strong ally to help preserve its integrity. Germany could not be that ally: Lithuanian integrity would quickly disappear under German dominance.

But Germany, bent on converting the Baltic Sea into a German lake, determined on domination in the East and an open passageway into Russia, has clenched her fist tight on Kovno, and will keep the strangle-hold as long as the Lithuanians or the Allies permit her; and the Lithuanians are not strong enough to resist alone. Unsettlement in the Baltic States is Germany's avowed policy, and her only means of retaining what she calls "spheres of influence." "We need Lithuania and the Ukraine as German outposts," Erzberger wrote in April, 1919. "Poland must be weakened," he goes on, "for if we succeed in keeping Poland down, it will mean enormous gains for us. In the first place (*i. e.*, with Poland down), France's position on the continent in the long run is untenable. Second, the way to Russia is then open. That is, even to a blind man, Germany's future. We will undertake the restoration of Russia, and in the possibility of such support we will be ready within ten or fifteen years to bring France, without any difficulty, under our power. The march toward Paris will be easier then than in 1914."

It was before this dictum of Erzberger's, however, that Germany's Lithuanian scheme was disclosed. As early as September, 1918, certain letters of Ludendorf, written to the then German Foreign Minister, von Hintze, fell into the hands of M. Korfanty, then a Polish delegate in the German Reich-

stag. These letters, which revealed all, and more, than Erzberger said later, were read by Korfanty in the Reichstag in November, 1918, but no newspaper publishing a word of them was permitted to pass out of Germany.

So it is that Vilna, Catholic outpost, pioneer of Western civilization in the Baltic hinterland, centre of Latin culture and thriving modern commercial city, stands also as one of the integral factors not alone in the political problems of the new Republic of Poland, but in the problems of the whole new world which has been created by the War. In one sense, it might be said that Vilna is the keystone to peace in Europe, as well as the rock on which Poland's continued existence rests. It is the outstanding point of direct contact between Russia and Poland. That Russia, now in chaos, will rise again all Poles believe. Will the new Russia be Poland's friend? Or will she still be controlled, as she was for so many years in the recent past, by Germany, whose efforts to hold the Baltic continue unabated to this hour, and will never cease?

Trade is the touchstone; and trade advantages would point to a Polish-Russian entente. The more or less mutual knowledge of the Polish and Russian tongues among the two peoples, and their immediate contiguity along a frontier of hundreds of miles, should be deciding factors in the problem. Besides, Russia's bitter knowledge of the fruits of German intrigue, the immediate cause of all her present ruin (the military debacle, 1915-1917, engineered from Petrograd by the German Sturmer; the Lenine-Trotzky disaster, 1917 to date, planned and paid for by Germany): all this terrible experience may hold the Russia of tomorrow aloof from the Teuton and incline her toward friendship with Poland. At the same time, the general temper displayed by the people of the two countries lends color to this possibility; for the Poles do not hate the Russians; and, outside of the old circle of extreme reactionists, the Russians do not hate the Poles, the Bolshevik politicians never having succeeded in rousing any genuine anti-Polish feeling among the Russian masses. Their attitude is well expressed in the words of the Russian publicist, Marjkowsky, who, in speaking of the Polish Chief of State, Pilsudski, declared: "He has no stones to throw at Russia."

It all depends on who the leaders of the new Russia are to be. There lies the world's mystery today. If they are hostile to Poland; if German capital and German trade (already intrenched in Russia through the German-speaking Jew) prove too strong a temptation, too attractive an aid to Russian reconstruction, the Russians will not be slow in striving to regain the Polish dominions lost to them since 1915. They will strike Vilna first. The Polish-Russian boundary treaties made between Warsaw and the Bolsheviks will mean nothing then. There will be another war, which will inevitably involve the whole of Europe; for France will be vitally concerned.

Whatever the future, Vilna itself can never be anything but Polish and Catholic, as she has been for over five hundred years, and as she remained through more than a century of Russian rule. Her sentiments went on record definitely as to that in September, 1919, when the first election was held following the Bolshevik retreat, the city voting an overwhelming majority for reunion with Poland. Even before that, in April, 1919, immediately after the Eastern liberation, a great mass meeting of Vilna citizens sent a stirring message to Warsaw proclaiming the town's allegiance to the Polish nation: "Vilna, besprinkled with Polish blood, feels itself once more intimately united to the great heart of Poland. It is because it recognizes this unalterable union that it submits itself to the will of the Polish Government and recognizes no other authority as supreme. The heart of Vilna overflows with love and gratitude, and turns toward Warsaw and the Vistula."

"Nor can that endure which is not based on love."

THE IMMUNE.

BY ANNETTE ESTY.

"YOU'RE a hard-hearted girl, Melissa, unfeeling; you couldn't any more really love anyone than . . . than old Garner could!"

Tim's tall figure looked cool enough in white outing shirt and flannels, but his handsome face, under the short blond curls, was heated red from annoyance. Two canoe paddles slanted across his shoulders and occupied his hands. Before him, standing in the centre of the narrow path of trampled brown earth that undulated over the roots of the great elms, was little black-eyed Melissa holding up her mouth to suggest that a kiss was balancing on its tempting pucker.

Before her lover was quick enough to snatch the caress, the teasing girl ran off laughing, down the path toward the sunset, leaving Tim sputtering, foiled as usual.

But the reproach that the exasperated boy flung after Melissa rounded out its vibrations until they reached the ears of old Garner himself as he sat smoking in a broken, kitchen chair tipped back on his vine-wrapped porch. Through a hole in the thick leaf-curtain, he was watching the young couple as they stopped on the river path where it ran by his door.

"You couldn't any more really love anyone than . . . than old Garner could!"

Tim's tongue, prompted by the proximity of Garner's ruinous cottage, threw out this accusation which, strange to say, reverberated not as a crimination, but as a welcome acclamation in the old man's ears.

The sardonic line of his sunken mouth curved upward at one end as he watched the pair go off toward the river, the boy fuming, the girl exulting in her tormenting power.

The unpruned vines over Garner's cottage crowded and hugged and pushed their way to the peak of the roof; like great cruel snakes they crushed and distorted the crouched dwelling of blackened boards. Behind the twisted screen, old

Garner pulled gently on his foul pipe and stroked the cat on his knees. Tim's words brought a crafty gleam into the eyes of the bent, unkempt, old man; unwittingly they crowned a satisfied spirit. Today, the day of his wife's funeral, a sense of unusual achievement companioned the solitary man.

Two weeks . . . or three? Garner couldn't remember—since Mag kept her bed, didn't come down to cook breakfast. He'd stopped on his way to work next morning and told that neighbor woman . . . never spoken to her before. . . . Ben Hensley's wife . . . she'd come over, dragging two kids . . . the brats spent the day shooing the cat under the stove. Come every day . . . curious, no doubt, to see the inside of the house and how he got on.

Was it the Hensley woman or another of that crew, clattering around, that had told him Mag was dead? Somehow he knew it before he was told, although he hadn't gone upstairs. Today five or six of the women (they'd let Mag alone sharply enough while she was alive!), five or six of 'em had a funeral over her in the front room.

Gone now, the whole pack'n'boodle of 'em, left him in peace! Wouldn't be coming prying back either . . . and Mag wouldn't be coming back.

Women, women, always disturbing and fussing, dying or having kids! Still, without Mag's tongue . . . he'd have to do his own cooking . . . but peace, peace, 'n'better'n'peace! He knew . . . they'd gone off, those women, Hensley's wife and the rest . . . he hadn't thanked 'em for helping Mag die. They'd got more'n the worth of their trouble . . . gone off, with their tongues crawling out like snakes from the stone piles . . . the wind blowing back their whispers of old Garner and his shiftless ways.

Not over charged with charity . . . they'd left him alone . . . good enough for him, too, they thought. Not one of 'em smart enough to guess how the feeling of having beaten Fate at her own game talks out pretty and soft and companionable in the heart of a lonely man.

The cat lay sleepily watching the face of its owner. It was a homely beast. When a kitten, half of its tail had been viciously cut off, robbing it of its rightful curving adornment and substituting a stump too long to be stylish. Its coat was piebald, white and buff, with a splash of black surrounding

one eye and running down over the side, startling, repellent as a birthmark. The sum of its harsh experiences, compressed within, gave out a perpetual burring sound. Its fathomless yellow eyes slowly opened and closed with the calm self-satisfied poise of a Buddha. It had passed through the infelicities of life to see, forced upon its tormentors before they died, the knowledge that it is easier to eliminate love from the human heart than to oust a cat from its corner.

More sense in the animal, Garner realized, than in a whole funeral of women. He remembered the tramp . . . slept one night in the shed . . . chopped the cat's tail off on the kindling block, next morning, trying to scare the child. A lot o' meanness can happen to a cat. But the tramp was hung, he'd heard; the child was dead; and now Mag.

Garner looked out through the leaves toward the sunset where Tim and Melissa had disappeared. Yesterday . . . or years ago? He was young then . . . he'd gone down that very path that leads to the river. Tall, narrow-shouldered, a timid, likable lad, his big feet following with new assurance after Phoebe's little slippers. At the river bank, by the willow, she had turned and looked up into his face. No coyness in her big gray eyes—it was the look of trust in their depths that had made him a man.

They climbed into the clumsy punt for their picnic supper. He sat near her, but dared not touch her. He was busy winking back the tears so that he could see her plainly. Above everything, he must see that look of trust in her eyes.

Phoebe sat composed and matronly in her modest blue gown, the full skirt reaching to the scalloped edges of the pantalets at her white-stockinged ankles. Her bosom rose and fell under the crossing of the stiffly ruffled fichu, the deep blue of the dress showing faintly through the sheer white of the lawn. On her head was a large shade hat of yellow straw with rosebuds tucked under the brim. Her round face, with big eyes far apart, was pale from agitation. Black lace mits covered her arms.

It was Phoebe who suggested getting out to watch the sunset from Blueberry Point, he would have been content to float on forever down the stream, seated near her in the old punt. Mechanically, he rowed to a big rounded bowlder for their landing place. The current was swift in the bend of

the river, he tried to steady the boat with the oars while she put out her foot to the stone. As her little, flat-soled, bronze slipper touched it, Phoebe jumped onto the clay-covered bowlder, pushing back the boat; it rocked under him with the force of her spring. Suddenly, the girl slipped onto her knees and slid downward, her hands marking long grooves in the slimy surface. With a sharp cry of terror, she splashed into the water between the boat and the rock. A wave rose like the heave of a bosom, and for a moment her blue dress showed faintly through rising white bubbles.

Terrified, he had flung himself into the deep river, reaching and grabbing where he had seen her disappear. As the water closed above his head, he stiffened rigid with horror, whirring thunders filled his ears.

When he came to the surface he threw himself in panic toward the boat and caught hold with one hand of the gunwale. He brushed the water from his blinded eyes. He couldn't see Phoebe, a snag held her by her full blue skirt far down in the water. The flat yellow hat floated away with the pink rosebuds turned up.

His shouts brought old Hensley, Ben's father, who was woodchopping, back a little way from the bank. The man threw down his ax, stripped off his coat and swam toward him as he was floating down stream, one hand clutching the punt as if nailed to its edge; too dazed and indifferent to pull himself into the boat.

"Ef ya'd knowed how to swim," Ben's father had told him afterwards, "ya might hev saved the gel. As 't is, no one's callin' ya a coward fer holdin' to the boat; wouldn't comfort her pa'n'ma to know two was drowned."

These words had passed him by, all except one. That one tore through his mind like a scream. "Coward!" If he had only had the courage to take his hand from the boat . . . he could have died with Phoebe.

Coward! The word rang in his ears next day when he looked at her face. A contented smile lay on the drowned girl's mouth, but her eyes were closed; he never saw again the look that could have made him a man.

He planned to kill himself. Lying face downward, digging his hands and feet into the new turf on Phoebe's grave, he bit his teeth into the soil. Through the night he lay there,

picture after picture of suicidal horrors passing in his brain, but all the time he knew that as sure as morning he would never have the courage to take his own life. In a swirl of sorrow and self-reproach he clung desperately to life, hating himself, torn by a tormented spirit. Coward, coward!

Then, in the extremity of his anguish, he groped toward escape from the possibility of ever experiencing such suffering again. There on Phoebe's grave wisdom was given him and he made a compact with himself . . . never to love again . . . never to love an earthly sight, sound, place, or human being. He must steel himself to insensibility, armor himself against pain. Lacking strength to kill his body, he must turn his whole being to the task of curbing his soul.

Ah, with what pluck he had kept his promise, with what cunning he had schooled himself to keep his vow!

Years after Phoebe's death, he had married. Cross-eyed, cross-tongued, ill-favored shrew! For what other man in the world could Mag have answered a purpose? Little need now for stifling love or pity!

Fear held him before the child was born! Only a girl, thank goodness, sick and plain like its mother! Mag soon spoiled its temper. Even so, Garner had undergone a fearful struggle against the rising affections of a father. After a few years, he breathed easier . . . the peevish child died.

He had things well in hand now, allowing himself few acquaintances and no friends. Mag scolded, threatened. A poor laborer . . . lost one job after another. Certainly, he felt no interest in the work of his hands. To him . . . none of them guessed . . . but to him, to Garner, success lay within.

Tonight he was realizing with unusual self-commendation that he had passed a test. Today, they had buried Mag, yet no ripple of regret stirred the frozen surface of his soul. Her scolding and her cooking he might miss, but, on the whole, her passing was as undisturbing as the lulling of the wind.

Old Garner tipped down the front legs of his chair, rose, and shuffled over the length of the narrow rickety piazza to the kitchen. The Hensley woman had left four cold boiled potatoes on a blue-edged pieplate in the cupboard. He sliced them into the frying pan with a bit of drippings. The neglected fire in the range was low. Garner opened the drafts

and stuffed in wood. When the potatoes were warm, without waiting to cover their soggy nakedness with crisp, warm, appetizing coats, he ate his supper, leaving the cooling frying pan on the floor for the cat to lick. Filling the stove with coal for the night, as he had seen his wife do, he went slowly upstairs, preceded by the ugly cat.

The smoothness of the other half of the bed excited no pang in Garner's apathetic breast. He laid his head contentedly on his lonely pillow and was soon asleep.

The odor of smoke and the crackling of heated boards finally disturbed him. He jumped out of bed. Mag had been a vigilant guardian of detail; accustomed to leave everything to her, he had forgotten to close the drafts of the stove, and the over-heated smoke pipe had set the woodwork on fire. The house was in flames. Garner drew on his ragged clothes as he hurried down the stairs. Safe in the fresh air of the yard, he saw that nothing could save the little frame dwelling; it was a wonder he himself escaped its doom.

A pleasant calm took the place of the usual agitation of age at such an upheaval. From poverty—or was it wisdom? —Garner had never allowed himself to own a home. If he felt attachment for one house he had rapidly moved to another. Such small possessions as were being consumed before his eyes were associated with use, not with desire.

He was enjoying the fruits of a long toil, that gigantic growth, cultivated until it had wrapped itself around and insulated his soul. The success of his life plan was proved. Alone, on the night after his wife's funeral, the childless old man watched the burning of his home with only gladness in his heart for his own immunity from pain.

A shout and a quick patter of feet! Up the river path, between the elms, Tim and Melissa were hurrying to him. Flames from the burning house threw a roseate glow to the highest arches of the tall trees. From each slender ruddy trunk were flung upwards garlands of infinite rose-clusters. Through this vermilion aisle, over the path lying a brilliant stain across the grass, the two ran toward him, their white clothes dyed pink, their young faces flushed from excitement, the boy panting ahead, the vigorous girl close behind.

"How'd it start?"

"Sent for the fire engine?"

Garner stood with his back to his flaming home, silently watching them.

A sudden cry broke from the burning house, then cry after cry gathered and mounted to terrific screams, the yells of an animal in frantic fear. The deserted cat hurled itself against the bedroom window, scratching the glass with its claws. Its round eyes blazed as it dashed itself again and again against the panes, its paws uplifted against a background of leaping fire.

At the first cry Garner turned. For years the cat had spent every evening in his lap. When a kitten, it was given to the child, who maltreated it. Afterwards, Mag hated the animal, accused it of bringing the contagion by which the child died. To Garner the poor outcast had appealed with a sure instinct, he had protected it and, without his realizing, it had insinuated itself into his lap.

Again and again, the cat bobbed above the window sill and fell back, an agonized Jack-in-the-box. A rush of tenderness for his imperiled pet blazed up in Garner's dry, empty heart. He ran into the house, up the smoke-filled stairs, and into the trembling heat of the bedroom. He threw open the window, the cat was through it like a flash. Picking itself up on the ground below, it scurried off under some bushes to lick its stinging paws. Garner tried to go back. Flames guarded the doorway. He turned to jump out of the window, but smoke overpowered him, and he crumpled to the floor like a pile of ashes.

To Garner it seemed as if he continued falling, falling, but all was cool now after terrific heat, the air cleared of stifling smoke, the sound of crackling and of rushing stilled—all cool, fresh, still. He saw Phoebe's hat . . . Phoebe's wide shade hat floating, not away from him now, but toward him on slanting bands of crimson air, the roses no longer sodden and brown from river ooze, but tinted a fresh pink. Then up a glowing path under a rosy bower, Phoebe . . . Phoebe herself was coming to him, her limbs moving with sober eagerness through that same arching avenue of dancing rose lights where he had seen Tim and Melissa run. She opened her mouth to speak, but at the sound of the first word, it was not . . . not Phoebe's voice . . . it was Melissa who broke into the old man's dream.

"What did you do it for?" Melissa was crying, "what did you do it for? You might have been killed, oh, Timmie, Timmie-boy!"

Garner was awake now, he opened his smoke-scorched eyes, he was lying on the grass in the side yard. Suddenly the roof of the house crashed in, and a pyramid of flames and sparks shot far up into the night. By the glaring light he saw the boy and girl standing near, Tim kissing her, Melissa crying. The boy was gray from smoke, his white clothes smudged and burned.

The old man grunted and stirred, the young people turned quickly and bent over him.

"Y'all right now, sir?" asked Tim, slipping an arm round Melissa.

He understood now, old Garner understood. He winked the soot from his eyes, the smoke cleared from his brain. He jumped to his feet and sprang angrily at the boy, a grotesque, humped, blackened demon, his yellow teeth clenched, his fists doubled, words hissing from his mouth.

"Ya went in thar arter me . . . ya might o' been killed. . ."

"Of course, he went in . . . climbed up outside by the vines . . . you'd have been fried crisp if he hadn't!" Melissa was instantly Tim's champion.

"Ya fool . . . ya fool . . . ya d——— fool!" Garner lashed himself into a fury so hot that it threatened to incinerate the shriveled body Tim had rescued from the flames. "Ya knew the gel cared, ya was reskin' ya life, ya was reskin' her happiness fer a man ya wouldn't stop to kick from ya path!"

Tim stood tall and straight, Melissa's dark head pressed against his stained shirt.

"And you, sir," he said, grinning down at old Garner, "you . . . you risked your life for a cat!"

New Books.

THE SCIENCE OF EDUCATION IN ITS SOCIOLOGICAL AND HISTORICAL ASPECTS. By Otto Willmann, Ph.D. Authorized Translation from the Fourth German Edition by Felix M. Kirsch, O.M.Cap. Beatty, Penna.: Archabbey Press. $3.00.

Catholic educators have received, with universal approval, Father Kirsch's translation of Professor Otto Willman's *The Science of Education in Its Sociological and Historical Aspects.* The need of this, and other translations along similar lines, has been felt by everyone actively interested in the progress of the science of education. American Catholic scholars have written very little about education from the scientific point of view. Their contributions have been mostly controversial, due to the political and economic conditions under which the Catholic school exists in our country. There has been little, too little, discussion of the philosophical foundations which underlie the Catholic position in education. In practice, every Catholic educator has been following the methods and principles consecrated by centuries of acceptance and practical experience.

Dr. Willmann's work comes to us, we hope, as the beginning of a long series of translations of French and German pedagogical treatises. The consequence of the publication of such translations will be to stimulate Catholic educators to a more extended study of their own problems, as well as to deepen our knowledge and appreciation of the results of the fruitful scholarship of European thinkers, which has been for so long to most of us a closed book.

The first volume of *The Science of Education* is mainly historical, reviewing in a scientific manner the growth and development of educational theory and practice up to and including modern times. Oriental, Greek, Roman, mediæval and modern education are treated successively, with the sure hand of a scholar acquainted with all the historical facts. Willmann's interpretations are based on sound psychology, and his evaluations are the result of a deep insight into the correct philosophical principles which support the Christian theory of life. Noteworthy is his splendid analysis of the school system of the Middle Ages. A special chapter is given to the ethos of mediæval education. His treatment of modern educators, and particularly of Herbart,

is admirable. Herbart has exercised a great influence on American education, and is chiefly responsible for its present sociological trend. This process of educational socialization, under the leadership of men like Professor Dewey, has reached such a pass that public education has now become a mere machine for turning out citizens. Willmann points out the defects in this theory. He accepts the necessity of a more highly developed social efficiency as one of the end results of the modern school, but very vigorously protests against making this the only result. Man is something more than a creature of the State. He has a soul; he has religious, moral and æsthetic impulses which must be educated and satisfied. To ignore their existence is to bring disaster to the individual, and to the State as well.

"True progress consists in permeating the historical method with the ideal and not in joining the ideal to the study of historical facts." Catholic educators are not likely to forget this axiom, imbued, as they are, with a deep-rooted sense of the historical continuity of their system of education. The study of this history will reveal to them its many excellencies; will point out the errors to be avoided, and should develop a spirit of coöperation and of mutual assistance, which will advance the efficiency of the Catholic school to such a point that even its most prejudiced critics must bow before the evidences of the thorough work it is doing.

ST. BERNARD'S TREATISE ON CONSIDERATION. Translated from the original Latin by a priest of Mount Melleray. Dublin: Brown & Nolan. 7 *s.* 6 *d.*

Such a well-known classic on the spiritual life as St. Bernard's *De Consideratione* needs neither a review nor a recommendation. As well might one venture upon an appraisal of the Epic of Homer, of the *Divina Commedia* of Dante, or of the drama of Shakespeare, on whose unique excellence there is unanimous accord. But what is news, and welcome news to the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, is the fact that this most precious work of the Mellifluous Doctor of the Church—one of the safest and most attractive guides for souls—has found a worthy expression in the vernacular. The translator, who modestly conceals his personal and even religious name, under the general title of a Mount Melleray priest, has done his work well. The translation has an easy flow, a simplicity of style, and felicity of idiomatic expression befitting the original, and not too common to versions. The Treatise on Meditation was composed by the holy monk of Clairvaux for the benefit of his former disciple,

the then Supreme Pontiff, Eugene III. One is impressed with the frank courage of the spiritual adviser, and the docile patience of the eminent disciple who must have encouraged such candid criticism and outspoken direction. What St. Bernard did for Pope Eugene, he has done for all succeeding Popes, who find in *De Consideratione* a luminous mirror in which they can behold clearly reflected their own spiritual countenances. The treatise has been well named the *Deuteronomium Pontificum*—the ideal of the divine law by which are guided the consciences of the Vicars of Christ, who must conform their lives to the sublime dignity of their office, and discharge properly their duties as the ministers of the humble Nazarene, as "the Servants of the servants of God."

As the motives and means of eternal salvation are fundamentally alike for all mankind, from the sovereign Pontiff to the simplest peasant, the treatise affords spiritual nutriment to satisfy the souls of all, but is more especially adapted to the needs of those dedicated to religion, and whose mission is to lead others along the pathway of God. Here is no dry disquisition on meditation, but a flowing fountain of limpid wisdom that refreshes and inspires the reader. The priests library and prie dieu will profit much by the presence of this precious volume. For to save the land from desolation, religious meditation must find an intimate place in the daily life of the spiritual leaders.

THE WORK OF THE BOLLANDISTS. By Hippolyte Delehaye, S.J. Princeton: Princeton University Press. $2.50 net.

The Abbé Migne's patristic and theological collection astounded Matthew Arnold when he beheld it filling shelf after shelf in the British Museum Library. It impressed him with a sense of the immensity of the Church's sacred lore, and of the rich treasures of human life which are stored within her pale. Beside it, on the shelves, were "the white folios of the *Acta Sanctorum*," a work of similar magnitude, embracing a wide range of human interests. To it the stricture which Arnold hastened to pass on the Abbé Migne's compilation: "Do not seek in it impartiality, the critical spirit," would be singularly inapplicable. For the truth, and nothing but the truth, is the object of this definitive edition of the lives and acts of the Saints—the work of the Bollandists. It marks the introduction of the critical scientific spirit into the domain of hagiography.

To quote Father Delehaye's notable memoir of the labors of the Bollandists through three centuries, 1615-1915: "The *Acta Sanctorum* is constructed as a series of three hundred and sixty-

five units corresponding to the dates of the calendar, each one divided into a series of monographs, devoted to the saints honored on each respective day." With a directness and simplicity of presentation he narrates the story of this gigantic task, and the respective parts played in it by the Jesuit Fathers, Rosweyde, Bollandus, Henschen and Papebroch, in whom the ardor of religion and scholarship flamed with the passion of a consecration. The difficulties of their undertaking, which involved the quest of materials through all the libraries of Europe, the collating and redaction of countless manuscripts, the nice discrimination between credulity and hypercriticism in dealing with the legends of the Saints, can be realized in all their actuality by a perusal of his detailed treatment of them in these illuminating pages. When to these problems are added the grave opposition aroused by the decisions of the Bollandists in rejecting apocryphal traditions, and the long obscuration of their energies occasioned by the suppression of this Society, and the dispersion of their libraries at the time of the French Revolution, the development of their enterprise to within measurable distance of completion seems a marvelous achievement. Of this age-long *Lampadephoria*—torch-race—toward the goal of historic truth, Father Delehaye's monograph is a remarkable record. Written with a singular competence and intimacy by a savant who is thoroughly *au fait* in all the bearings of his subject, the book is a worthy memorial of the tercentenary of the *Acta Sanctorum*. It is furnished with an appendix containing a complete bibliography of the Bollandist publications.

GOETHE'S LITERARY ESSAYS. Edited by J. E. Spingarn. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $2.00.

Professor Spingarn has done students of literature a real favor; for he has gathered into a single and well-made volume, golden pages from one of the great masters of literature. As divergent-minded judges as Carlyle, Matthew Arnold and Sainte-Beuve acclaimed Goethe the supreme literary critic of all time and, whatever might be said against so superlative an opinion, certainly Goethe's many-sidedness, his undoubted genius, and his keen insight all conspired to give his judgments on literature a value too great to be ignored. All phases of his critical activity are represented in this excellent volume, which is the work of several translators, all of high standard. Some of the selections now appear in English for the first time.

Goethe was keenly interested in French and in English literature, no less than in German, and for the English reader

there will be much to stimulate thought in his sympathetic appreciation of Shakespeare. Those of us who have found the great dramatist's plays strangely failing in power to lift us out of ourselves, can find much to ponder over in Goethe's declaration: "Shakespeare gets his effect by means of the living word, and it is for this reason that one should hear him read, for then the attention is not distracted either by a too adequate or too inadequate stage-setting. There is no higher . . . pleasure than to sit with closed eyes and hear a naturally expressive voice recite, not declaim, a play of Shakespeare's."

Goethe was no hard and fast critic, and as he re-read a book and found that it appealed to him in a new light, he did not hesitate to revise his earlier opinions and even to call attention to corrected impressions or reversals of judgments. It was because of his open-mindedness to new impressions that his critical *dicta* appear perennially fresh and stimulate the reader by their frankness and their vitality.

The task of collecting these admirable and valuable essays required a scholar. It found one in Professor Spingarn, to whom the lovers of the best in literature owe genuine gratitude for this volume.

THE INDWELLING OF THE HOLY SPIRIT. By R. P. Froget, O.P. Translated by the Rev. Sidney A. Raemers, M.A. New York: The Paulist Press. $2.25.

One of the striking facts of Cardinal Manning's life—and equally of others of the Oxford Movement—was the prominence of his devotion to the Holy Ghost. This portion of Catholic dogma, as much as any other, forced him to give his allegiance to the Roman Catholic Church. It is strange, therefore, that in the decades that have since passed, there have been but few writings which consider the relation of the Holy Spirit to the souls of men. Father Froget's admittedly standard work, in the present excellent translation, should serve to revive interest in this fascinating theology. The readers will find, perhaps to their surprise, that there is not here question of the ecstasies of mysticism. They will have to bear with a scientific and technical exposition of dogma, that demands closest, most detailed and abstract thought. The end, however, will repay the pains. It is shown that every soul which possesses the grace of God, in this world as in the next, is bound in most intimate ties with the Spirit of God, and, through the Spirit, with the Father and the Son. In the strictest meaning of the words, the Spirit dwells in the soul; makes of the soul a temple and a sanctuary; raises the

soul to the dignity of being an adoptive son of God, co-heir with Christ to the felicity of divine beatitude. In a word, St. Peter spoke literal truth and not metaphor when he declared that the faithful are partakers of the divine nature.

Father Froget proves on every page that his doctrine is not the creation of pious imagination, but rather the constant tradition of the Church. He takes St. Thomas of Aquinas as his chief guide; but there are, too, many beautiful transcriptions from the writings of St. Augustine and the Greek Fathers. The reading of this volume must give a new and deepened consciousness of the meaning of Christian personality, and a strong inspiration to a fuller and more Christian life.

ST. JUSTIN THE MARTYR. By C. C. Martindale, S.J. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.75.

In this little treatise, Father Martindale considers in detail the work of the early apologists of Christianity, which he sketched in outline in the introductory volume of *Catholic Thought and Thinkers*. He sums up the results of St. Justin's labors by saying that he helped Europe to an understanding of God, of Christ and of the Christo-centricity of history. He dwells at length on the rationale of his defence of Christianity—his insistence on its truth and moral beauty, and on divine revelation as the only means of attaining an adequate knowledge of God. How St. Justin disengaged the true idea of God from the false elements of the pagan conception, how, for the Stoics and Platonists of his time, he set forth the personality of Christ in terms of the *Logos*, and emphasized for the Jews the unique fulfillment in Him of the prophecies of the Old Testament—these are the main features of his exposition. Father Martindale's study is decidedly individual and discriminating.

THE LIFE OF THE WEEVIL. By J. H. Fabre. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50.

In 1915, at the age of ninety-two, still intent upon his studies, died the author of this book, a living encyclopædia of entomological knowledge, and by degrees the diligence of his translator, Mr. Texeira de Mattos, is making his works known to the English reading world. That which deals with the weevils has all the fascination of the other volumes, in which Fabre's wonderful discoveries are summed up. The weevil is a stubby snouted, unpromising little beetle, of which there are many varieties. There is even a New York Weevil (*Ithycerus Noveboracensis* is its title), though Fabre does not deal with it, no doubt because it prefers

the fruit and hickory trees of its native State to those of Provence, where, by the way, there are no hickories.

To anyone doubting the interest of this book, we would say: "Begin at Chapter V. and study the Elephant Weevil, and then you will not need to be told to begin at the beginning and go right through." Of course, there are great lessons to be learned from these humble creatures, altogether transcending their funny little ways. Fabre, after his long life of study, comes to the conclusion that the fathomless depths of instinct, almost terrifying in their vastness, reveal a purpose and a guiding hand in nature. Though he feels, with most other real workers, that "the last word of knowledge is doubt," he has no doubt as to the point just mentioned. "Matter is governed by a sovereign will," and again "the humble Cionus, for its part, tells us of a primordial force, the motive power of the smallest as of the greatest things." The book badly wants a much fuller index, and would be greatly improved by a plate showing a few weevils, in order that the unbiological reader—who can greatly profit by this book—may see what kind of creatures it is that he is reading about.

THE SISTERS OF THE I. H. M. By a Member of the Scranton Community. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $5.00.

An impressive history is presented here, of a sort, welcome to all devout Catholics, as is implied in the foreword by the Bishop of Scranton, to whom the work is dedicated. One marvels to read of what were the beginnings of the Congregation of the Sisters Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, which in 1920 celebrated its diamond jubilee: how Father Louis Gilet, Redemptorist, founded at Monroe, Michigan, the community "that was to effect so much for God and for His holy Church," three young women being the first candidates to be clothed in the habit chosen by Father Gilet, and to make their vows according to the formula of the Redemptorist Rule. In less than two months, the first academy was opened—a log cabin of two rooms—wherein, nevertheless, a system of education was at once established which compares favorably with any to be found in our modern institutions.

It is the old, but always new and wonderful, story of great things from small, from the tiny foundation in Monroe to the foundation in Pennsylvania, where throughout the diocese of Scranton stately structures, convents, colleges, academies and various other institutions rise in imposing numbers to bear witness to the growth of the congregation and the extent of its achievements.

The book is admirably written. That it was a labor of love is manifest in every line; but the author brought also to her task powers of graceful, concise expression, discretion, and a rare faculty of selection. It must have been scattered material that she has amassed and coördinated into a coherent, vital narrative, which ends with a description of the observances of the diamond jubilee, and has for its final words the opening sentences of the *Magnificat.*

Satisfying in every other respect, the work gives one cause for regret, that so valuable a record was not made more easily available for reference. A synopsis of each chapter, covering the main points, is contained in the table of contents, but there is no index; an omission which makes it difficult to refresh one's memory concerning many unlisted items that are both interesting and noteworthy.

A word of appreciation is due to the publishers for the format of the volume, which, though large and profusely illustrated, is not unwieldy.

THE CHURCH IN ENGLAND. By the Rev. George Stebbing, C.SS.R. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. $5.00 net.

Recent years have seen the publication of an exceptional number of volumes on the history of the Church in England. To the contributions of Bishop Ward and Monsignor Burton, for example, have been added valuable period studies by the brilliant Jesuit, Father Hull, and much biographical matter by the versatile Father Martindale of the same order.

Nevertheless, to those who know Father Stebbing's *Story of the Catholic Church,* announcement that the scholarly Redemptorist has produced a study of the Church in England from the first century to the twentieth will be welcome news. Nor will any expectation raised by the quality of the former work fail of realization for any reader of *The Church in England.* The same thoroughness which marked the widely read *Story* is manifested in every chapter of the present history. The same faculty of presenting a striking situation in a few pages, not only without minimizing its importance, but actually with the increased dramatic effect of few, but carefully chosen, words, makes the volume as interesting as it is instructive.

The quality of sane reasonableness, shown for instance in the treatment of the difference in opinion between Newman and Manning in regard to the use of the older universities by Catholics and in the exposition of other matters, of which many readers will have more or less first-hand knowledge, is applied from the

first chapter to the last. It is difficult to call to mind a work on English history which could be offered by Catholics to their non-Catholic friends with more certainty that while the Catholic position is consistently and capably maintained, nothing of bitterness will be encountered from cover to cover.

In addition to a very complete general index and a chronological index, the volume contains a full list of English Catholic leaders from Pope Adrian IV. (Nicholas Breakspear 1154-1159) to Bishop Doubleday of Brentwood, appointed in 1920, and an excellent list of four pages of books of reference.

THE OPPIDAN. By Shane Leslie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

In these days, when every writer, sooner or later, tries his hand at the novel, it is not surprising that so brilliant and versatile a man of letters as Shane Leslie, the editor of the *Dublin Review,* should make use of the form. The first work in fiction that comes from his pen is a story of the English public school, Eton, at the close of the nineteenth century. Himself a loyal Etonian, he has attempted to preserve in a novel the period of his own school days, and in the career of Peter Darley, the central character of the story, one fancies there is a good deal of autobiography. As a novel, however, the book is too episodic; in fact, it is less a novel than a series of vivid pictures and personal recollections. Yet few are the readers who will not forgive the author for these delightful digressions. The spirit of Eton, with all her traditions, her customs, her routine, her "Dames," collegers and oppidans, he has caught remarkably well; and in creating Darley, Socston and Ullathorne he has added three portraits to the all too small gallery of college characters.

THE JESUITS. By Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S.J. New York: The Encyclopedia Press. $5.00.

Father Campbell, well known for his excellent historical studies, has written a popular history of the Society of Jesus that is at once readable, interesting and impartial. He has acquitted himself well of an almost impossible task: to give within the compass of about nine hundred pages a summary of the history of this most distinguished body of men, who have been maligned and calumniated by critics from the very days of St. Ignatius.

This fascinating volume describes the origins of the Society, and gives us brief sketches of St. Ignatius and his companions, and a fair estimate of Jesuit scholarship, missionary activity, educational work and spirituality. All the old calumnies born of

Jansenism or the Protestant hatred of the Church's champions in England and Germany, are here answered simply and fully. The book is not all panegyric, for Father Campbell does not hesitate to denounce the stupidity or malice of a La Valette, a Gretser, a Bobadilla or a Rodriguez.

The book has been severely criticized by English reviews, both Catholic and non-Catholic, but they fail to grasp the fact that the author is not writing for scholars, but for the man in the street. We willingly grant that there are a few mistakes of fact, a few repetitions, and a few colloquialisms, but we challenge Father Campbell's critics to produce a volume equally as good on so difficult and so comprehensive a subject. We recommend this volume highly to our readers, and feel confident that the few slips pointed out so earnestly by the critics will be corrected in a new edition.

A SHORT STORY OF THE IRISH PEOPLE. By Mary Hayden and George Moonan. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $7.00.

The authors of this work assert that "its only claim to originality is with regard to the manner of presentation, the method of arrangement and the general treatment."

It is to be feared that many readers may be tempted to ask why such striving after originality was necessary. The manner of presentation and the method of arrangement are not without value, especially since they are supported by an admirable index; but occasionally they are mildly exasperating. They appear to call for some reference to every movement and every phase of Irish development, and the result is sometimes both sketchy and unsatisfactory. For example, the student of present-day offects in Ireland who seeks to evaluate causes more or less recent, will be surprised to find the "Plan of Campaign" dismissed in a few lines with the statement that it was extensively adopted, "and it resulted in some good certainly, but perhaps in more evil."

History in outline may be here, but history, to be of full value, must be presented with some sense of proportion; merely to chronicle the happenings, big and little, in the life of a national family, without consideration for their relative importance, is not to tell accurately the story of a people.

To this general criticism there must be one exception. An endeavor is made to trace the development of Irish literature in all of the stages of Ireland's life, and not without some degree of success.

In a word, the volume may be recommended to those who

have other histories of the Irish people on their shelves and desire a book of ready reference. It contains a little about many things, not much about any one thing except the literature of Ireland, and not quite enough about that.

LIFE OF ST. JOHN FRANCIS REGIS. By Robert E. Holland, S.J. Chicago: Loyola University Press. $1.00 net.

Lives of saints are apt to be rejected by those who need them most, such as young people who crave tales of heroes and high enterprise, and who are attracted by a charming literary style. Father Holland's story of St. Francis Regis is a tale of high enterprise, charmingly told, and through its pages walks a more delightful figure than ever fiction produced. We meet him first, a light-hearted youth at the end of a long journey, whose goal was what the author calls the "forge in which religious are fashioned"—the Jesuit novitiate. We are given a backward glance at a happy childhood; we read about him as a happy novice, affable and loving in his dealings with others, universally liked. We are told about his high enterprises, about the difficulties and disappointments which throughout his life continued the shaping of the "forge," forming him into a fine instrument for a great work. Finally, we are told of his call to his crown. The book should delight young people of all ages, it should hold their interest from the opening sentence to the last.

THE ITALIAN CONTRIBUTION TO AMERICAN DEMOCRACY. By John H. Mariano, Ph.D. Boston: The Christopher Publishing House. $3.00 net.

In this work the author endeavors to present to us just what the Italians have contributed to American democracy. He takes the city of New York as the subject of his study. It is a book of statistics with the necessary explanatory information, interesting as statistical exposition often is, and written with an effort to avoid bias and religious prejudice. How well the author has succeeded in this respect will best be determined by those whose knowledge of the Italians in America is large, and gained by personal observation and study. For the most part, he has the facts well in hand. The book is a sociological study that deals with the number and distribution of the Italian population, the occupations, the health, the standard of living, literacy, citizenship, and social welfare. It studies the psychological traits of the Italian people, grouping them as "types"—the tenement type, the business type, the college type and the professional type. It discusses minutely the social, religious, athletic and other clubs, and

the various associations, dramatic, musical, educational and recreational, that express the Italian activity in New York. One of the interesting chapters is that which presents a symposium on what the Americans of Italian extraction contribute to American democracy. In this, various individuals express their opinions as to what the Italian gains and what he loses in his contact with the institutions of this country. It is a valuable work in many ways, not only to the social worker, the priest and the educator, but to all who are interested in the question of how the buoyant, ardent south Europeans find freedom in American life.

THE NORSE DISCOVERERS OF AMERICA. By G. M. Gathorne-Hardy. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

Who first discovered America? It is the question with which this very scholarly and fascinating book is occupied, and we are sure that it will find, as it deserves, a host of readers on this side of the Atlantic. The traveler who has labored up the steep sides of Brandon Mountain in the Kingdom of Kerry and sat on the low wall of the Oratory, now in ruins, which crowns its summit, will never altogether abandon the belief that St. Brendan, "the Navigator," whose Oratory this is, actually did get to the shores of America in the fifth or sixth century, and that there is a grain of truth in the intolerable amount of myth which forms the bulk of the "Voyages" of this early saint. Mr. Hardy, of course, deals only with the Norse documents and, in his opinion, Bjarni Herjulfson was the first to see America, though he did not land on its shores, in 986, that is to say four years after Eric, the Red, had discovered Greenland and in the actual year in which, for the first time, it was colonized. In 1000 Iceland became Christian, and two years afterwards Leif actually landed on the shores of Vineland the Good, otherwise North America. On his voyage, he first passed a land of flat rocks, which he called Helluland; then one of a low-lying character with woods and white strands, which he called Markland; arriving, finally, at a spot where Tyrker, one of his crew and a German, found vines and grapes and was able to identify them, which, of course, none of the Norsemen could have done. Hence, the name Vineland.

Eighteen years after Leif, Karlsefni made a further voyage to explore the sites already visited and to discover new ones. The first place, not already mentioned, which he encountered he called Furdustrands—the Wonderful Beaches—because "it was a desolate place and there were long beaches and sands there." From this he came to a fiord of strong currents, which he called

Straumsfiord, and sailing down it, he reached a spot which he called Hóp, where he encountered the "skraelings," or savages, a place where there was a land-locked estuary with a river running into it from the north.

What are these places in terms of modern geography? Many attempts have been made to identify them, and there are naturally considerable divergencies of opinion on the subject. We shall briefly indicate Mr. Hardy's identifications with the statement that he seems to us to have made out a very excellent case for them. For a fuller account of that case, we must refer readers to the book itself. Helluland is Newfoundland and Labrador looked upon, as may well be done, as one country. Markland is Nova Scotia. Vineland, the eastern seaboard of New England, the landing having been made at "some place in the neighborhood of Chatham harbor on the heel of the Barnstable peninsula." Furdustrands, he thinks to be the beaches south of Cape Cod, and Long Island Sound seems to be Straumsfiord, in which case Hóp would be the bay or estuary of the Hudson River, constituting the modern approach to New York. One further fact of interest: in 1221 Eric, Bishop of Greenland, for it had a bishop in those days, sailed for Vineland, as we may feel sure, with a view to preaching Christianity to the "skraelings." He was never heard of more: perhaps he was the protomartyr of North America: perhaps he never reached that country, but perished at sea.

THE INTERNATIONAL PROTECTION OF LABOR. By Boutelle Ellsworth Lowe, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

This book is concerned chiefly with the movement for international labor legislation before the outbreak of the World War and with the results of that movement in the form of actual covenants between nations. The labor clauses of the Treaty of Versailles and the draft conventions and recommendations of the Labor Organization of the League of Nations, are recorded only in a supplementary way. The value of the volume is to be found in the description which it gives of the long fight for international agreements for the establishment of labor rights, and of the very considerable measure of success attained in the struggle before the "Labor Charter" was incorporated in the Peace Treaty. It is not an easily flowing narrative, but it offers to the student of this phase of labor legislation a rich treasury of facts and documents and an exhaustive bibliography.

The Catholic interested in programmes of social reform through legislation, will naturally seek for some statement of the

activities of the Catholics of Europe in forwarding the movement for protection of the workers through international agreement. Nor will he be disappointed. Early in the story, he will meet references to the important parts played by such individual leaders as Count Albert de Mun and such groups as the German Catholic Party. And he will be glad to find recognition of the fact that several months before the Encyclical on *The Condition of the Working Classes* was given to the world, Pope Leo XIII., in reply to a request from the German Emperor that he lend his aid and sanction to the Berlin Conference, "heartily endorsed the deliberations of a conference that might tend to relieve the condition of the worker, secure for him a Sabbath day's rest, and raise him above the exploitation of those who, without respect to the dignity of his manhood, his morality or his home, treat him as a vile instrument."

THE GREAT DECEPTION. By Samuel Colcord. New York: Boni & Liveright. $1.50 net.

The Great Deception is a deceptive title. The author fears that a false interpretation may be put upon the vote given President Harding in his election to the Presidency. He asks if it is not possible that a misunderstanding arise from this vote, and then goes on to draw his conclusions from the results of the last Presidential election. He believes that the tremendous vote was a "mandate" to Senator Harding, but he feels also that "it would be most unfortunate if he (President Harding) or the Senate or other national leaders should hold an entirely wrong conception of what that mandate really was and, in obedience to that wrong conception, seek to put into effect a mandate which was never given."

His view of what he calls the "great consummation" is not primarily the establishment of the League of Nations, but that the United States "do something effective for the prevention of war—something to put the great influence of the United States actively and permanently on the side of peace preservation." He then explains why pro-League Republicans voted for Harding, and shows that their vote was due to a determination not to tolerate and forgive "a falling back into doing nothing—continued isolation, which would mean destruction to our own financial, commercial and industrial prosperity, destruction to the world in which we must be inextricably involved and the end of hope for world peace." In President Harding, the author sees a man elected by the people's votes who will not disappoint them.

The book deals with a problem of the greatest importance,

not only to the statesmen and politicians of the United States, but also to the people at large. However, its effectiveness is destroyed by its frankly partisan spirit. It is too bad that the publishers, in their cover announcements, try to make the book sensational. It is not in the slightest sensational. It is a partisan treatment of a question that has become a problem, because it has always been treated in a partisan way.

THE BEGGAR'S VISION. By Brookes More. Boston: The Cornhill Publishing Co. $2.00.

This handsomely gotten up volume contains seven poems, gracefully done and superbly illustrated. Mr. More has a keen sense of music in verse, considerable scholarship and an instinct for subjects which lend themselves to poetical treatment. He has not, however, found himself as yet. His narrative is weak, because he avoids the connections between episodic moments for fear, by treating them, he may wander away from essential poetry. In consequence, he is frequently vague even when treating such well-known themes as Orpheus and Eurydice. "Sinners All" is vague as to point, as well as treatment. Mr. More harks back frequently to the poets whom he has studied and, no doubt, come to love. The gallery is a diversified one: there are echoes of Chaucer, of Poe in "The Valley Mysterious" and in "The Last of Lost Eden" and of eighteenth century verse in such lines as "His lovely mate restored by Pluto's grant," and such phrases as "that silent valve" applied to a door. Mr. More has a slight poetic gift; he is still far off from the domain of real poets.

THE HOPE OF THE FUTURE. By Edward E. Eagle. Boston: The Cornhill Publishing Co. $2.00.

This book has been written, the author announces in his preface, "for the hundred million Americans who have never gone outside the boundaries of their continent." It has been written to demonstrate to the fair-minded American business man that "the British Empire is a philanthropic institution that might have been designed for his especial benefit." Even the Monroe Doctrine, which Mr. Eagle regards as "the corner-stone of our foreign policy," appears to have become distinctly British since our author returned from five years of travel, for "the American taxpayer has not been required to contribute anything for its support. The real bulwark of its defence has been the British Navy."

But then, all kinds of things have happened while Mr. Eagle was studying affairs abroad, noting that "instead of concealing our lack of taste, we shout it for everyone to hear," and that "all children (in England) are better mannered than American boys

and girls." For example, the seat of government of Canada has been transferred over night from Ottawa to another city, and not a single benighted American was aware of the change. Here is the Honorable Arthur Meighan writing a commendation of *The Hope of the Future* from "Prime Minister's Office, Toronto, Canada." The Honorable Arthur is confident that "this book will help its readers to know better the real character and purpose of the Empire as it exists today." He thinks that, "above all, we must endeavor to understand each other better." Doubtless this was held firmly in mind by Mr. Meighan when, as one of the leading opponents of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's reciprocity proposals, he helped to bring into office the party whose campaign slogan had been: "No Truck or Trade With the Yankees."

Another letter of praise comes from "Prime Minister's Office, Belfast, Ireland." From Sir James Craig we learn that "men of the old Ulster stock . . . served in the army at Washington." We feel grateful. Washington is a mighty fine—and safe—place in which to serve in the army.

Altogether an instructive and an entertaining book. A trifle unfair, now and then, to the great British Empire perhaps, as in that reference to Americans and "their Continent," but in all other respects worthy a place on library shelves beside *Gulliver* and *The Innocents Abroad.*

HUMAN DESTINY AND THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY, by J. Godfrey Raupert, K.S.G. (Philadelphia: Peter Reilly. $1.25.) This little book is timely and refreshing. The famous French astronomer and scientist, Camille Flammarion, claims to have sure evidence that spiritistic phenomena are caused by the souls of the dead communicating back to this plane. Professor Richet flatly contradicts this, and stoutly maintains that all phenomena commonly attributed to spirits must be attributed to the faculties of the human mind, of which we still are ignorant. Mr. Raupert, with calm and poise, asserts that, when rightly interpreted, the phenomena give a striking confirmation to many of the fundamental truths of Christianity.

The author's well-known and valuable contributions on the subject of Spiritism gives this volume an authority too often lacking in Catholic pronouncements.

Mr. Raupert believes, and with good grounds, that so-called spirit manifestations are the work of "evil intelligences" with no good design toward those who are still on this plane, a cunning Satanism to deceive, if possible, even the elect.

In *Human Destiny and the New Psychology* he uses his extensive knowledge of the subsconscious mind to show to what an extent modern research, when rightly interpreted, confirms the teaching of the Catholic Church respecting the "Last Things."

The chapters on Psychological Law and Human Immortality, God and Man, and Man's Spiritual Enemies are especially commendable and timely in view of the present-day revival of spiritistic vagaries.

Many theologians will differ from and regret the treatment of hell and its torments on pages 65 and 66. But at a time when Spiritism is attracting world-wide attention, this little volume, with its sane and balanced views, will do much good.

THE ESSENCE OF THE HOLY MASS, a new theory by Rev. Willibald Hackner. (St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. 25 cents net.) For centuries theologians have discussed the question: In what does the essence of the Mass consist?

St. Thomas, St. Bonaventure and others find the sacrificial act in the consecration. Others find it in the consecration and Communion taken together (Cardinal Bellarmine), or in the breaking of the Host and the dropping of the particle in the chalice in connection with Communion. Others (De Lugo, Franzelin) hold a middle view: they regard the consecration as the sacrificial act, and find the destruction of the Victim in the self-abasement of Christ in the sacramental species, wherein He renders His glorified body present on the altar.

Father Hackner thinks the problem may be solved if we establish the right relation between the sacrifice of the Last Supper and the sacrifice of the Cross. He holds that the sacrifice of the Last Supper has the same relation to the sacrifice of the Cross as the *matrimonium ratum* has to the *matrimonium consummatum.* The Last Supper is a *sacrificium ratum*—a contract in which Christ assumes the obligations towards His Heavenly Father of giving up His Body as a holocaust, and of shedding His Blood for the forgiveness of sins (Luke xxii. 19, 20).

The sacrifice of the Cross is a *sacrificium consummatum: i. e.,* on the Cross the contractual obligation assumed at the Last Supper was actually fulfilled, namely, the surrender of the Body of Christ unto death and the shedding of His Blood for the remission of sins.

When Our Lord said to His Apostles: "Do this for a commemoration of Me," He commanded them to continue the sacrifice of the Last Supper. Therefore, the Mass in its entire structure and nature is a *sacrificium ratum.* Consequently, no actual destruction of the Victim takes place therein, but merely a potential destruction of the same, as in the Last Supper. This is expressed in the words of consecration, by which the sacrificial act is accomplished in the Sacrifice of the Mass.

It is not only the sacrificial spirit that Christ, the High Priest, renews in the sacrifice of the Mass, but also the sacrificial contract with His heavenly Father, concluded in the sacrifice of the Last Supper. That means that in each Mass, Christ assumes the obligation towards His Heavenly Father of surrendering His Body to destruction and of shedding His Blood for our redemption.

In the Mass the contract remains potential; it is not actually executed, as was done after the Last Supper. In the Mass, our Heav-

enly Father waives the consummation. For the one consummation on the Cross sufficed for all times, in value and merit, even to redeem a thousand worlds (Heb. ix. 12). Virtually, therefore, the Sacrifice of the Mass reaches back to the sacrifice of the Cross, from which it receives its value and substance. Christ need suffer and die no more, as He did on the Cross; the Heavenly Father is contented with the sacrificial spirit or the sacrificial contract of His only-begotten Son. He dispenses with repeated destruction and shedding of blood, as He did in the case of Abraham's sacrifice on Mount Moriah.

The Eucharistic Sacrifice is identical with the Sacrifice of the Cross, in as far as in both sacrifices the same High Priest offers the same Victim, His Body and Blood, with this difference only, that on the Cross the offering was made *in acta solvendo: i. e.,* in a bloody manner, whereas in the Mass (as at the Last Supper) it is made *in potentia et contrahendo: i. e.,* in an unbloody manner.

MEDITATIONS FOR GOD'S LOVING CHILDREN (To be used by Mothers and Teachers). (New York City: The Cenacle of St. Regis. $1.50.) Under the very modest title of "Meditations," the Religious of the Cenacle have published a volume which will be a valuable addition to the rather limited library available to the teacher of Christian doctrine. The present book is unique, because it supplies the untrained teacher with a method as well as with material. No one would be foolish enough to deny that many a time the mother heart, with its unmeasured resources of love and faith, guided by instinct and grace alone, imparts to the child all that is needed and in the way that is best; but then again, there are teachers, not a few, who, without direction, achieve less than mediocre results. For these latter, the present volume will, in numerous instances, mean the successful completion of a duty that otherwise would remain practically undone.

As His Grace, the Archbishop of New York, writes in a brief and lucid introductory note, precious results have already been obtained by the use of the volume in the classes held at the Cenacle. In fact, these lessons are the fruit of several years of experiment; and constant revision, made on the basis of actual trial, impart a practical and objective character to the book which render it of quite unusual worth.

The present series of Fifteen Lessons, which carry the learner through what may be regarded as the first term, or first year, of instruction, are concerned with the fundamental truths of revelation. A succeeding volume is promised; and the discriminating catechist will be sure to welcome it when it comes.

DENYS, THE DREAMER, by Kathryn Tynan Hinkson. (New York: Benziger Brothers. $2.00.) An obvious story about obvious persons is here presented to us. The scene is laid in Ireland, but the finest characters drawn are those of Jews and Englishmen. Denys is, indeed, a dreamer, a practical dreamer, we are often assured. What is more to his credit, he effectively holds his position as hero between

the covers of the book. He is, of course, Irish, and he is mentioned here rather because he *is* the hero, than for any evidence of literary skill expended on his behalf. There is also a heroine, but she shrinks into oblivion beside the fine character drawing employed in the portrait of the wife of a Jewish money-lender. She has heroic proportions—she is someone to remember; indeed, she is so startlingly clear as to render the other characters, in contrast, exceedingly vague.

IN *Religion, Second Course,* and *Religion, Second Manual,* Dr. MacEachen provides continued application of his theory for the teaching of religion to older children of the primary grades. These two volumes, as those already familiar with *Teaching of Religion* and *Religion, First Course,* and *Religion, First Manual,* know, are to be used in conjunction with each other. The method employed has already been commended by ecclesiastical authority as in line with Scholastic Philosophy, and by prominent educators as following the best thought of modern pedagogues. It is truly educational in that it develops the individual through the knowledge of Divine truths, and aims, as the Archbishop of Toronto so beautifully says: "To teach the Christian religion as a life informed by truth." To make Catholic faith dynamic is today a "consummation devoutly to be wished." Dr. MacEachen is giving lead and direction towards this great end. (New York: The Macmillan Co. 40 cents and $1.40 respectively.)

ST. GREGORY VII., POPE—the "Notre Dame" Series of Lives of the Saints. (St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. $1.80 net.) There is hardly a more stirring period in all Church history than the last quarter of the eleventh century, which witnessed the contest of Pope Gregory VII. with the Emperor Henry IV. over the vexed question of investitures. The first chapter of this book traces briefly the early relations of the Church with the Empire. Then we come to Hildebrand, his career as a monk of Cluny, and the events which led up to his election as Pope at the age of sixty in the year 1073. There is no glossing over wickedness in high places; we see clearly the tremendous problem that faced the saintly Hildebrand when he assumed the Papal dignity. Fortunately, Gregory was the type of saint who is also emphatically a man of action; he proceeded at once to set the Church's affairs in order both spiritually and temporally. One result was that he died in exile; the other was that the Church entered upon a holier and more brilliant epoch in her long history. The part played by the Countess Matilda in behalf of Pope Gregory is clearly set forth. It is interesting to note that in this much-maligned century, here was a devout Christian woman, who was a warrior, who knew four languages well and wrote Latin fluently. The book makes entertaining, as well as profitable, reading.

GOD'S WONDER BOOK, by Marie St. S. Ellerker, O.S.D., with Preface by Very Rev. Vincent McNabb, O.P. (New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.50.) This valuable contribution to the literature of

the Mass is addressed especially to young people. The Mass is the epitome of worship, and those who will study "God's Wonder Book," the Missal, with this scholarly and ardent Dominican cannot fail to find it a revelation and an inspiration to the deepest and highest in Catholic life and doctrine. The book is admirably balanced and well sustained, holding the interest from first to last. The history of the Mass and the symbolism of the Mass not only inform, but inspire to devotion that is basic. The association of ideas and variety of appeal are of real psychological value. *God's Wonder Book* is scarcely adapted to very young readers, but the skillful teacher will find it a guide in interpreting the Mass to the youngest. Children of the higher Grammar Grades, High School students and adults should study it first hand and read and re-read it as they surely will. At the end of each chapter the variations of the Dominican from the Roman rite are noted.

SKETCHES OF BUTTE, by George Wesley Davis (Boston: The Cornhill Publishing Co. $1.75), describes, in about twenty chapters, Butte from the Vigilante days of the early sixties to its development in the present day. The book is written in a flippant newspaper style, and devotes most of its pages to the criminal life of the city, past and present. It is crudely put together, and gives an utterly unfair picture of the city.

THE DOOR, by Daniel Sargent. (Boston: Richard G. Badger.) There are some fine things in this slim volume of poems, as when Mr. Sargent speaks of a far-off time when

> the hills stood tryst
> For sign of a dawn's first amethyst.

The poems are but twenty-six in number, but each is graceful and well turned. In "Verdun," there is the ring of unmistakable poetical eloquence; in "Midnight," an unusual originality of thought; in "The Burial of St. Elizabeth," a tenderness and sympathy which speak well for Mr. Sargent's appreciation of spiritual beauty. There is ardor in "The Annunciation" and an exquisite reverence in "Often at Night," the theme of which is the guardianship of the Blessed Virgin over her earthly children who, tossing restlessly in weary beds, win her compassion and are vouchsafed the boon of sleep.

THE HABIT OF HEALTH, by Oliver Huckel. (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $1.00 net.) This is a book of non-Catholic spirituality, but it contains hardly anything to which we may not subscribe. Of course, it bears no comparison with the masterpieces of Catholic mysticism or asceticism, *v. g.*, the works of St. Teresa or St. Francis de Sales. But neither does it aim so high. Its object is to show that the things of the spirit—prayer, unselfishness, humility, mortification—apart altogether from their moral significance, possess a certain healing

and therapeutic force as well. The book is written in an attractive style, and the quotations, with which it abounds, are apt and well chosen.

THE IDEAL OF REPARATION, by Raoul Plus, S.J. (New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.50 net.) With sin came death into the world, and all our woe. Although God might have condoned man's offences gratuitously, in His providence He deemed it better that wrongdoing on man's part should entail the necessity of making reparation. From Adam on, the law has worked inevitably and inexorably. Father Plus' little book, ably translated by Madame Cecilia, briefly sets forth this basic Christian doctrine under three heads: why reparation should be made, who is to make it, and how it may be made. Simple and unpretending, almost naïve, in style, in the doctrine it preaches lies the salvation of the world. From all sides we hear the cry that mankind is spiritually sick, and there is but one cure: with Clovis, we must burn what we have adored and adore what we have burned. Only thus, will the problems agitating men's souls be ultimately resolved.

THE MAN WHO VANISHED, by John Talbot Smith. (New York: Blase Benziger & Co., Inc. $1.75 net.) It is twenty years since Father Smith attracted the attention of thousands of New Yorkers, non-Catholic as well as Catholic, by a clever novel which introduced, under thin disguise, many well-known public men of a period with which most of the readers of that time were familiar. It is this work known to a previous generation as *The Art of Disappearing,* that is now republished under the title, *The Man Who Vanished.*

The art of writing books of this kind is itself an art in danger of disappearing. Red blooded men and not introspective neurotics are used by the author to develop a plot which really develops. Good men and bad men, they do things; they are not merely sensation experimenters and sensation recorders.

A PICTURE OF MODERN SPAIN, by J. B. Trend. (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $4.50.) The thirty or more essays on the art, literature and music of Modern Spain in this volume have for the most part appeared in English papers and magazines the past four years. The author's sympathies are always with the rationalist anticlericals and apostates of Spain, a small but blatant minority, who, to his mind, are "fighting the same battle against the anti-intellectual attitude, which is being fought in England, France, Germany and Italy."

He has a few interesting things to say about the languages of Spain—Castilian, Basque and Catalan—the novels of Pérez Galdós and Pío Baroja, the Assumption Mystery Play of Elche, the origins and history of Spanish theatre music, the Catalan contribution to Spanish civilization. But he knows nothing of the glories of Catholic Spain, and spoils his volume by his prejudice and unfair attacks upon everything Catholic.

THE CASTAWAYS OF THE BANDA SEA, by Warren H. Miller. (New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75.) This is a tale for youngsters, cut on about the same pattern as hundreds of other adventure stories, but much above the average in its plausibility and interesting detail. The *locale* is the sea, and various ports, of Borneo and New Guinea, and in this unknown and colorful region, the young hero, George, bears a manful part in the romantic happenings attendant upon fire at sea, pearl hunting and leopard stalking. The book does for juveniles, in an unpretending way, somewhat the same service as the novels of Conrad so gorgeously perform for the maturer reader.

THE GANG, by Joseph Anthony. (New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.90.) Mr. Anthony's novel introduces us into the boy world of a New York street, where Harold Diamond, King of the Kids, fights valiantly for membership in the gang. The author gives us some humorous pen pictures of life in a public school, and describes vividly the many adventures of the gang in its constant struggle for supremacy.

STUDENTS of the New Testament will welcome a new edition of the Abbé Fouard's *The Christ, The Son of God,* in paper cover, without notes, put out by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. That this paper edition has already done good service to those who cannot afford the two volume edition, or want a handy traveling companion, is proved by the appearance of this new edition. (75 cents.)

PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS.

From the Catholic Truth Society, London, we have a number of interesting, instructive and devotional pamphlets at two pence each. A short sketch of the life and work of *Venerable Thérèse Haze, Foundress of the Daughters of the Cross* and *The Life and Legend of St. Ildefonsus, Archbishop of Toledo,* by Abbot Cummins, O.S.B. A pamphlet by J. W. Poynter on *Christadelphianism* and its teaching; *The Duties of Parents Towards Their Children,* an illuminating treatise by Bertram Wolferstan, S.J.; *The Doctrinal Witness of the Fourth Gospel,* by Rev. Vincent McNabb, O.P.; *Catholic Foreign Missions,* by Rev. T. A. Sullivan, B.A., treating of the place of Foreign Missions in the economy of the Church, native helpers and clergy, modern missionary organizations, some results of Protestant propaganda, etc.; *The Religion to be Born in,* by Dom Columba Stenson, O.S.B.; *Life and Its Origin,* a scientific paper by B. J. Swindells, S.J., B.Sc.; *The Words of Life,* being "A Handbook of explanations for those seeking knowledge of the Catholic Faith," compiled by C. C. Martindale, S.J.; the story of *Two Conversions;* and "April Showers" and "Pierrette," by G. R. Snell, printed together in a pamphlet, entitled *Two Stories.* A leaflet, *The Church and the Religion of Christ* (price, one half penny), also comes from The Catholic Truth Society.

Other pamphlet publications received are: *Gracefulness or Folly,* edited by Dr. C. Bruehl, on the evil of the modern tendency in dress (New York: Joseph Schaefer); *The Our Father,* five discourses on the Lord's Prayer, by Rev. A. M. Skelly, O.P. (privately printed); and *Little Office of the Passion,* by St. Bonaventure, printed by the Franciscan Herald Press, Chicago.

Recent Events.

France.

The Genoa Economic Conference, after sessions extending over six weeks, held its final meeting on May 19th, with little to show in the way of positive achievement and certainly with no results comparable to the pleasant promise of its beginning. Three things were the main outcome: First, a conference to be held at The Hague to continue the Russian negotiations; second, an eight months' truce whereby the Powers, on the one hand, and Russia, on the other, agree not to attack each other for that period; and third, the Rapallo Treaty between the Germans and Russians.

Russia proved the chief stumbling-block to success, both in herself and also because of the various and conflicting attitudes towards her of France and England. After the Powers had refused the Russian demand for a billion dollar loan in the early sessions, and had laid down certain conditions before they would render Russia any financial assistance whatever, the Russians, on May 11th, sent a reply to the Powers' conditions which made an agreement practically impossible. Not one of the conditions, stipulated by the Powers as the price of resuming commercial relations with Russia, was accepted.

Several attempts were made during the Conference to induce participation by the United States, but these all met with failure, Secretary Hughes making it plain on each occasion that there would be no recognition of the Soviet Government by the United States, or approval of trade between Russia and America, until the Moscow authorities provide guarantees of safety of life and property, the sanctity of contract and the rights of free labor.

In accordance with the decision reached at Genoa, invitations were issued on May 28th by the President of the Genoa Conference for the parleys at The Hague. It is intended that two commissions shall meet there on June 26th, one to comprise experts from the States represented at Genoa, excluding Russia and Germany, and the other commission to consist only of Russian economists.

A preliminary meeting will be held on June 15th, and will be attended by not more than two delegates from all States repre-

sented at Genoa, except Germany and Russia. They, with a limited number of specialists, are expected to determine who will participate in the non-Russian commission. By June 26th, at the latest, it is expected that the names of the Nations and their representatives will be communicated to the Secretariat General, which is under the general jurisdiction of a Holland delegate. The commissions will study the differences that exist between the nations, particularly matters relating to debts, private property and credits to Russia, and endeavor to formulate recommendations for submission to their respective Governments.

The Hague Conference opens with less prospect of success than that at Genoa, as not only has the United States found it necessary to decline participation in this Conference also, but France shows an evident reluctance to attend. On June 3d, Premier Poincaré sent to all the Powers, including the United States, a carefully prepared note setting forth the French position towards Russia.

The French Premier holds that all the Powers should unite in declaring that, first of all, Moscow must withdraw the Russian memorandum of May 11th, and accept unreservedly recognition of Russia's pre-war debt, her war debt, and the return of foreign-owned private property nationalized in Russia! Moreover, the Russians must drop their counter-claims for 50,000,000,000 gold rubles, and must realize and accept the fact that they can get no loan at this time.

It is M. Poincaré's plan that only after the Soviet shall have accepted these conditions, may experts of the Powers profitably study the situation in Russia and the means which may be taken to help the Russian peoples. He refuses absolutely to take part at The Hague in another battle of politics as to the relative theoretic value of the capitalist and communist systems of government.

The disquieting prospect that France would bring further pressure to bear on Germany with the extension of her military occupation, was eliminated on May 28th by the German reply to the demands of the Reparations Commission. The Commission had delivered an ultimatum giving Germany till May 31st in which to comply with certain conditions, the most important of which was the balancing of her budget by raising a 60,000,000,000 paper mark interior loan. The German reply, couched in a satisfactory tone, said that Germany could do what was asked, with the proviso that she must have aid in the shape of a foreign loan.

Although the Commission had insisted on unconditional com-

pliance, on May 31st it unanimously approved the German reply and decided to grant Germany a moratorium for the year 1922. The action taken by the German Government to put its finances on a sound basis and eliminate as much as possible the wholesale printing of paper money, constitutes, according to the decision of the Commission, "a serious effort to meet the Commission's requirements." In its letter to Chancellor Wirth, the Commission states that, in view of the importance of an immediate decision upon the question of postponement of payments, the Commission felt justified in taking prompt action. With regard to the loan requested by Germany, the Commission announced it would communicate its decision to the International Bankers' Committee meeting in Paris.

This Committee, of which J. P. Morgan is a member, held its opening session in Paris on May 24th, under the auspices of the Reparations Commission, and is still meeting. The purpose of the Committee is to decide under what conditions an international loan could be granted to Germany, to be used in great part for payment of reparations to the Allies. On June 7th, the Reparations Commission by a three to one vote, overriding France's negative ballot, gave the Bankers' Committee full authority to propose an international loan for Germany on any basis the Committee thought desirable. Although England, Belgium and Italy voted in favor of this proposal, the French negative vote represented the majority interest in reparations, since France is to receive fifty-two per cent. of all German payments. It was the opinion of J. P. Morgan that it was probably best for the Committee to close its work, it being his belief that with the reparation total standing as it is, and with Germany liable to be called on by the Allies to make payments in accordance with the London schedule, it would not be feasible to sell a large amount of German bonds in the United States. The French delegate, reflecting the view of his Government, also favored adjournment *sine die,* but Kindersley of the Bank of England and Delacroix (Belgium) urged continuance of the bankers' work. It is recognized that the French hold the key to the situation, and even though a plan were drafted, it could not go into effect unless the French Government receded from its present position: that it will not curtail its claims if there is to be no curtailment of its debts. Though, at last accounts, the Committee was still in session, the prospect for its successful flotation of a German loan is not bright.

The curtailment of the French debt, mentioned in the above paragraph as a condition of French consent to a reduction of the

German reparation payments, has of course special reference to the amount owing the United States, and from recent developments this country is far from showing any inclination to reduce its claims. Replying to the French Government's request that the American Allied Debt Commission would state when it would receive a special mission of French experts, the United States has sent word that it was ready to discuss the subject at any time. This French mission will not be sent until the Bankers' Committee and the Reparations Commission finish their work, or arrive at a point where it may be foreseen with some certainty what the results will be.

On the other hand, word has unofficially come from England that the English Government has completed arrangements to pay during the coming fall, interest amounting to £25,000,000 on the British debt to the United States. At the same time Great Britain has notified France she reserves the right to call for the interest the latter owes her on the war debt when Britain pays interest on her debt to the United States. No official figure is obtainable, but the French interest due England is understood to be about 16,000,000 pounds. Shortly before the Genoa Conference, Great Britain, in a note to France, formally placed on paper her claim to repayment of the French war debt, but no actual demand for the money was made. The present request for interest, therefore, is a further move in the British plans for adjustment of the inter-Allied and American war debts.

Although the United States refused to take part in either the Genoa or The Hague Conference, announcement was made by Secretary of State Hughes, early in June, that this Government was prepared to join in the investigation of the reports relating to the deportation of Christian minorities by the Turks in Anatolia and the alleged atrocities connected therewith, as proposed by Great Britain, France and Italy. The American Government has furthermore suggested that a separate commission be formed to investigate counter-charges of the Turks against the Greeks and Armenians, and that the two commissions unite in a comprehensive report on the whole situation in Asia Minor. In accepting the invitation, Secretary Hughes stipulated that the inquiry should be limited to obtaining accurate data, and that the United States "assumes no further obligation and enters into no commitment."

Meanwhile, late reports from Constantinople state that the Turkish Nationalists have started a strong offensive against the Greeks in the Eski-Shehr district of Asia Minor. It is not believed that the Turks are strong enough to eject the Greeks from

the formidable positions which they have consolidated around Eski-Shehr since last summer's fighting. Reports have been received from Angora that a new Turkish volunteer army has been created to invade Mesopotamia. On June 7th, a Greek fleet bombarded the Turkish town of Samsun in the Black Sea.

Germany. The outstanding result of the Genoa Conference was, of course, the Rapallo Treaty between Soviet Russia and Germany. Details of how the Treaty will work have not yet been published, and conferences are at present being held between Leonid Krassin, the Soviet representative, and German officials. One definite outcome of the pact, is the establishment of direct train service between Berlin and Moscow, to begin on the end of June. The route will be from Koenigsberg, across Lithuania and Latvia, but, by special agreement, there will be but one inspection of baggage. The most direct way would be through Warsaw, but the northern route has been selected to avoid passing through Poland.

An important by-product of the Genoa meetings was the signing, early in May, by the German and Polish Ministers, of the agreement embodying the division of Upper Silesia as made by the League of Nations, together with the complex regulations under which the mining area will be operated, for the next fifteen years, as an industrial unit. The agreement, which is considered the League of Nations' greatest political achievement, was ratified by the German Reichstag amid scenes of mourning on May 30th. According to a report of the Allied Commission for Upper Silesia to the Council of Ambassadors on May 24th, the Allied military occupation of the region was to come to an end on the last of July. Since this report was made, however, numerous clashes have occurred between the Poles and Germans, and martial law has been proclaimed in the districts of Kattowitz, Gleiwitz, Hindenburg and Rybnik. Latest dispatches, dated June 7th, indicate that, after a week of rioting, the disorder is subsiding under the pressure of French and Italian troops.

A statement in the London *Times* on May 28th is to the effect that the League of Nations at its September session, will probably be called on to consider the question of Germany's admission to membership in the League. The *Times* adds that the Council of the League, at its session early in May, examined the question and that it is believed it favored Germany's admission, provided she shows good faith in meeting the demands of the Reparations Commission. A favorable impression was created by the last German reply to the Commission's ultimatum,

as related above, and on May 16th the German Government deposited with the Belgian Treasury the final payment of 50,000,000 gold marks under the provisional moratorium granted by the Commission.

The general moratorium granted to Germany by the Commission and the possibility of a German loan being arranged by an international banking syndicate, has focused attention upon the receipts of the German Government from taxation and other sources. Statistics received by the Foreign Information Department of the Bankers' Trust Company of New York, indicate that the entire yield from taxation in Germany for the fiscal year, ending March 31st last, was 87,374,000,000 paper marks. This was an increase of 41,275,000,000 paper marks over the revenue from taxation last year. The floating debt on March 31st, 1922, was 281,148,000,000 paper marks, an increase of almost exactly 100,000,000,000 paper marks. Advices received by the Bankers' Trust Company disclose that about 115,000,000,000 paper marks were required to carry out the provisions of the Peace Treaty and about 122,000,000,000 for other expenses, including deficits on railways, postal and telegraph services.

Through the rush of refugees from the East, and the homecoming of a host of Germans from the lost colonies and amputated sections of the former German Empire, the population of the present German Republic was increased about 1,000,000 during the World War and the two years immediately following it, according to a recent memorandum issued by the German Minister of the Interior. As the emigration from Germany since the end of the War, according to recent estimates, has amounted to some 250,000, the net gain in population totals about 750,000.

The United States Secretary of War, Weeks, announced on June 5th that approximately 1,000 American troops would remain in Germany after July 1st. It had been previously announced that all American troops of the occupational force would be completely withdrawn in May, but this order was countermanded, following an appeal from Great Britain, France, Belgium and Germany to this Government to reconsider its decision. The news of the change in plans has been warmly approved in German official quarters.

The German Government has extended, through the American Ambassador at Berlin, an invitation to the American Government to designate an American citizen as the third member of the joint claims commission, which is to adjudicate outstanding claims between the two countries. The proposed arrangement will greatly expedite the work of settling such claims, and

officials of the American Government are pleased at the action of the Germans, which means that there will be two Americans on the commission. The original plan for forming the so-called Mixed Claims Commission was for the United States to name one member, Germany to name another, and the third member to be selected from some neutral country.

As a result of revolutionizing the judicial system of Prussia, 124,968 persons who were convicted of crime and sentenced to from one to three years' imprisonment during the year 1921, have received conditional or full pardons. This number affords a striking contrast with 19,000 such pardons granted in 1912, when it was no secret that of every seven Prussian citizens, one had been convicted in the courts. Formerly the right of pardon lay in the hands of the King of Prussia or of the Minister of Justice, but under the latest reforms even the minor courts are empowered to give a conditional pardon.

Russia.

From various sources, both American and foreign, it appears that the Russian famine is still far from being broken. According to a statement by Fritdjof Nansen, head of the League of Nations' relief work, "in the eastern part of the Volga district, beyond the Ural Mountains, the situation is desperate, for little or nothing is being done there. Moreover, the famine has now spread to the Ukraine and Crimea, where people are dying like flies." One of the appalling features of the situation is the widespread practice of cannibalism. Recent reports from Siberia are to the effect that in this region, once the greatest grain producing section of the world, only from fifty to sixty per cent. of last year's average of wheat was sown last spring. With good weather, however, it is believed that the crop will be sufficient to feed the local population, and a little of the wheat be available for export.

Because of the persistence of famine conditions, President Harding, on June 2d, let it be known that he was favorably disposed towards the continuation of American relief work in Soviet Russia so long as the famine lasted and there was need of outside help. Originally, the work of the American Relief Administration was scheduled to end on September 1st. Later, it was decided to extend the Relief Administration's activities in Russia until January 1st. Whether, and to what extent, it will be continued beyond that date will depend entirely upon conditions and on reports received from Secretary Hoover's confidential secretary, who has been sent to Russia to make a special investigation.

The requisition of church treasures by the Soviet authorities for the ostensible relief of the famine sufferers still continues, and a number of persons, including several dignitaries of the Russian Church, have been given severe sentences for opposing the requisitions. The most prominent of these has been the Patriarch Tikhon, head of the Russian Orthodox Church, who since his trial began last month has been forced to resign. Fear that, the Soviet Government means to sentence the Patriarch to death, on the charge of entering into a revolutionary intrigue with White Russians and emigrés, has aroused religious opinion in various countries. Pope Pius XI. is reported to have protested to the Russian Government, through the Soviet delegation to Genoa, against the prosecution of the Patriarch, and the Archbishop of Canterbury has asked the British Government to use its influence to obtain a fair trial for him. Replying to the protest of the Christian Churches of Great Britain, the Administration Manager of the Council of Commissars denies any attack on the Church, and says legal proceedings were taken against Patriarch Tikhon and other ecclesiastics for having resisted the Soviet's measures to save the lives of tens of millions of human beings. The Soviet considers the protests to be "dictated by a narrow caste and entirely directed against the real interest of the people and the elementary demands of humanity."

On June 1st, President Merkuloff of the Government of Vladivostok was deposed and placed under arrest at the order of the Constituent Assembly, which denounced his "despotic policy as head of the Vladivostok Government." Several days later, General Diedrichs, former Russian Minister of War and at one time commander of the western armies of the Omsk Government, was elected as his successor. Pending the arrival of General Diedrichs in Vladivostok, General Moltchanoff is Acting President. The Japanese Army command announced that, while heretofore neutral, it would, if necessary, intervene to preserve order.

While no move has been made by the American Government, since the adjournment of the Arms Conference, to press the Japanese Government to set a definite date for the evacuation of Siberia, officials in Washington have been pleased by dispatches from London stating that Great Britain, through the exertion of friendly pressure, will seek to effect the withdrawal of the Japanese forces. The American Government's attitude towards continued occupation of Siberia by Japan, is well understood in both London and Tokio, namely, that the Japanese troops should, as stated by Secretary Hughes at the Disarmament Conference, "be

withdrawn at the earliest possible moment." The Anglo-Japanese alliance, which was negotiated for the purpose of "maintaining the peace of the Far East," remains in effect until automatically terminated by the exchange of ratifications of the Four-Power Treaty of Washington, and so long as the alliance remains, the British Government, as an ally of Japan, is in a position to suggest the withdrawal of the Japanese troops as a means of averting war in Eastern Siberia. During the Genoa Conference, Viscount Ishii of the Japanese delegation told the Political Commission of the Conference that Japan was negotiating a treaty with Soviet Russia which, while primarily commercial, had also political aspects, because it involved guarantees for Japanese citizens under which Tokio would withdraw Japanese troops from Siberia.

Reports were persistent throughout the month of the grave illness of Premier Lenine, his trouble being variously given as a nervous breakdown, apoplexy and acute gastritis. Whatever the disease, there seems no doubt that he is seriously ill and is at present recuperating at a villa outside of Moscow. Those at Moscow closely conversant with the political situation, say it is impossible to determine whether War Minister Trotzky would take control in the event of Lenine's passing, thus strengthening military communism, or whether there will be an increase in the prevailing movement towards the Right, or moderate, wing.

As showing the moderating tendencies of the Soviet, new decrees promulgated coincidentally with the close of the Genoa Conference are of interest. One of these decrees which, according to Government leaders, are designed to encourage the independent capitalistic reconstruction of Russia, removes the State monopoly on trade in agricultural implements and seeds, permitting private persons to buy abroad through the Commissariat of Foreign Trade. Probably, the most important change is that in the laws concerning the right of private property, which applies to practically all property which has not already been "municipalized" by local Soviets. Individual citizens and companies are permitted to own buildings and the land on which they stand, except that the right to transfer a lease does not cover land in rural districts. All "movables," which is interpreted to include factories, all means of production, agricultural and industrial products and "goods which have not been exempt from private exchange by special laws," are included. The decree is not retroactive. Requisitioning of private property is permitted only with compensation and "by due process of law." Rights to inventions, copyrights, trademarks, industrial models and designs

are guaranteed, subject to limitation of special laws. Inheritance by will to the extent of 10,000 gold rubles is permitted only to lawful spouses and direct line heirs. All sorts of banking and credit deals are permitted, but the courts are empowered to nullify agreements in cases of "excessive exploitation." Foreign concerns "may obtain the rights of juridical persons only upon permission of the persons charged with this duty by the Council of Commissaries."

Italy.

The Eucharistic Congress held its opening session of 1922 in the Belvidere Court of the Vatican on the afternoon of May 24th. Pope Pius, after pointing out the importance of the Congress, pronounced the Apostolic Benediction. On May 28th it is estimated that more than 100,000 people participated in an imposing procession of the Blessed Sacrament from St. John Lateran to the Colosseum and back, marking one of the great ceremonies of the Congress. The Congress was solemnly closed at St. Peter's on May 29th with a *Te Deum* sung by the massed choirs of the Vatican in the presence of Pope Pius, the Cardinals present in Rome, and a great throng of pilgrims.

A commercial treaty between Soviet Russia and Italy was signed in the Royal Palace on May 24th. The first section of the agreement concerns the entire problem of Italo-Russian commercial relations, and the second deals with maritime communications and transportation in general between the two countries. A third section dealt with concessions, which Russia was ready to make to Italians for the exploitation of Russian resources, but this section was objected to by Signor Schanzer as infringing upon the moral pledges taken by Italy with the other European countries to be represented at The Hague Conference. Presumably, the treaty will become effective June 26th, when the present commercial convention between the two countries expires. The treaty just negotiated was approved by the Italian Council of Ministers on May 28th. It will be in operation for two years, after which it will be automatically renewed for periods of six months, unless denounced by either party six months before its expiration.

A new phase of Soviet relations with Italy, and one particularly significant in view of Signor Schanzer's objections, was entered upon on June 7th, when an agreement was signed between the two great Italian Communist Coöperative Societies and the Russian economic delegation. This agreement, which is entirely independent of the treaty between Italy and the Soviet Gov-

ernment, provides for a concession of not less than 100,000 hectares (247,000 acres) of Russian soil to the Italian Metal Workers' Coöperative and the Red Coöperative of Forli Province, the two largest extreme labor organizations in Italy. The importance of the concession lies, of course, in the fact that such a huge tract of land is placed at the entire disposal of Italian Coöperatives. But this importance is added to by the fact that in this agreement the Soviets dealt for the first time with a foreign enterprise not controlled by the State. The Soviets gave full guarantees for the safety and liberty of the Italian Coöperatives, who on their part agree to get the land under cultivation within six years from today, and to give to the Soviets a certain percentage of the grain produced.

Previous to the signing of the treaty with Russia, Foreign Ministers Skirmund of Poland and Schanzer of Italy signed a commercial treaty similar to the compact that has existed for some time between France and Poland. This agreement contains a most-favored nation clause, eliminates almost all previously existing prohibitions on importation and exportation, and grants Italy the same rights as other countries with regard to Polish oil.

Still another agreement is a general political and economic pact at present being elaborated between Italy and Great Britain. The chief object of this agreement is the guaranteeing of Italy's position in the Mediterranean.

A review of Italy's economic situation, published in London on the authority of the British Embassy at Rome, states that "the industrial situation is improving. Agriculture is regaining, and in some cases passing, its pre-war level. Livestock, except cows, is at its pre-war numbers, and in a few years the export of dairy produce should be large. Coöperative producing societies are largely engaged in industry, and are preparing to take over dock yards and arms factories. Consumers' coöperatives should help to reduce the profiteering which keeps up the cost of living. The textile trades, especially cotton, are recovering and new markets have been found in the Balkan States. Some of the chemical trades are making great progress, and electric power (chiefly for the railroads) is being largely developed, notably in Apulia, Calabria and Sardinia."

Despite this favorable report, numerous violent disturbances, both physical and human, have characterized the month. These included volcanic eruptions from Vesuvius, renewal of the landslides in the country surrounding Corato, near the Adriatic, where great damage was done last month, a plague of locusts near

Naples, which within four days destroyed many acres of wheat, hops, clover and corn, a general strike in Rome, and innumerable encounters throughout Italy between the Fascisti and Communists. The height of trouble from the last mentioned source was reached in Bologna and the surrounding country, where 65,000 armed Fascisti gathered from nearby provinces and took over the complete management of affairs, forcing various Socialist and Communist Mayors in the region to resign. The Government is much concerned over these outbreaks and, as a measure for the restoration of order, it has prohibited all parades and assemblies.

On May 19th the Rome *Tribuna* announced that an agreement had been concluded between Italy and Jugo-Slavia fixing the status of the Adriatic seaports of Zara and Fiume. A disquieting contrast to this announcement was the action of between 4,000 and 5,000 Italian youths who, on June 8th, swore to obey the call of d'Annunzio at a moment's notice and adopted a resolution renewing their loyalty to him, following recent attacks against the soldier-poet, who had been accused by leaders of the Fascisti of having deserted them and gone over to the Socialists.

On May 22d word was received from Tripoli to the effect that Italian troops were carrying out a great offensive against the rebel Arabs in Tripolitania, where revolutionary activities broke out in March of this year. The Italian forces are understood to be composed largely of local levies, supported by some Italian regiments under command of General Badoglio. The Italians are reported to be using a considerable number of bombing airplanes and have inflicted heavy losses upon the enemy.

June 15, 1922.

With Our Readers

LAW is the security of order. Without it human society would not exist. Chaos is the sole alternative. Justice, peace, morality would then vanish from the earth. It will not be so: for the instinct to preserve law is as strong as the individual's instinct for self-defence. Law is society's self-defence.

But evident as these truths are, the thoughtful among men are deeply disturbed by the growing disrespect and non-observance of the laws of the land. The speeches of our country's official leaders, delivered within the last month, if reviewed, would yield an emphatic indictment against our people on their growing indifference to the laws of the land. The statements of these men and women in high places have ample evidence in their support. The public press of the country in its reporting of news: in its own editorials: in its special articles, has done and is doing yeoman service in destroying respect for law. The press is playing its effective part in tearing out the foundations of our country.

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HISTORIANS and literary authorities inform us that the contemporary novel is the true index of a people's life and principles. Recently, an American periodical published a symposium on the present-day novel by a number of present-day novelists. The journal in question called them the leading novelists of the day. The symposium was for the most part a defence of the "impressionistic" school. This school admits no such thing as law: for law is permanent and stable: law is a standard to which we conform our actions. The impressionists will not allow themselves to be so trammeled. They are the evangelists of anarchy. They claim to be the rulers today in the literary world. Whether they report a situation already existing, or whether the situation is begotten of their propaganda, they are playing a very effective part in destroying moral standards, in uprooting regard for law, in making the individual's immediate touch with life the be-all and the end-all whatever the cost.

To our mind, the impressionistic school is a product, not a creator. It is born of theories, beliefs, of creeds, or the denial of them, which existed and worked long before its birth.

* * * *

HUMAN law, standing alone, has no sanction: no enduring, permanent force. It owes its existence to God. Therefore, to the same Source it owes its power. God is the root of all life:

the Eternal Law is the source of all law. Human society cannot exist unless its members profess belief in and dependence upon, a personal God. Extinguish the lights of heaven, and the world is in darkness. For some time the borrowed light may endure, its source having been denied. But eventually, seeking a source and not finding any, it also will die.

The ultimate, the foundation-stone upon which rests observance of and respect for human law, is the belief of the individual in his direct personal responsibility to God. Destroy that and law becomes little more than a fiction. This is the catastrophe pending today—the loosening of the corner-stone. And as law is the root of order, so lawlessness is the root of disorder. Unless the Supreme Lawgiver is received in our hearts with filial reverence and devotion, then our concept of and our relation to human law is disordered, forced out of joint. If the Supreme Lawgiver is put to one side, as One Who merits our religious worship, but Who is divorced from the moral law—a Kantian theory that has sent its roots very far into modern thought, God is forgotten as the One to Whom, as Law, all things human must conform.

* * * *

THE personal misunderstanding and the displacement of human law is due to a process for the beginnings of which we must look back three hundred years. It began with a denial of any common objective knowledge of God's law: any visible and audible authority to which all men are subject. It placed conformity to divine law in the personal opinion of the individual: made each man the interpreter of God: subjected God to personal conscience.

As the disorder grew, and the light, farther and farther removed from its source, grew dim, the futility of making oneself the arbiter of the moral universe became more evident. A common external authority there must be. The Protestant denied the Catholic Church. Where would he find that authority which even his natural instincts craved? Where could he find it except in that only other social authority upon earth—the State? The State has its own authority in its own field. To make it the substitute for God is lawlessness. Not with deliberate knowledge of its logical consequences was this done. But the non-Catholic found himself compelled by circumstances. He could not name himself the interpreter and judge of the law of God, obligatory upon all: he denied that the Catholic Church knew it or could know it. The society of his fellows—the State—was the only remaining power.

* * * *

FOR example, in the matter of marriage, upon which rests the well-being of human society, the Protestant takes as his law the law of the State. The vast majority of our legislators are non-Catholic. Every legislature in the land claims the right to legislate, not alone on the conditions that shall accompany a marriage, but on the very validity of the marriage itself. Divorce and the conditions of divorce are likewise subject to the same human, changing power, and respectability is not denied to any man or woman as long as he lives according to State law. Whether it is the law of God or not, is practically subservient to the question: is it the law of the land?

The utter lawlessness of it all is seen clearly by the thoughtful. But what can they do, having not the faith that solves and overcomes the problems of the world? State law: human law can help, and should help and support, the right ordering of the divine law. But to place the State as the sole and ultimate power, is to expose law to laughter and ridicule, as it is being ruthlessly exposed today.

Human law is not always distasteful to the lawless. In its external police power, where crime is clearly defined and can be cleared proved, it is feared and effective. In its laws that regulate or strive to regulate the conduct of the individual or of business, the State is not only frequently ineffective, but is often used as a protector by the lawless. Innumerable are the devices by which the law may be made ineffective; and justice defied.

* * * *

AS the knowledge of God's revealed law and the individual's personal responsibility thereto decreases: and the signs of that personal anarchy show themselves in human society, they who sincerely wish to save and better society, and who have looked to the State as a saviour, look to the State more and more. In their pitiable confusion, they ask the State to make more laws: laws that will attempt to supply that very law of God which they have neglected, that will regulate the private rights and conduct of the individual.

* * * *

WE are not defending any policy of *laissez-faire:* or any theory that the individual may conduct his business and his life entirely independent of the society in which he lives. We do maintain that human society, since it is made up of individuals, must count upon some power, other than itself, which will secure the moral coöperation of the individual in the work and progress of the State. No State power can do that fully, for State power

is necessarily an external power. That power must be spiritual: must be greater than the State: must be commonly obligatory upon all humankind—must be God and His revealed law. Without a revealed law, God is not known.

And that revealed law necessarily demands an authoritative guardian: interpreter: teacher.

* * * *

THE root trouble with modern society is that it has denied or never known that Guardian: that Teacher which is the condition of our peace. Every individual soul, add law to law as you will, has its own personal problems and difficulties. Every human law is subject to interpretation and to exception. The most fundamental relations of our life can never be made subject to human law. The love of husband and wife: of father and son: of mother and child: of brother and sister: our charity towards one another: our respect and reverence for women—all these, with their innumerable correlations that make the warp and woof of life—are not the subject of human laws. A wisdom, a temperance, a sacrifice, a faith above human laws, must guide and sustain them. And the individual will seek from his fellows the counsel, the advice that his soul craves. We are all needy children of the one Father. Never was there a son who did not crave and seek and find the advice of his father as he followed the latter's footsteps. Law is but tyranny when it is not accented by human sympathy and by human love.

* * * *

GOD has not left us orphans. The Voice of the Father in Heaven is heard upon earth, and the sons of men may hear it in their distress and know the will wherein lies their peace. The fathers in Christ on earth are as the Father in Heaven to the sons of men. "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them. Go forth and teach all nations." Once the whole world had the tribunal of Penance wherein the world could take its secrets heavy with sin and perplexity: wherein law was shown to be not slavery or compulsion: not trammeling or restriction, but the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free. The tribunal of Penance where wisdom shows and exacts the higher sacrifice and where temperance restrains and redeems. The world in great part has lost it; but never will law be understood or reverenced aright until the world again seeks its light, its power and its peace.

A VERY valuable estimate of the development and worth of Conan Doyle's spiritualistic theories is published in the Magazine Section of the *New York Times*, Sunday, June 18th. It is from the pen of the well-known newspaper correspondent, P. W. Wilson.

The article gives this summary of Doyle's education:

Among the great public schools of England, Stonyhurst, with its long Roman Catholic traditions, its powerful faculty of learned Jesuit Fathers, its museum and collection of postage stamps, rivaled only by King George's, holds a peculiar and honored position. There is was that Conan Doyle, as a boy, spent seven years of his impressionable youth. He entered at nine and left at sixteen. While Stonyhurst made him no mean cricketer, it also confronted him with the tremendous affirmations of revealed religion. And those affirmations were rooted in the authority of an ancient Church.

At sixteen years of age, however, Doyle was removed from Stonyhurst and, by a strange chance, plunged into a wholly different atmosphere, namely, Germany: and after Germany, into the medical school of Edinburgh University. It was subjecting his still immature soul to a Turkish bath. After breathing the air of a warm, colorful, elaborate faith and bowing his will to a tremendous spiritual loyalty, the lad was assailed with a cold douche of pitiless negations.

"Driven underground, his beliefs vanished within his subconsciousness, and all the surface of his mind was covered with the shallow syllogisms of cause and effect. He thought himself an emancipated Rationalist. He did not realize that his somewhat superficial physics could only be the veneer that would hide for a time his ineradicable mysticism.

"As a medical student, what engrossed his attention was not the teaching, but a teacher. His name was Dr. Joseph Bell, and he was not merely the original of Sherlock Holmes; he was Sherlock Holmes. The uncanny actuality of this character in fiction is due to the fact that Conan Doyle did not imagine his hero, he described him. Joseph Bell was to Sir Arthur what Johnson was to Boswell. It may have been a description with embellishments, but, in the main, it was photography. Doyle's eye was the lens. His memory was the plate. His books were the prints. We see in his authorship an absolute submission to another's personality. The novelist was simply a friend, Dr. Watson, taking down notes."

* * * *

DOYLE, far from being a Rationalist, is an intellectual dependent. He has always followed some lead, always subjected

himself to some control. "Awaiting our teacher may be other controls, and, if we accept his present gospel, we may find tomorrow that he has passed on his way to yet another equally infallible, though different, revelation."

Having accepted at one time the control of Rationalism, he has sought to escape from it because he "could not exclude the unseen even from the logic of life."

Faced by the stress of war, he sought to recapture something like faith.

"The ecclesiastical authority which dominated his youth no longer held him. Of Protestant teaching he knows, or at least he understands, so little that he gravely suggests a new Christianity based on acceptance of the New Testament and rejection of the Old. Apparently, it has not occurred to him to compare the Magnificat with the Song of Hannah, or the parables of the Good Shepherd with the Twenty-third Psalm, or the majestic symbolism of the Apocalypse with the mystic dreams of Ezekiel.

"On the entire range of Jewish history, poetry and jurisprudence, including the Ten Commandments, he passes an abrupt verdict, intimating his decision, not at some Ecumenical Council or other solemn conclave, but in the pages of an illustrated magazine. Then he proceeds to a séance where he sings 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,' apparently oblivious of the fact that it is derived, in part at any rate, from the story of Jacob's dream, just consigned by the singer to the waste-paper basket of a better Christianity."

* * * *

THE critic considers the value of spiritualistic evidence and continues: "As a Spiritualist, Conan Doyle has been approached by multitudes of families bereaved during the War. Warm-hearted, he has offered them comfort, but not, of course, the usual consolations of religion. He sends his disciples to consult mediums. In doing this, his motives are disinterested. Instead of making money, he spends it on his labor of love. But, of course, the medium receives fees, and in Conan Doyle's recommendation obtains at once an advertisement and a standing, not without pecuniary value. There is not a medium the wide world over who does not regard men like Doyle and Lodge as assets to be cherished at all costs."

* * * *

THE critic recites the tragic instances of murder and suicide on the part of followers of Doyle's preaching, and then concludes with the statement: "Doyle disclaims responsibility. But the

suicides happen, and they show either that Spiritualism weakens the character or that weak characters favor Spiritualism."

And the article ends with this sentence: "After all, the immortality of the soul is best demonstrated, not by photographic effects, familiar in many movies, but by the lives—indeed, the martyrdoms—of the millions who for thousands of years have striven and suffered in this sure and certain hope."

THE National Civic Federation has published a pamphlet entitled, *Symposium of Opinions Upon the Outline of History*, by H. G. Wells. The pamphlet for the most part confirms what THE CATHOLIC WORLD published with regard to Wells' volume in its issues of January and August, 1921.

THE well-known writer, Father Stephen J. Brown, S.J., has written asking us to give publicity to his plans to open in Dublin, Ireland, a "Central Catholic Library." "Dublin is to become," writes Father Brown, "in a fuller sense than ever before, the centre of Irish life, our political and administrative life, but also our social and intellectual life. In the years before us a vast scheme of national reconstruction will have to be thought out. With this reconstruction work, religious interests are intimately bound up. Now, owing chiefly to the circumstances of our past history, education generally, and especially religious education, on its intellectual side, is not on a high level. Little or no thought from a Catholic standpoint has been given to the problems, intellectual and social, of the modern world. It is clear that much thought must henceforth be given to these things if our development is not to take a wrong direction."

Hence the necessity of this new Catholic library which will be open to the general public. All the Dublin Lending Libraries and the three chief Public Reference Libraries are under Protestant control. The new library is to be housed at 34 Westmoreland Street. We heartily join in the hope expressed by Father Brown, that this library will become "a centre of Catholic thought, an arsenal for Catholic controversy, a source of inspiration for Catholic social and religious action, a permanent exhibition, as it were, of Catholic achievement."

A CORRESPONDENT writes us that we printed some months ago under Books Received *Vocations*, by O'Donovan.

The correspondent states his fear that the innocent title of the book may lead some to purchase it and read it.

The book in question is worthless.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

Moral Emblems and Other Poems. By Robert L. Stevenson. $1.25.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

A Franciscan View of the Spiritual and Religious Life. Being three Treatises from the Writings of St. Bonaventure, done into English by Dominic Devas, O.F.M. $1.50 net. *The Summa Theologica of St. Thomas Aquinas.* Part II. (Second Part) QQ. CLXXI.-CLXXXIX. Translated by the Fathers of the English Dominican Province. $3.00 net.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:

Metaphysical Lyrics and Poems of the Seventeenth Century. Selected and edited by Herbert J. C. Grierson.

THE MACMILLAN CO., New York:

A Gate of Cedar. By Katharine Morse. $1.25. *English and American Philosophy Since 1800.* By Arthur K. Rogers. $3.50. *Obstetrical Nursing.* By Carolyn C. Van Blarcom, R.N. $3.00. *America Faces the Future.* By Durant Drake. $2.50. *The State and the Church.* By John A. Ryan and Moorehouse F. X. Millar, S.J. $2.25. *Christian Science and the Catholic Faith.* By Rev. A. Bellwald, S.M., S.T.L. $2.50.

ALLYN & BACON, New York:

Economic Civics. By R. O. Hughes. $1.25. *The Story of American Democracy.* By Willis M. West. $3.20. *A Scientific Course in Typewriting.* By Ollie Depew. $1.00.

THE UNITED STATES CATHOLIC HISTORICAL SOCIETY, New York:

St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, New York, 1896–1921, Historical Sketch. By Rev. A. J. Scanlan, S.T.D. Foreword by Most Rev. P. J. Hayes, D.D., Chapter on Seminary Life at Dunwoodie by Rev. F. P. Duffy, D.D.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

Bishop Barlow and Anglican Orders. A Study of the Original Documents. By Arthur S. Barnes, M.A. $4.00 net. *The Spirit of St. Jane Frances de Chantal As Shown by Her Letters.* Translated by the Sisters of the Visitation. $6.00 net.

FLEMING H. REVELL Co., New York:

South America from a Surgeon's Point of View. By Franklin H. Martin, C.M.G., M.D., F.A.C.S. $3.00.

HARCOURT, BRACE & Co., New York:

Angels and Ministers. Four Plays of Victorian Shade and Character. By Laurence Housman.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:

Japan's Pacific Policy. By K. K. Kawakami.

BONI & LIVERIGHT, New York:

Sareel. By Edith Dart. $2.00. *Terribly Intimate Portraits.* By Noel Coward. $2.00.

FUNK & WAGNALLS Co., New York:

French Grammar Made Clear. By Ernest Dimnet. $1.50 net. *The College Standard Dictionary of the English Language.* Abridged from Funk & Wagnalls' New Standard Dictionary. By Frank H. Vizetelly, LL.D., Litt.D. $5.00 net.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co., Philadelphia:

The City of Fire. By Grace Livingston Hill. $2.00.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS, Cambridge, Mass.:

Immortality and the Modern Mind. By Kirsopp Lake, M.D., D.D. $1.00 net. *New Growths and Cancer.* By Simeon Burt Wolbach, M.D. $1.00.

JOHN W. WINTERICH, Catholic Church Supply House, Columbus, Ohio:

The Apocalypse of St. John. By Rev. E. S. Berry. $1.50 net.

B. HERDER BOOK Co., St. Louis:

Notes of a Catholic Biologist. By Rev. Geo. A. Kreidel. $1.50 net. *The Gospel of a Country Pastor.* By Rev. J. M. Lelen. $1.50 net.

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY PRESS, Chicago:

Institutiones Dogmaticæ in Usum Scholarum. Tomus III. Auctore Bernardo J. Otten, S.J. $3.50.

INDIANA UNIVERSITY, Bloomington:

Indiana University Studies—No. 48, "Index Verborum," by John M. Hill, $2.00; No. 49, "Juvenile Delinquency and Adult Crime," by Edna Hatfield Edmondson, $1.00; No. 50, "Wm. de Morgan and the Greater Early Victorians," by Will T. Hale, 25 cents.

MCCLELLAND & STEWART, Toronto:

The Collected Poems of Thomas O'Hagan. $2.00.

P. TÉQUI, Paris:

Le Nouveau Droit Canonique des Religieuses. Par Chanoine Thévenot. 3 *fr.* 50. *Direction de Conscience Psychothérapie des Troubles Nerveux.* Par Abbé Arnaud d'Agnel et Dr. d'Espiney. 8 *fr. Le Christ de la Jeunesse.* Par Mgr. Tissier. 3 *fr. La Parole de l'Evangile au Collège.* Par Mgr. Tissier. 3 *fr.* 50. *Figures Françaises et Pages Nationales.* Par Mgr. Tissier. 6 *fr. A Jésus par Marie.* Par Abbé J. M. Texier. 3 *fr.* 50. *Ma Journée avec Marie.* Par P. J. M. De Lombaerde. 3 *fr.* 50. *Les Chevaliers du Poignard.* Par Albert Monniot. 7 *fr.*

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JOHN CARROLL, FIRST ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE (1735–1815).[1]

BY BERTRAND L. CONWAY, C.S.P.

JOHN CARROLL, the first Bishop of the United States, was born on January 8, 1735, at Upper Marlboro, Prince George's County, Maryland. His father, Daniel Carroll, was a prominent merchant of the province, who had emigrated from Ireland at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and his mother, Eleanor Darnell, one of Maryland's richest and most highly educated women.

The social and economic conditions of Maryland at the time of Carroll's birth were inimical to the foundation of educational institutions. Towns were few, and the people lived apart on large estates or plantations. Parents at all interested in the education of their children usually sent them abroad, more for social than intellectual reasons. The first attempt of the provincial government to found a college in 1671 was an utter failure, so that a hundred years went by before Washington College at Charlestown was established in 1782.

Catholics labored under the additional disadvantage of a hateful and irritating penal code, which harassed their every move from 1650 to the eve of the Revolution. Their interest,

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however, in elementary education is proved by the forty-two legacies for schools bequeathed between the years 1650 and 1685, and by the founding of an excellent private school in 1639 at Newtown, Maryland, then the centre of Jesuit missionary activity. The Orange Rebellion of 1688 closed this school, and the Maryland Assembly of 1704 penalized Catholic school activities for years by making their schools illegal.

From 1715 to 1751 Catholics were free from persecution under a law of Queen Anne, which allowed priests to officiate in private families. Bohemia Manor Academy, which John Carroll attended for about a year with his cousin, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, belongs to this period.

Both boys were sent to St. Omer's in Flanders for their college course (1748-1753). Catholics in the Colonies, like their brethren in Ireland, were forced to have their children educated abroad, not only to safeguard their faith, but to preserve their morals. The non-Catholic schools of the day were grossly immoral, as we learn from the historians of the Established Church of both Maryland and Virginia. All honor to those valiant mothers who made a willing sacrifice of their children's companionship for ten or fifteen years, the better to safeguard their loved Catholic traditions of religion and learning.

St. Omer's, founded by the famous Jesuit Father Robert Persons in 1592, was the best loved school on the continent by the boys of Maryland. With Douay it soon became the best known and most efficient English college abroad. It was a mixed school, made up of young men preparing for life in the world, and of young levites preparing for the priesthood—something like Mount St. Mary's of Emmitsburg today. It had a high reputation among European schools, and visitors "often expressed their astonishment at the easy and fluent manner the students disputed and discoursed in both Greek and Latin." The discipline was spartan in its severity, as we learn from a copy of its rules and regulations still preserved in the Archives of Stonyhurst College.

We know nothing of Carroll's life there, for his letters from home were lost in the confiscation of Bruges College in 1773, and his own letters to his parents have been looked for in vain both in the Baltimore Cathedral Archives and in the Georgetown College collection.

In 1753 he finished his humanities, and entered the Jesuit novitiate at Watten, a town about seven miles from St. Omer's. His life as a Jesuit novice was one of entire self-sacrifice, child-like obedience, perfect poverty and self-denial. He visited the city hospitals, and catechized the poor. He spent a month's pilgrimage with one companion—an old Jesuit custom—always on foot, and begging his way from door to door. "At this time he was at the most malleable stage in the soul's life, and it is hardly an over-estimate to state that in these two years of solid piety and of practical spirituality in the Jesuit novitiate the secret of John Carroll's religious fervor, apostolic zeal and high-minded independence of thought is to be found."

After completing his novitiate, John Carroll spent three years (1755-1758) studying philosophy at Liége, and then returned to St. Omer's to teach the classics. He remained there four years—until the suppression of the Jesuits by the Parliament of Paris, August 6, 1762. He accompanied the exiled professors and students to Bruges, where a new college was at once founded, and, as far as we can learn, returned to Liége the following year to begin his four year's course of theology (1763-1767). He was ordained soon after—some time between 1767 and 1769—and was finally professed on February 2, 1771.

The two years that followed his ordination were chiefly spent traveling in Europe as guardian and tutor of a boy of nineteen, the son of Lord Stourton of England. The Journal of his trip is rather uninteresting and commonplace, but we have four valuable letters that he wrote at this time to Father Ellerker of Liége. They are important, for they furnish a first-hand historical evidence of the suppression of the Jesuits, and afford us a clear insight into the character of Father Carroll. His tone in these letters is rather bitter and caustic, for he felt keenly the injustice of the Roman authorities, who were acting, he imagined, as the complacent tools of the unscrupulous Bourbon politicians of France, Spain and Portugal.

The decree was issued on August 16, 1773. Father Carroll was at Bruges at the time, and within two months he, with Fathers Angier and Plowden, was arrested by the Austrian Commissioners. Unfortunately, Father Carroll's private

papers and letters were confiscated, and efforts to locate them have always proved fruitless.

Father Carroll on his release stayed, for a short time, at the College of Liége and as chaplain of Lord Arundell of Wardour Castle, England. He might have remained permanently at the college teaching or have kept his sinecure post as private chaplain among his English friends, but conditions in the Colonies called peremptorily for his return. He wanted to be in his native land in time of trouble, for he was a patriot in every fibre of his being. He left England in the spring of 1774, and went at once to the house of his brother-in-law, William Brent of Richland, Virginia.

"The political situation of the English colonies had been growing intensely during the decade preceding Father Carroll's return. The public prints of London had kept up a running commentary on the opposition to English rule in the Colonies, and the debates in Parliament brought the revolutionary spirit, which was alive in America, to the heart of the Empire. During the year of his residence in England, John Carroll had excellent opportunities to gauge public opinion, and he returned fully equipped to take part in the movement. There was no question of his patriotism, for he was the first priest of the rebellious Colonies to refuse obedience to the last of the Jesuit superiors, Father John Lewis, who acted all through the war as Vicar-General of the London District. This was not in a spirit of insubordination, but with political cleavage from England, John Carroll believed ecclesiastical separation went also. He declined to conform to the English jurisdiction of Father Lewis, and chose to reside independently with his mother at Rock Creek. He returned an amiable, cultured and polished man, endowed with all the acquirements of the learning of the day."

It is very difficult to give an accurate summary of the status of the Catholic Church on the eve of the Revolution, for the historian has to depend for the most part on legends and uncertain traditions of the towns and cities along the Atlantic coast. "The use of aliases on the part of the priests; the fear of committing historical facts to paper; the inefficient system of keeping records, and the hard missionary life of the day have had the regrettable effect of wrapping these years in a cloak of silence." Roughly speaking, the entire

population was three million, twenty-two thousand of whom were Catholics. In Maryland, the Catholics were mostly of English and Irish origin; in Pennsylvania there were Irish, Scotch, French and German Catholics, with the Germans predominating. The Catholics of New York and New Jersey could be counted by the hundreds, and all along the coast from Massachusetts to Georgia were scattered colonies of the Acadians (Massachusetts, 2,000; South Carolina, 1,500; Maryland, 2,000; Georgia, 400) who had been driven out of Nova Scotia in 1755-56. West of the Proclamation Line were the French Catholic settlements of Detroit, Green Bay, Prairie du Chien, Peoria, Cahokia, Chartres, Kaskaskia, Vincennes, Natchez, New Orleans and Mobile.

The eleven years that elapsed between the Treaty of Paris (1763) and the passage of the Quebec Act (1774) ended in a bitter No Popery campaign. Catholics could not enjoy any place of profit or trust while they continued loyal to the Church. "Toleration, when it did come, came not as the result of any high-minded principles of liberty on the part of the leaders of the Revolution, but accidentally as a by-product of the policy which was born with the spirit of independence." The story of religious liberty in the United States begins with George Mason's Bill of Rights, presented in the Virginia State Convention in 1776.

Despite the bitter anti-Catholic spirit aroused in the Colonies by the passing of the Quebec Act, as evidenced in such documents as the *Address to the People of Great Britain,* the *Petition to the King,* and Alexander Hamilton's *Full Vindication of the Measures of Congress,* Catholics took their full share in the American Revolution. The anti-Catholic feeling was offset largely by the French Alliance, the friendly attitude of Spain, the loyalty of the Catholic Indians of Maine, the assistance of Father Gibault in the West, and the gift of six million dollars by the Catholic bishops and priests to the new Republic in 1780. There was not a Catholic of important social and financial standing who sided with Great Britain in the struggle. Charles Carroll of Carrollton was beyond question one of the foremost Americans of the Revolution. "His action in the burning of the *Peggy Stewart;* his outspoken attitude on independence in the Maryland Convention and in the First Continental Congress in 1774; his commission to

Canada in 1776; his signature to the Declaration of Independence on August 2, 1776; his loyalty to Washington in the foiling of the Conway cabal; his three months' residence at Valley Forge with Washington and the American troops; his part in bringing about the French Alliance; his assistance in organizing the Bank of North America with Robert Morris, Chase and others; and his later career as First Citizen of the Land down to his death in 1832—these give him a place in our annals, of which all Americans are proud."

There are many other names besides his which figure largely among the patriots of the period: Commodore John Barry, the Father of the American Navy; General Stephen Moylan, Muster-Master General to the Army of the United Colonies, and the Colonel of the Light Horse Dragoons; Colonel John Fitzgerald, aide-de-camp and secretary to General Washington; Thomas FitzSimons, a Catholic signer of the Constitution; George Meade, Dr. Joseph Cauffman, Colonel Francis Vigo, Orono, and the most romantic figure of adventure during the whole war, Timothy Murphy.

The American army was made up chiefly of Irish and French officers and soldiers. The final victory at Yorktown was made a certainty by the presence of 7,800 Catholic French soldiers and 20,000 Catholic French sailors of the fleets of de Grasse and de Barras.

Father John Carroll himself took no active part in the Revolution, save to accept the invitation of the Continental Congress to accompany the American Commissioners—Franklin, Chase and his cousin, Charles Carroll—to Quebec. The mission to Canada was a failure, because the Bishop of Quebec, Briand, was loyal to Great Britain, and had no notion of sacrificing the certain toleration of the Quebec Act for the uncertain and, as he thought, hypocritical promises of the United Congress' *Address to the Inhabitants of Quebec.* Father Carroll received scant courtesy in Canada, even from his ex-Jesuit confrères, one of whom, Father Floquet, was punished by Bishop Briand for entertaining Father Carroll at dinner against his express command. The commissioners could not in honesty explain the reason of their country's bigoted protest to England against the Quebec Act, and the unjust laws and persecutions of Catholics in the Colonies.

It has been often stated—without a shadow of proof, however—that Father Carroll was directly instrumental in bringing about the great Constitutional triumph of religious equality before the law. The sixth article of the Constitution—*No religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States*—was considered insufficient by some of the States, and dangerous to the general welfare by others. The first amendment went further in granting religious equality—*Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion.* It took many years for the several States to accept the principle of complete religious freedom. (Georgia, 1798; South Carolina, 1790; New York, 1806; Connecticut, 1818; Delaware, 1831; Massachusetts, 1833; North Carolina, 1835; New Jersey, 1844.) New Hampshire to this day retains the word *Protestant* in its religious clause, and all attempts thus far to change it have failed.

Father Carroll, despite all legends to the contrary, had no part in the drafting of the religious freedom clause of the Constitution, although his sentiments on the matter were well known. We have a letter of his written to Matthew Carey of Philadelphia, January 30, 1789: "After having contributed in proportion to their numbers, equally at least with every other denomination, to the establishment of independence, and run every risk in common with them, it is not only contradictory to the avowed principles of equality in religious rights, but a flagrant act of injustice to deprive them of these advantages to the acquirement of which they so much contributed."

Theoretically, during the American Revolution, the London Vicars-Apostolic (Dr. Challoner, 1759-1781; Dr. Talbot, 1781-1784), were the Superiors of the Catholic clergy and laity in the "Thirteen Provinces of America." As early as 1756, Bishop Challoner tried to persuade Rome to appoint an American Bishop or Vicar-Apostolic in the Colonies. He gave as his reasons: the great distance, which did not permit him to make a visitation in America; his constant lack of information, which hinders him from directing the Church there; the destitute state of the people on account of the lack of the sacrament of Confirmation; and his inability to send a representative there by reason of the distance and the expense. His charges against the Jesuits that they were unwilling to

receive a Vicar-Apostolic or a Bishop because they had ruled the Church in the Colonies so long, are utterly without foundation. The Laity Remonstrance, of July 16, 1765, signed by Charles Carroll, Ignatius Digges, Henry Darnall and two hundred and fifty-six leading Catholic laymen of Maryland, protesting against the appointment of an Apostolical Vicar, was, as Charles Carroll himself assures us, not influenced by the Jesuits in Maryland. These laymen maintained, in a letter to Bishop Challoner accompanying the Remonstrance, that the bitter Puritanism of the Colonies at the time was absolutely hostile to the coming of any bishop, Anglican or Catholic, and that such an appointment would be destructive of peace and harmony. The suggestion of Bishop Challoner that Bishop Briand of Quebec go to the Colonies to give confirmation was too absurd even to be considered. The delay in Carroll's appointment was not due to any apathy on the part of the Holy See, but was caused solely by motives of policy. Rome fully realized the great danger to Church discipline which might arise in the absence of a canonically appointed superior, but there was nothing to gain by forcing the issue upon the rebellious Colonies.

Father Carroll was finally appointed Vicar-Apostolic on June 9, 1784. This luckily nipped in the bud the plans of the Nuncio at Paris, Doria Pamphili, and Cardinal Antonelli, the Prefect of Propaganda, who were trying to have France control the ecclesiastical affairs of the United States. The Nuncio at Paris was as Ordinary to act with the knowledge and understanding of the American Minister in Paris. Subordinate to the Nuncio would be a French Vicar-Apostolic or Bishop, with an official agent at Paris, who would act in concert with the American Minister and the Nuncio. Missionaries for the Church in America were likewise to be selected from among the French clergy. That such a scheme should have been discussed with Franklin, who seemed at first to favor it, proves conclusively how ignorant the Roman authorities were of American Catholic affairs. In fact, the "American clergy were to be at the mercy of meddlers and at the mercy of badly informed chiefs in the Congregation to which they are obliged to look as to their superiors, until an Archbishop of Baltimore (Archbishop Neale to Pius VII., March 6, 1817) breaks the restraint the American clergy must have

felt, and appeals directly to the Pope in a letter, which lacks nothing in its indignation at the sad situation in which Roman curial ignorance had placed them."

Father Carroll's appointment officially ended the jurisdiction of the Vicar-Apostolic of London, and gave the Church in the United States its own autonomy under the jurisdiction of Propaganda. Father Thorpe wrote Father Carroll from Rome, stating the nature of the faculties imparted him by Propaganda, particularly the power of administering confirmation, and stated that as soon as Propaganda had received the necessary information regarding the state of the Church in America, the Holy See would make him Bishop. Father Carroll at once presented this letter to his brethren at the Whitemarsh Chapter on October 11, 1784, and they drew up a protest against it on the plea that a bishop was unnecessary, and appointed a committee of three to draw up a Memorial to Rome against the appointment.

The appointment was not at all to the liking of Father Carroll, and this protest left him free to decline it. His best friends, however, Fathers Molyneux and Farmer of Philadelphia, wrote strong letters, telling him that it was his duty to accept it for the good of religion. Only the dread of the possible imposition of a foreigner as head of the Church in America made him finally yield to the arguments of his friends. His letter of acceptance was finally written February 27, 1785. This important letter contains the best account of the religious state of the country in the Revolutionary period, and is, therefore, one of the most valuable documents in our history. On March 1st, he sent his famous *Relation of the State of Religion in the United States* to Propaganda, another most valuable document.

Father Carroll had a most difficult task before him. His field was immense in extent and in possibilities. He had but few priests, the majority of whom were old and utterly worn out from the onerous labors of the missions. The means of communication were slow and uncertain, and the liberty of the new Republic invited to its shores many an ecclesiastical adventurer. The administration of church property was to cause quarrels in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, which threatened the unity of the Church. The spirit of nationalism was beginning to cause untold trouble. There was

no seminary to foster ecclesiastical vocations, and it was most difficult to control the quality of the priests coming from abroad. Only a man of extraordinary ability, piety and tact could have faced those five critical years (1784-1789) and have solved the many problems that met him at every turn.

Father Carroll's first visitation in the summer and fall of 1785 made him realize the imperative needs of the Church in the new Republic. Schools and academies were needed for the education of Catholic children, and a seminary for a future clergy. The relations of the clergy and laity were in a parlous state, owing to the number of intruders and vagabondi, who were causing endless trouble in every centre of his vast diocese. The strong hand of a bishop was absolutely required to settle the many difficult problems of ecclesiastical administration.

His courage and wisdom were shown in his masterly handling of the clergy-trustee squabbles in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore. His attitude was always dignified, just and eminently tactful. Most of the priests under Carroll were ex-Jesuits, who had for years borne the brunt of the struggle for the Faith in the bitter penal days. They had acquired, by bequests, property enough to provide a maintenance for the missionaries, and to carry out many charitable and educational works. Many hoped for the restoration of the Society within a few years, and they were naturally anxious to keep this property intact for their successors. Father Carroll felt that the question of restoration should be set aside for the time being, and that they should at once consolidate themselves and their estates under a recognized chief. The fact that they were not incorporated under the law of Maryland was a constant source of worry to Father Carroll, as we learn from his letters to Cardinal Antonelli. When the ex-Jesuits were attacked in a scurrilous pamphlet by Father Smyth, one time pastor of Frederick, Maryland, he defended them in an able pamphlet, still to be found in the Baltimore Cathedral Archives.

A Memorial asking for a Bishop of the United States was sent to Pope Pius VI. on March 12, 1788, by the American clergy, and acted upon favorably by Propaganda on June 23d. Carroll was at once elected, receiving twenty-four votes out of twenty-eight. This election was confirmed by the Pope

and Propaganda, the Brief appointing Carroll Bishop being issued on November 6, 1789. He was consecrated by Bishop Charles Walmesley, O.S.B., in the chapel of Lulworth Castle, England, August 15, 1790. He remained but two months in England, writing many letters to leading Catholics there, bringing to their attention the needs of his diocese. He was back in Baltimore again on December 7th. He preached in the pro-Cathedral the following Sunday, outlining the tasks that lay before him: "The religious education of Catholic youth; seminary training for the priesthood; the immediate wants of the laity; the supply of the clergy; the preservation of the faith; the inculcation of charity and forbearance, and the safeguarding his people from heresy and religious indifference."

"America's first Catholic bishop was one of the most striking figures of the times. He saw America with American eyes, and spoke of America in terms understood by the American people. He more than any other man knew America's needs, and more than any other man was capable of supplying them."

His first task was to ensure the establishment of discipline in the Church. For this purpose he held the first National Synod in Baltimore, November 7, 1791. It passed many wise laws on the administration of the sacraments, regulations regarding divine services and the observance of holydays, etc. Before it closed, Bishop Carroll asked the clergy present to consider seriously the advisability of petitioning the Holy See for a division of the diocese or for a coadjutor.

Despite a great deal of opposition, Bishop Carroll succeeded in establishing a college at Georgetown in October, 1791. Its opening was made possible by the gifts of his English friends in 1790, and an annual subsidy of one hundred *scudi* for three years from Propaganda. The burden of maintaining the college fell upon the estate of the ex-Jesuits, and that support was cheerfully given by its four first Presidents, Fathers Plunkett, Molyneux, Du Bourg and Neale. In 1806 the college passed definitely into the hands of the Jesuits.

The coming of the Sulpicians to America was due not to the direct invitation of Bishop Carroll, but to the troubled conditions in France at the time. Bishop Carroll himself had not the necessary funds to found or endow a diocesan Sem-

inary, so the offer of Father-General Emery to contribute 130,000 *livres* for the purpose came to him from the clear sky. Ten priests and seminarians left St. Malo on April 8, 1791, and the seminary was opened in Baltimore on October 3d.

Bishop Carroll appreciated most highly the services of these devoted priests. He wrote to Antonelli on April 23, 1792: "The establishment of a seminary is certainly a new and extraordinary spectacle for the people of this Country; the remarkable piety of these priests is admirable, and their example is a stimulant and spur to all who feel themselves called to work in the vineyard of the Lord. . . ."

For the first decade of its existence, the Seminary was a practical failure owing to the lack of students. Indeed, the Father-General had determined to close it and recall the Fathers to France—he did recall three of them—but was finally dissuaded by Pius VII., who said to Father Emery at Paris at the coronation ceremony of Napoleon (December, 1804): "Let the Seminary stand. It will bear fruit in its own time." During Bishop Carroll's episcopate, only thirty priests were ordained at St. Mary's. But in years to come it developed into the best nursery of the American clergy in the United States.

When Carroll became Bishop in 1790 there were no institutions of charity in his vast diocese, and no communities of women devoted to educational work. Outside the frontiers of the United States the only community of women in charge of schools was the Ursulines of New Orleans. For nearly two hundred years their record under the flags of France, Spain and the United States has been a glorious one for the cause of Catholic education. The Ursulines of Cork came to New York at the invitation of Father Kohlman in 1813, and to Charlestown, Mass., in 1815. The Carmelite nuns came to Maryland as early as 1790, and although Bishop Carroll was anxious to have them found a school for young women, they rightly pleaded that active work was against the spirit of their vocation. The Visitation Convent and Academy at Georgetown—originally established by the Poor Clares—was founded by Bishop Neale in 1813. Bishop Carroll was instrumental in having Mrs. Seton found a Catholic girls' school in Baltimore in 1808, and later on he established the Daughters of Charity with Mother Seton as Superior at Emmitsburg,

Maryland. Two other communities of nuns were founded during Bishop Carroll's lifetime—the Sisters of Loretto by Father Nerincks, in 1812, and the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, founded by Bishop David.

Dr. Carr, a man of great learning and piety, came to Philadelphia in 1796 from Dublin to establish the first house of the Augustinians. And in 1805 Father Fenwick established the Dominican Province of St. Joseph in Kentucky, a territory which he knew well on many an arduous missionary journey. Other orders, such as the Franciscans and the Trappists, came to the United States, but the Church had not yet reached a stage of progress that warranted the successful founding of religious houses of men. The Augustinians and Dominicans were alone successful in making permanent foundations, and even they had to wait several decades before they ventured to multiply their activities.

In April, 1792, Bishop Carroll made a *Report* to Rome on the state of his diocese, and requested Rome either to establish a new diocese in Philadelphia or New York, or to give him a coadjutor. He realized that his diocese was too large to be ruled efficiently by one bishop, and he felt it imperative in view of the long distance from Rome to have a coadjutor bishop on hand in America to assume episcopal authority immediately in case of his death. Rome agreed at once with regard to the appointment of a coadjutor, and asked him to name a worthy candidate. He named Father Graessel of Philadelphia, but he died before the bulls appointing him were received. Father Neale was then selected, and consecrated Bishop on December 7th. Practically speaking, his coadjutorship was of little value to Bishop Carroll, for he divided his time between Georgetown College, of which he was President, and the Visitation Convent, which he had founded. Soon after, Bishop Carroll wrote again to Rome, asking for the division of his immense diocese, and Propaganda finally answered (June 26, 1802), suggesting the foundation of four or five new dioceses, with Baltimore as the Metropolitan See. Six years of constant letter writing were to pass before the four new dioceses were finally formed.

On April 8, 1808, Pius VII. appointed Bishop Cheverus in Boston, Bishop Concanen in New York, Bishop Egan in Philadelphia, and Bishop Flaget in Bardstown. Bishop Concanen

never reached America, for he died in Naples; the other three bishops were consecrated in October and November, 1810.

"No accurate description of the general condition of Catholic life in the five dioceses can be given. It was a time of pioneer civilization. The waves of the great emigration which flowed towards the shores of America hardly reached our coasts until after Archbishop Carroll had passed away to his reward. The object nearest the hearts of these, our earliest spiritual shepherds, was the strengthening the faith of their people, the building of churches, the preparation of young men for the priesthood, and, above all, the creation of a thorough system of Catholic education for the young."

John Cheverus, New England's first Catholic Bishop, was born at Mayenne in France, January 28, 1768. Ordained in 1790, he was Vicar-General of Mans, when he was forced to leave France on account of the Revolution. He fled to England, in September, 1792, and left for the United States on the invitation of his friend, Father Matignon, of Boston. He at once sent a characteristic letter to Bishop Carroll: "Send me where you think I am most needed, without making yourself anxious about the means of my support. I am willing to work with my hands, if need be." He became an American citizen, and identified himself with all public movements. Bishop Cheverus ruled the diocese for eight years after the death of Archbishop Carroll, and then returned to France, where he died in 1836, Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux.

John Gilmary Shea, in his *History of the Church in the United States,* declares that the appointment of Richard Luke Concanen to the See of New York was due to the recommendation of Archbishop Troy of Dublin, and he adds that "Archbishop Carroll and Bishops Cheverus and Flaget saw with gloomy forebodings their advice set aside at Rome in deference to that of prelates strangers to the country." There is not the slightest foundation for these extraordinary statements.

Bishop Connolly, Bishop Concanen's successor, reached New York on November 24, 1815. New York then had a population of between thirteen and fifteen thousand Catholics, who were cared for by five priests. The Bishop was not received with any enthusiasm, and "for the ten years of his episcopate he found himself out of sympathy with some of his

priests and people, and more than once during that period his attitude on grave questions imperiled the safety and the peace of the Church in his diocese."

Father Michael Egan was born in Ireland in 1761. He was a learned, modest and humble priest, never very robust, and, as an administrator, lacking in firmness. He was at St. Mary's, Philadelphia, when he was made Bishop of that See, and he at once started on a visitation "to correct bad customs, to abolish abuses, and to encourage his priests in the performance of their duties." He lived to administer his diocese only six years.

Archbishop Carroll was most anxious to have an American appointed as successor to Bishop Egan. He wrote to this effect to all his suffragans, suggesting Fathers David, Du Bourg, Hurley and Gallitzin. But despite all his efforts, the Irish Bishops seemed to have the ear of the Holy See, and no decision was reached concerning Philadelphia before his death. In 1820, Bishop Conwell of Dungannon, Ireland, was made Bishop of Philadelphia, "an appointment which was more surprising to Archbishop Curtis of Armagh than if he had been made Emperor of China."

The Sulpician Father Flaget was born in France in 1763. He came to America in 1792, and was sent by Bishop Carroll to Port Vincennes, then on the frontier of the Baltimore diocese. Recalled by his Sulpician Superior in 1794, he became a professor at Georgetown College, and in 1798 went to Havana to help Du Bourg with his college scheme. He returned to Baltimore in 1801, and taught at St. Mary's College in 1805. He was at Emmitsburg when called to the Bishopric of Bardstown. He did his best to decline the honor conferred upon him, appealing first to Bishop Carroll, and even going to France to enlist the aid of his Father-General. Both commanded him to comply with the wishes of the Holy See, and Bishop Flaget found himself chief shepherd of a flock that was scattered from the Canadian border to the Savannahs of Georgia.

In this immense territory, Bishop Flaget had eight priests —three seculars, four Dominicans and one Sulpician—to help him. He at once established a seminary at Bardstown, the professors and seminarians making the bricks and cutting the wood to build St. Thomas', the first institution of the kind

erected west of the Alleghenies. He spent about two years making a complete visitation of his diocese, and embodied the result of his travels in a remarkable *Report,* which he forwarded to Pius VII. on April 10, 1815. He had by this time ten priests, sixteen ecclesiastical students, a Catholic population of ten thousand, and nineteen churches. Ohio had 50 families with no priest; Indiana, 130 families, with a priest visiting them twice a year; Illinois, three parishes—Cahokia, Kaskaskia and Prairie du Rocher—with two priests. Bishop Flaget was the perfect type of missionary bishop—simple, untiring, beloved by his people, devoted to work among the Indians, and of remarkable influence in the councils of the Church and of Rome. He resigned his See in 1832, and was succeeded by another Sulpician, Father David.

"To a great extent, the last five years of Archbishop Carroll's life would seem, at first glance, to be overshadowed by the march of events in the dioceses suffragan to Baltimore; but a careful study of the state of religion in these different parts of the country reveals the grasp he possessed to the very end on all that concerned the good of religion and of Catholicism as a factor in American life."

By a rescript of January 29, 1791, the whole tract of the Mississippi Valley became automatically a part of Bishop Carroll's extra-diocesan jurisdiction. After the cession of Louisiana to the United States he, at the instance of Rome, wrote to President Madison about church conditions in Louisiana, and the President replied, saying that the American Government would welcome an end to the religious strife which was distracting the city of New Orleans. Bishop Carroll had great difficulty in persuading any of his priests to go to New Orleans, but the post was finally accepted by Father Du Bourg, who later on became Bishop of Louisiana, September 24, 1815. On March 10, 1804, Propaganda also gave Archbishop Carroll juridic powers over the Danish Islands of the West Indies, St. Eustace, the Barbados, St. Kitt's, Antigua, and all other islands not under the rule of a Bishop, Vicar-Apostolic or Prefect-Apostolic.

The status of the Diocese of Baltimore, at Archbishop Carroll's death, may be studied in Maréchal's *Report* to Propaganda on October 16, 1818. At that time there were 100,000 Catholics, chiefly in Maryland, who were cared for by fifty-

two priests. Baltimore had four churches, a seminary, colleges, convents, schools and the beginnings of a Catholic press to refute misrepresentations, and to diffuse Catholic truth. During the whole of his episcopate, Bishop Carroll suffered greatly from a constant influx of unworthy priests, who were creating disturbance everywhere. More than once, he stated that he would let some parishes do without a priest's ministrations rather than send the people priests of whose doctrine and conduct he was uncertain. The lack of priests was the reason of many an apostasy in the early days, for the 25,000 Catholics of 1785 represent only a small part of the hundreds of thousands of Catholics who had emigrated to America in the two centuries preceding the Revolution.

The scarcity of Catholic schools was another reason of the loss of faith. "The Church may flourish in poverty, even abject poverty, but its light flickers and dies in the midst of ignorance." The first parochial schools were in Philadelphia (St. Mary's, 1781; Holy Trinity, 1789; St. Augustine's, 1811), New York (St. Peter's, 1800), Boston, 1820, Vincennes, 1792, Pottinger's Creek, 1805, and Baltimore (St. Peter's, St. Patrick's and St. John's, 1815). There were only four colleges (Georgetown, 1789; St. Mary's, Baltimore, 1805; Mount St. Mary's, Emmitsburg, 1809, and the New York Literary Institute, 1809).

The Trustee system caused untold trouble in the last five years of Archbishop Carroll's episcopate, the laity rebelling in many of the larger cities against the most essential part of all canonical legislation—the spiritual authority of the bishop over the pastorates of his diocese. Bishop Carroll came out victor in every contest save in the Charleston case, and even that was decided in favor of Archbishop Neale once the real facts were known at Rome.

Archbishop Carroll died on December 3, 1815. His last public act was to decline the gracious invitation sent him by the committee in charge to pronounce the chief discourse at the laying of the corner-stone of the Washington Monument on July 4, 1815. He was feeble at the time, and was expecting death at any moment.

Father Grassi gives a good estimate of his character in his *Memorie* (1818). He writes: "To his courtesy of demeanor was joined a rare goodness of heart, qualities which won him the merited esteem and respect of the public, not

only Catholic, but non-Catholic. In the eyes of some, he was not cautious enough in his choice of confidants, and he was prone to give in to Protestants more than he should have done, and to appoint trustees over churches when he could have done well without them, and so averted all the troubles which our missionaries suffered at the hands of those same persons, with damage to religion itself."

Shea writes of him: "Posterity has retained the veneration and esteem entertained in this country for Archbishop Carroll, and the calm scrutiny of history in our day recognizes the high estimate of his personal virtues, his purity, meekness, prudence and his providential work in molding the diverse elements in the United States into an organized Church. His administrative ability stands out in high relief when we view the results produced by others who, unacquainted with the country and the Catholics here, rashly promised themselves to cover the land with the blossoms of peace, but raised only harvests of thorns. With his life of large experience in civil and religious vicissitudes, through whose storms his faith in the mission of the Church never wavered, closed a remarkable period in the history of the Church in the United States."

As Bishop Cheverus well styled him in his address in 1810 at the establishment of the hierarchy, he was "the charioteer of God." He led the army of God through every danger with a courage that none could gainsay, and with a success which is his perennial memory in the annals of the Catholic faith in the Republic he had helped to create and mold."

We have tried to give a summary—often in the words of the writer—of this remarkable biography of a most remarkable Bishop. It is the work of a careful scholar, who has gone to the sources for his every statement, and who has given us the results of his studies honestly and impartially. It is a work of which the American Church and the Catholic University may well be proud, for it satisfies the standards of the most exacting scholarship, and is, at the same time, highly interesting, readable and well written.

THE PAGANISM OF MR. YEATS.

BY JAMES J. DALY, S.J.

IT is some twenty years ago that I listened to Mr. William Butler Yeats explaining to a large American audience his gospel of the beautiful. A tall, graceful form; a countenance of winning intelligence, stamped with the preoccupied and pathetic ardors of the visionary; dark hair parted at the side and allowed to fall carelessly in a heavy mass over a high forehead; a voice that paid no attention to itself, so engrossed was it with ideas, but pleasing withal; gestures of natural courtesy, and the aura of a great reputation—such external recommendations as these were not lost upon the poet's audience. He seemed like a young god of the Greeks, Hyperion, as it were, in evening dress.

The suggestion of a Greek god was carried out in the tenor of his speech. He presented himself to us as a leader in a national movement. The modern spirit of commercialism, he said, was destroying the beauty and happiness of the world. It was rampant in England, and had penetrated Irish life. He had consecrated all his powers to restore to his native land the antique reverence and heroic gesture of its pagan gods, its fighting men and milk-white valorous women of pre-Christian days. Ireland was to be redeemed from its bondage to England and the modern spirit of commercialism by a revival of popular belief in fairies. The folk-lore of the people on the western coast of Ireland, where English tradition had made least headway, was saturated with poetry of an unearthly loveliness, which would regenerate decadent Ireland.

The eloquent young lecturer kept in touch with his hard-headed American audience by admitting that the Gaelic revival, as it was outlined by him, was most probably a movement of defeat. But he won all hearts by the fervor of his declaration that a true man wrought according to his ideals, never stopping to calculate chances or to ask whether defeat or success awaited the end of his day's work. It was a most

unworldly attitude: and there are few persons so worldly as not to enjoy the spectacle of other-worldliness, especially when it is invested with the charm of poetry and the accents of a comely and youthful dreamer.

I can recall the puzzled state of my feelings at the time. The lecturer's other world was different from mine. His was a world of shadowy and baleful forms and voices, evoked from the glooms of night and the terrors and tendernesses of winds and waves and lonely mountain glades. Mine was a world of spiritual realities, divinely gracious, as actual to me as the body I wore, and far more precious. This world of mine, which has been called the Kingdom of Heaven, had supplanted that world of his at Infinite cost, and had inspired heroisms of service and sacrifice in order to carry light and hope and gladness to that whilom world which the Irish poet depicted in such attractive colors. He cheapened everything that I held sacred and passing fair, and glorified a system of life and conduct, which, whatever may be said about the externals of its pageantry, harbored horror and corruption at its heart. Nowhere was my world so quickly and firmly and gratefully established in the hearts of the people as in the land of his birth, where it has endured through centuries of prosperity, at first, and, then, of unparalleled trials, as a most potent spiritual force at the service of all mankind. The young poet seemed actually to resent the completeness of the Christian conquest of his native land. There was an unaccustomed note of stridency in his voice when he asserted that his movement would brook no dictation from the pulpits of his country.

And yet one could not find it in his heart to dislike the young poet who was so obviously sincere in advocating a lost cause, even though it was the lost cause of all the spirits of darkness. I could only sit and wonder and make surmises about the formation of mind, the prejudice, the habits, the association and studies and temper of soul, which could so blind a man of high intelligence to the moral and spiritual beauty of Christianity as to lead him to express a deliberate preference, on ethical as well as æsthetic grounds, for the weird paganisms of the past. If there are any good reasons for Matthew Arnold's definition of poetry, namely, that it is a criticism of life, what are we to think of poetry which declares

that paganism is a more desirable thing than Christianity? Rationalism merely registers a broad fact at its minimum valuation when it tells us through one of its favorite historians: "It was reserved for Christianity to present to the world an ideal character, which through all the changes of eighteen centuries has inspired the hearts of men with an impassioned love; has shown itself capable of acting on all ages, nations, temperaments and conditions; has been not only the highest pattern of virtue, but the strongest incentive to its practice, and has exercised so deep an influence that it may be truly said that the simple record of three short years of active life has done more to regenerate and to soften mankind, than all the disquisitions of philosophers, and all the exhortations of moralists." And it might be added without fear of contradiction, "than all poems ancient and modern."

I could not help concluding, after hearing Mr. Yeats explain the principles of his art, that he was living strangely apart from the great streams of humanity. His points of contact with life, especially in his native land, were its fancies and extravagances rather than its realities. Subsequent confirmation was not lacking in certain essays, in which the Irish poet writes about fairies in a vein of religious reverence and belief, and in casual allusions met with in the publications of his friends where they refer to him as "Willie" Yeats in a tone of amused indulgence, as if he were hopelessly committed to eccentricities of thought.

I need not say that many men prefer paganism to Christianity for worse reasons than an obstinately unpractical turn of mind. Perhaps this is the consideration which procures for Mr. Yeats a kindly tolerance from people who find neopaganism a bore and a nuisance. He seems so simple and honest in the weaving of his filmy lace-work of pale dreams that one pities him for finding Christianity "lower than the heart's desire." One has to understand Mr. Yeats; his is the winsome willfulness of infancy; concessions must be made to peculiarities of mind out of the common run; if he hurts us with his pretty arrows, he does it as a child does it, that is, in the least offensive of all possible modes of assault.

But great poetry cannot spring from such a soil. Sanity and sobriety of judgment on the large issues of life are still, and always have been, the marks of major poets and prose-

writers. "I'd rather be a kitten and cry, Mew! than write the best poetry in the world on condition of laying aside common sense in the ordinary transactions and business of the world." It is probable Sir Walter Scott knew very well that great poetry could never be written on such a condition; but his words serve to illustrate the attitude of genius of the highest rank in the relationship of art to life.

It is unfortunate for the cause of poetry that a man of Mr. Yeats' fine fervor of workmanship should have become early and permanently obsessed by an impossible idea. "The attempt to revive an ancient myth—as distinguished from an ancient story of human life—however alluring, however illustrated by poets of genius, seems to me," says that acute critic of poetry, Francis T. Palgrave, "essentially impossible. It is for the details, not for the whole, that we read *Hyperion,* or *Prometheus Unbound,* or the German *Iphigenia.* Like the great majority of post-classical verse in classical languages, those modern myths are but exercises on a splendid scale." The Gaelic revival became for Mr. Yeats nothing else than precisely that, namely, an endeavor to resuscitate a dead past, and to furnish forth out of its outworn emotions and primitive religious experiences food and raiment for modern needs. Mr. Yeats has succeeded in composing some graceful academic exercises; nothing more. With doubts about the vital actuality of his method, he has employed a loose symbolism to establish contact with the world of living men; but the device can hardly be said to have succeeded in winning for his verse attention more serious than that which we pay to mere brilliant exercises of an accomplished artist. Mr. Yeats has wasted excellent poetic capacity in becoming a minor poet, engaged in the gentle but ineffectual labor of rescuing a remote twilight and an ancient darkness from the floods of splendor, in which St. Patrick's flaming sword engulfed them.

If anyone wishes to study the sterility of the sources to which Mr. Yeats has gone for inspiration, he will discover a striking object-lesson in the poet's recently published volume of selected poems.[1] They are conveniently divided for such a study into chronological periods. If we confine ourselves to the lyrics, which are more characteristic of Mr. Yeats' genius than his dramatic pieces and contain the flower of his

[1] *Selected Poems.* By William Butler Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Co.

achievement, we shall find a curiously progressive deterioration in his work. The earliest group of poems is dated 1885-1892, and contains such favorites as "The Lake Isle of Innisfree," "The Fiddler of Dooney," and "The Ballad of Father Gilligan." Here are the new and entrancing magic and music which charmed us years ago and sharpened the edge of expectation. Alas, for youthful promise! The young poet sang from the peak of his excellence. He has never surpassed these little miracles of rare Celtic rapture: their secret has escaped the bewildered singer, and his song since then has been a groping effort, successful at ever lengthening intervals, to recover that first fine careless rapture. There are notes of sadness and failure in the later poems of the period between 1904 and 1919, and it is rather poignant to read, in one of the last poems in the collection,

> I have no speech but symbol, the pagan speech I made
> Amid the dreams of youth.

If there is need of a crowning proof of the falseness and futility of the trail which Mr. Yeats has been following, it can be found in the rather astounding absence, in these later poems, of any sign of interest in the recent stirring history of his country. When he was young he declared his pagan creed, with all the bold confidence of youth, in his "To Ireland in the Coming Times," turning his back on the traditional sanctities of his land and sighing ecstatically,

> Ah, faeries, dancing under the moon,
> A Druid land, a Druid tune!

and he promises himself, in spite of his recusancy, a secure place among the patriot bards of Irish history:

> Nor may I less be counted one
> With Davis, Mangan, Ferguson.

How pitiful sounds this young boast in the presence of the mature performance! The little red Rose has been plunged in its bath of heroic blood, and the deeds of Cuchulainn and all the chariot-chiefs and kings of Ulster have been outdone, while cities flamed and tumbled, and all the world looked on

in wonder; and Mr. Yeats can find nothing to inspire a song except some cryptic discontent of his own at the course of events. I know nothing whatever concerning the political ideas of Mr. Yeats during the last six years; but I gather from these poems that he has been out of sympathy with the men who cast life and liberty and possessions into the scales in a supreme conflict for their country's freedom. If I am correct in my surmise, it is a sinister commentary on the uselessness of a false intellectualism in any practical crisis. I do not deny the sincerity and fervor of Mr. Yeats' patriotism. It is through no immediate fault of his that the great Dawn of his dreams should break at long last and find him listless. The fault is to be traced back to that remote day when he so far departed from realities as to scorn the living Faith which has been the mainstay of his people, through trials in which pretty Druid fancies would be insults if they were offered as hopes or alleviations.

The strange irony of the situation lies in the fact that the men who blew the smoldering dreams of Ireland into the white flame of Easter Week and perished in it with exultation, caught much of their enthusiasm from Mr. Yeats' own sources. The two Pearses, Padraic and William, Thomas MacDonagh and Joseph Plunkett, not to mention others, drew inspiration and instruction from the fine idealism of old Celtic legends of early paganism. The fire which Mr. Yeats was so prominent in kindling, gave them warmth at the supreme moment, but could impart no life-giving heat to himself. For the Irish poet's theory of life is a paralyzing thing. The nature-worship of Celtic paganism, which so captivates him, contains no concepts of right or wrong, duty or obligation. "No thought of Calvary," he makes one of the characters say in "The Land of Heart's Desire," "troubled the morning stars in their first song." It is hard for the ordinary Christian to see why the thought of Calvary should cause trouble, rather than great love and hope, to anyone; but, of course, the poet is correct. Stars and mountains and winds and similar objects of nature are never troubled by any thoughts whatever. The irresponsible freedom of the wild things of nature fascinates the poet. The trouble of living rationally, of thinking and obeying and performing duty, is distasteful to him. Any religion which emphasizes the responsibility of the individual, and presents

truth with a corollary of precept—as the Catholic religion does—fatigues and disgusts Mr. Yeats. And so we have lyrics like the following, in which he draws his robe about him and withdraws disdainfully from the human world, as from a lower world than the mindless world which he loves:

> Outworn heart, in a time outworn,
> Come clear of the nets of wrong and right;
> Laugh, heart, again in the gray twilight,
> Sigh, heart, again in the dew of the morn.
>
> Your mother Eire is always young,
> Dew ever shining and twilight gray;
> Though hope fall from you and love decay,
> Burning in fires of a slanderous tongue.
>
> Come, heart, where hill is heaped upon hill:
> For there the mystical brotherhood
> Of sun and moon and hollow and wood
> And river and stream work out their will;
>
> And God stands winding His lonely horn,
> And time and the world are ever in flight;
> And love is less kind than the gray twilight,
> And hope is less dear than the dew of the morn.

As the beautiful expression of a common mood, these verses can be accorded due admiration. Wordsworth has done it better in a famous sonnet, though he was not "a pagan suckled in a creed outworn." As an expression of a philosophy of life it is fatuous and futile.

Padraic Pearse's philosophy was different, and can be inferred from the verses which he could write for his mother while he was waiting for the firing squad:

> Dear Mary, thou who saw thy first-born Son
> Go forth to die amidst the scorn of men,
> Receive my first-born son into thy arms
> Who also goeth forth to die for men;
> And keep him by thee till I come for him.
> Dear Mary, I have shared thy sorrows,
> And soon shall share thy joys.

Thomas MacDonagh passed the hours between the time his sister, a nun, left his cell and the moment of execution, kneel-

ing before his crucifix. These leaders, in a desperate chance, all went to Confession and Holy Communion as a preparation for fighting and dying. Michael Mallen, we read, "prayed into the very rifles of the men who shot him, and his last words were: 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!'" And in his last letter to his wife we find, among other instructions, the following: "If you can, I would like you to dedicate Una to the service of God, and also Joseph. Do this if you can, and pray Our Divine Lord that it may be so. . . . Una, my little one, be a nun. Joseph, my little man, be a priest if you can."

Mr. Yeats' "September, 1913," inclines us to suspect that his view of facts like these is derisory and contemptuous:

> What need you, being come to sense,
> But fumble in a greasy till
> And add the half pence to the pence
> And prayer to shivering prayer, until
> You have dried the marrow from the bone;
> For men were born to pray and save:
> Romantic Ireland's dead and gone,
> It's with O'Leary in the grave.
>
> Yet they were of a different kind
> The names that stilled your childish play,
> They have gone about the world like wind,
> But little time had they to pray
> For whom the hangman's rope was spun,
> And what, God help us, could they save:
> Romantic Ireland's dead and gone,
> It's with O'Leary in the grave.
>
> Was it for this the wild geese spread
> The gray wing upon every tide;
> For this that all that blood was shed,
> For this Edward Fitzgerald died,
> And Robert Emmet and Wolfe Tone,
> All that delirium of the brave;
> Romantic Ireland's dead and gone,
> It's with O'Leary in the grave.
>
> Yet could we turn the years again,
> And call those exiles as they were,

In all their loneliness and pain
You'd cry "some woman's yellow hair
Has maddened every mother's son:"
They weighed so lightly what they gave;
But let them be, they're dead and gone,
They're with O'Leary in the grave.

Thus Mr. Yeats in "September, 1913." Only two years later, there broke forth such a delirium of the brave as Mr. Yeats never dreamed. And the only men who figured prominently in the outbreak were young clerks and teachers who found time to pray, waiting for the executioner, because prayer had been a life-long habit. As between Pearse and Mr. Yeats, there can be no doubt which Emmet would recognize as a kindred spirit. Was ever a poet's reading of his people so palpably and so quickly falsified? I am astonished that Mr. Yeats should have the courage to include in his Selected Poems "September, 1913," after Easter Week, 1916.

It is a rather ungracious speculation, but one can hardly help wondering whether Mr. Yeats' lyrical inertness in the stirring events of recent years is due to the marked Christian character of the valor so epically displayed. I am certain he shares none of the blind bigotry of the sectaries of the North. But even a kindly and tolerant paganism loses patience sometimes with an inflexible creed; and we are not surprised to find the furry, soft and charming paganism of Mr. Yeats unsheathing acerbities in a note appended to "The Countess Cathleen." At the first performance of this play in Dublin, the actors, we are told, "had to face a very vehement opposition stirred up by a politician and a newspaper, the one accusing me in a pamphlet, the other in long articles, day after day, of blasphemy because of the language of the demons or of Shemus Rua, and because I made a woman sell her soul and yet escape damnation, and of a lack of patriotism because I made Irish men and women, who, it seems, never did such a thing, sell theirs. The politician or the newspaper persuaded some forty Catholic students to sign a protest against the play, and a Cardinal, who avowed that he had not read it, to make another, and both politician and newspaper made such obvious appeals to the audience to break the peace, that a score or so of police were sent to the theatre to see that they did not.

I had, however, no reason to regret the result, for the stalls, containing almost all that was distinguished in Dublin, and a gallery of artisans alike insisted on the freedom of literature." Literature, of course, must be free, free to hurt the weakest and to desecrate the highest, even though one must sell his soul to exercise that freedom. But when I reflect that the poet, who thought it admirable for a lady to sell her soul for her country, sat in safe seclusion while the Catholic students, who denounced the nefarious transaction, were selling their lives for his country, I am again astonished at some of the inclusions in this volume of selected poems.

The frozen apathy of Mr. Yeats' muse in the high-tide of his country's heroic mood can be due only to his poor understanding of the soul of Ireland. He worships beauty in the abstract, and believes that a poet should be concerned with the making of beautiful poems, regardless of moral, religious or patriotic import. He tells us in verses which do not find a place in his selected poems that:

> When I was young
> I had not given a penny for a song
> Did not the poet sing it with such airs
> That one believed he had a sword upstairs,

and he snorts at this allegiance of poetry to any cause whatever. In those young days, he thought he saw beauty in a far-off paganism, whose harshnesses came softened to him by the mists of distance, and he dedicated his muse to the service of paganism with a devotion that can hardly be said to have languished much in the interval. Now, I do not think I shall offend historical judgment in any sane quarter by saying that the soul of Ireland, if it has worn beauty as a garment any times these fifteen hundred years, has worn it woven of the faith and aspiration and white purities and rubrical sacrifices of Catholic fidelities and consecrations. How can a poet, who seems to be organically bereft of the power to see so prominent a reality, hope to "be counted one with Davis, Mangan, Ferguson" in the memory of his country and mankind?

The sad fact is that the early impulse of "The Wind Among the Reeds" has been too tenuous and too unrelated with reality to survive. Mr. Yeats, having lost his lyric voice,

busies himself now with fantastic experiments in drama. His "Four Plays for Dancers," appearing almost simultaneously with his volume of "Selected Poems," offers small compensation to those who have liked him for his singing quality. In these new plays, he has gone to the old Greek theatre for hints in construction, setting and properties. It is not easy to describe the result. The vague, shadowy, formless visions of Oisin are not happy amid the precise proprieties of classic Greece. Mr. Yeats and the school of Irish poets, which he has founded, remind me of Lady Penelope and Lady Binks and the other fair revelers at Shaws-Castle: "Who can describe the wonders wrought by active needles and scissors, aided by thimbles and thread, upon silver gauze and sprigged muslin? Or, who can show how, if the fair nymphs of the spring did not entirely succeed in attaining the desired resemblance to heathen Greeks, they at least contrived to get rid of all similitude to sober Christians?"

TO ONE WHO OUGHT TO BE A CATHOLIC.

BY SUMMERFIELD BALDWIN, 3D.

And have my prayers and words been all in vain?
Dost thou reject the treasure I have found?
Must the great cloud of witnesses around
Lament to see thee lingering in the plain,
Weep as they watch thy powers slowly wane,
Grieving that with earth's shackles thou art bound?
Has the good seed been sown in stony ground
That might a hundred fold have brought forth grain?

God will provide. Nor shall I cease to pray
That thou, become partaker with the throng,
May live expectant of the eternal day,
Thy death made life, thy weaknesses made strong,
That arm in arm with thee, good friend, I may
Press on to hear the high triumphal song.

"SISTER ANSELMINE."

A PORTRAIT BY A SKEPTIC.

BY E. M. WALKER.

THE name of Ernest Psichari is familiar to many, even to those who have not read the strange, mystical and moving document which recounts the conversion of Renan's grandson in the scorching desert of Sahara—"an unforgettable record," as a critic has termed it. Fewer still know that the mystic's father, a distinguished Greek philologist, has since written a book which, although lacking the literary qualities, the genius and the passion of *Le Voyage du Centurion (A Soldier's Pilgrimage,* as the English publisher has called the translation), is yet of considerable interest because it, too, is in its way a human document. Moreover, it voices for us the feelings and opinions of a growing number of Frenchmen. Noble, and touched by the flame of *l'union sacrée,* yet unable to believe, these men have dissociated themselves from the violence and injustice of the anti-clericals; they are respectful of the old Faith, and preach Amenity and Love, striving to understand where they do not believe, finding Catholicism so deeply rooted in the soil of France that it would be impossible, and undesirable even were it possible, to destroy it.

With what insight and discrimination M. Jean Psichari has grasped the Catholic ideal of sanctity is proved by his inimitable pen portrait of the heroine of his novel, *Sister Anselmine.* She gives the book its title *(Sœur Anselmine);* and the motto on the front page taken from Dante, *Più che la stella,* brighter than the stars, refers to her. We are not surprised that she ends by converting, first her brother, and then that brother's friend. She is first presented to us in the winter of 1869-1870 as a little girl of eleven:

> A tall child, with blue eyes innocent and clear. *Clarity,* that is the word which best describes her, clarity not only of face, but of her whole being. She was beautiful, and she

was radiantly clear. This clarity (but how express the inexpressible?) was the color of her soul—if clarity has a color. Simplicity, a simplicity manifested by her gestures, her glances, her heart, her thoughts, seemed to be an emanation from this clarity, a natural gift. That which is clear has no complexity. Clarity, by its very essence, is simple. The simplicity of Anselmine and her clarity had, as their necessary complement, gayety, which was, as it were, the natural sound given forth by this smooth, transparent crystal.

Her devotion, intense though it was, called up no image of sombre flame, but rather suggested a fire whose rosy diaphanous brilliance was undimmed by the slightest suspicion of smoke. When she sacrificed herself, which she did often, there was no trace in her self-sacrifice of black resolutions, still less (which is even more meritorious) of that tendency we, most of us, have to admire ourselves in our sacrifices.

Similarly, when she prayed, the upward flight of her prayer was fervent and tranquil, passionate and joyous. But in describing Anselmine, it is difficult to find a word with the exact shade of meaning, for when we think of her, expressions occur to us that make us afraid. She looked forward to Sunday and all other festivals as days on which she was going to *amuse* herself thoroughly. Yes, that is the word which best describes the state of this clear and gay and simple soul. To be there, in the House of God, to give herself up to her devotions, to offer herself to God, to pray to Him, to think of Him—above all, to think of Him—why, these formed a whole series of good and pleasant things. There was nothing austere in them, nothing repellent, nothing obligatory. The free offering, the complete gift of herself could but gladden her heart. Anselmine found happiness in her piety.

By the time she was thirteen, her clear and gay simplicity had already found in sacrifice the solution of every difficulty—sacrifice, which dominated and determined her whole existence.

Already, when as quite a little child she had knelt by Jean's side at the bedside of their father, she had been conscious of the need her brother would have of her; later, at the deathbed of their elder brother in 1870, she resolved to consecrate her life to Jean, not to marry, to remain with their mother and him, to give her whole self, angel of

devotion and simplicity that she was, for the good of Jean. This course was envisaged and willed by her in an instant.

Her instinct was probably true, for Jean, though charming, talented and lovable, was weak. He was not twenty when he allowed an unhappy love affair to cast over his young life a gloom that was never subsequently dissipated. This, it seems to us, was not faithfulness, but selfish blindness, for assuredly the lady was unworthy of his devotion. Moreover, he sacrificed his sister, who long remained unmarried for his sake, and who, when she did at length marry a certain Marquis, a devoted Catholic and celebrated Hebrew scholar who had been injured by an accident during his excavations in Palestine, did so mainly for Jean's sake and in the hope of aiding his conversion. For it had happened that her brother's Greek and Hebrew studies had led him to skepticism, whereas, Anselmine argued, in view of her Marquis' robust faith, "the Bible rightly understood would save him." This marriage, as it turned out, brought to Anselmine what she had never looked for, a season of perfect and passionate love. But her earthly happiness did not last long, and after the death of her husband, she turned again to Jean, determined to save him, having learned from the very depth of her own personal grief how great is the misery of the creature, how insistent and exacting the duties that lie near us. And Jean, in the long run, was converted. A serious illness, his first glimpse of the abyss of death, the strong pull of his long line of ancestors, all did their part. For, says the chronicler:

> Ideas, sensations, sentiments even, lie sleeping within us, silent amid the tumult of existence. . . . It is easy to speak of the fears of the dying who seek absolution. Yes, doubtless, fear is present, but it is not all. There is something higher: there is seemliness, decency, tradition, the Past: there is History. And these are noble motives.

Such a paragraph is typical of one phase of Latin skepticism. But, besides all this, for Jean de Warlaing there was Anselmine:

> The dear and limpid visage smiled at him with so happy a simplicity, so natural a gayety; the brother felt himself

> at that moment so utterly of the same flesh as his sister; so intense a communion was established between them, a communion born of centuries of consanguinity, that it appeared to him only natural to believe as she believed. . . . The momentary faith passed on the morrow, but the light of Anselmine remained. This light he saw it always, resting on her childlike gracious face. And, sincerely, he asked himself this question: Did not the depth and the sincerity of Anselmine hide a foundation of the truth? Have we the right to disdain this fact, belief; this human reality, the believer?

So much for Jean's standpoint, but we are also told:

> At the critical moment of Jean de Warlaing's syncope, this gay and luminous and simple being, judged it quite natural to promise herself to God if He would grant her brother time for conversion, and to undertake to renounce the world herself directly she had lost him. She had two seconds in which to decide, so far as in her lay, the eternal fate of Jean, and she decided after this fashion. She knew that he was saved when he opened his eyes once more and smiled at her. The efficacity of sacrifice appeared to her at that moment more self-evident than ever.

Strange portrait for a skeptic, this heroine who becomes a nun and ultimately saves her brother and her childhood's friend! Yet not so strange when we consider France and all she stands for. A Frenchman who believes in goodness and beauty has no need to seek them in the curious by-paths of new faiths and high-sounding so-called Religions of Humanity. The Christian and Catholic ideal of sanctity is rooted in his native soil, flourishes under his eyes, making the present solid with the past. Belief, or unbelief: the issue is clear to him, clear with French clearness. To have known an Anselmine is a great responsibility, but a great grace, too. It is not wonderful that many Frenchmen end by crying out, as M. Psichari makes André Pauron cry: "Everything for the religion that produces such beings!"

HAS THE CATHOLIC PRESS FAILED?

BY GEORGE N. KRAMER.

ATHOLICS in the United States today stand at the crossroads in their press development. They are experiencing a period of agitation which will result in either a better Catholic press or a return to the dismal past and failure. As in all campaigns, the situation will be either better or worse; it can never be quite the same.

The first practical step in this new era was taken by the archbishops and bishops in their first annual meeting in September, 1919, when they established and personally financed the Department of Press and Publicity of the National Catholic Welfare Council in Washington, D.C. The final decision was announced at the national convention of the Catholic Press Association in January, 1920. By March of the same year the personnel of the news bureau was selected, and by the second week in April the practical results of the service were available to Catholic publications.

In the following year, March was set apart as Catholic press month, a kind of campaigning period. The purpose was to interest the laity in Catholic publications, to solicit subscriptions and to build up a deserving press. Again, in 1922, we have had "press month." There were meetings to urge the laity to give better support to the diocesan organs; there were exhortations from the pulpit and from the columns of the papers themselves, calling to the attention of Catholics their obligations in this regard; there were pamphlets and notices and subscription blanks. No definite information has been gathered on the results of these drives. It may be safely stated, however, that all Catholic subscription lists have been swelled as a result of press month activities.

Yet this is no indication of the success or failure of the movement. A new era has undoubtedly opened. Will it bring a substantial change in the Catholic press or will it be a mere repetition of the past? It ill befits Catholics to stumble along, trusting to luck that their feet stay in the right path,

without giving some attention to the signs along the roadside, to find out how far or in what direction they have been traveling. The signs that should in this instance be carefully read are the conclusions drawn from an unbiased study of the press itself. If the new era is to bring success, the Catholic press must be unfettered from the faults and weaknesses that have prevented it from prospering in the past. It will be of no avail to make drives for more subscribers if there is something radically wrong with the press itself.

No honest research can exclude those features of any question which are disagreeable, and no progress can be made if the investigator close his eyes to the truth of unpleasant conclusions. The discussion of such here is not in the vein of adverse criticism. On the contrary, they are noted as the result of honest convictions derived from first-hand knowledge and practical experience. Some are painful facts presented by one who has made a careful study of the subject and whose hope is the establishment of a powerful, worthy, efficient Catholic press in the United States.

Although the Catholic press really includes all publications under Catholic supervision regardless of the frequency at which they are issued, it is here taken to mean all those weekly, semi-weekly, tri-weekly, and daily publications purporting to carry news of the day as the first object of their being. This excludes such periodicals as reviews, journals of opinion, special interest organs, such as fraternal, institutional, Irish propaganda and children's papers. Thus limited, the term would include at the very most, fifty-seven publications in the English language and thirty-four in foreign languages.

The Catholic press, then, has either been a success or it has been a failure. If it has been a success, it is impossible to explain why only one Catholic out of every twenty in the United States subscribes for any Catholic publication, why the clergy insistently encourage the laity to support Catholic papers, why the laity who do subscribe are not enthusiastic over these same papers, do not recommend them, praise them, comment upon them. If the Catholic press movement as a whole has been a success, it is difficult to account for the numerous failures of Catholic publications and to excuse the almost despairing attitude of sincere thinking laymen.

Taken from the historical standpoint, from the number of subscribers to Catholic papers in proportion to the total number of Catholics in the United States, and from a consideration of the standards of the publications themselves, the Catholic press must be pronounced a failure. Not a failure in the sense that it has ceased to exist, but a failure in so far as it has not fulfilled its mission, has been a thing of weakness instead of strength, has accomplished very little for that greatest of institutions which it should defend and whose interests it should promote, the Catholic Church.

The Catholic press in this country is just one hundred years old. The first distinctly Catholic periodical in the new world was *The Catholic Miscellany,* founded by Bishop England, in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1822. During these hundred years, no accurate account has been kept of the number of papers that failed, yet a fair approximate would show that three times as many went out of existence as are now being published. As a rule, the few that continued to struggle on were in danger of collapsing for want of sufficient subscribers and lack of advertising. Of the many papers established before 1870, only seven remain. With one exception, none of these has a large subscription list or carries much advertising.

It is estimated that there are in the United States about twenty million Catholics, yet the fifty-seven papers printed in English are not adequately supported. Of these fifty-seven, only eighteen have a circulation ranging from 10,000 to 40,000, in one case 50,000. The remainder show subscription lists of no more than 1,500 to 10,000. (These figures may have slightly increased within the past eight or ten months.)

Why has the Catholic press been a failure? It has staggered near the brink of absolute ruin for the same reason that any business firm which does not supply its patrons with satisfactory goods, but depends upon their charity, loses trade and succumbs to the inevitable. Catholic papers have not been sold on their merits; they have been supported by charity. This is the fundamental reason why they have not prospered.

The publication of a paper is primarily a business proposition, and anyone attempting to conduct it on any other basis must eventually fail. Charity can be conducted on a

business foundation, but business cannot be successfully based on charity. However, this is what has caused the lamentable condition of the Catholic press. The consequences of that charity have been disastrous, and so long as the same system is employed, the same consequences will be visited upon the unbusiness-like Catholic press. Even a great portion of the advertising carried in the columns of Catholic papers is given in partial charity. This does not mean that the methods of many of our secular papers should be imitated in catering to special interests, but it does mean that Catholic news columns should be attractive enough to warrant a willingness on the part of the advertiser to pay for space instead of being coërced to do so.

Just where the blame for this ineffectual system in the Catholic press should be placed, is quite another and a difficult matter. The editors usually blame the clergy for indifference; the clergy censure the laity for failing to support the press; the laity blame the editors for not offering better papers. There is a certain amount of fault in each of the three corners of this triangle, but the little game of bouncing the blame from one to the other will never solve the problem.

Few priests are apathetic in regard to the cause of the Catholic press when the matter is once brought to their attention, and these few are in sympathy with the idea but discouraged with the poor showing of the past. The hierarchy cannot be accused of indifference. As a rule, it is they who have initiated whatever steps have been taken in Catholic journalism, or at least given new ventures their moral support. They are responsible for the existence of most of our Catholic publications at the present time. In the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore (1884), a decree on Catholic Literature and Journalism was issued by the hierarchy. In part, they said: In reference to periodicals, it would be indeed our most earnest desire to have one representative publication for each province—a publication that would be deserving of encouragement and moral support; and worthy, if need be, to receive pecuniary aid from the bishops, as they judge proper, whether assembled in provincial synod or otherwise.

With the establishment of many diocesan papers under the direction of the bishops since this decree was promulgated

up to the time of the institution of the N. C. W. C. News Service, there is little fault to find with the hierarchy or clergy. The difficulty lies in the fact that the clergy, not being practical newspapermen or being unable to apply their knowledge in a practical manner, the editing of the papers passes into the hands of laymen who depend solely upon the assistance of the priests and bishops and upon the charity of the people to keep the paper on its feet.

The laity have the most credits of excuse to balance against their debits account of responsibility. Their unfortunate attitude is that whenever they give their money for a year's subscription for a Catholic paper, they are thereby fulfilling an obligation of charity. They consider it a duty to donate a few dollars each year as a gift to the Catholic press, the same as they contribute to collections for orphans. The lamentable effect of this state of mind is that it frustrates the very purpose of the press. The laity consider their obligation complete with the signing of a subscription blank, and the result is that many of these papers are brought into the home but never read. Since the reader is the ultimate reason for the existence of a paper, the question resolves itself to this: Is the Catholic subscriber justified in his attitude toward Catholic publications? In other words, is there something amiss in the press itself or has the Catholic reader a peculiar prejudice against it? The only answer lies in a study of the Catholic publications and an investigation into their qualities and characteristics.

Catholic editors appear to have forgotten one very essential fact. Catholics are human. They want to read interesting news, timely articles, original comment, as well as do their non-Catholic neighbors. They are American citizens as well as adherents to a religious creed, and they look upon these two aspects of their lives, not as two distinct and separate parts, but as a complete interwoven unit. The Church stands for certain principles, and as Catholics and Americans they wish to combine these same principles. They expect to find in their Catholic papers guidance to make them better citizens and social beings. They want comment on the topics of the day, the political, the economic, the social questions interpreted and explained from the standpoint of the Church. All this they fail to find. Some few Catholic editors have made

noble efforts to live up to the standards expected of them, but they, too, labor under difficulties which they cannot completely master. Generally speaking, however, there is the merest attempt at editorial comment, most of which is of a purely religious aspect. There is no enlightenment, no interpretation, no decisive or reliable comment on current events in which every modern Catholic is interested. Often the same trite article or editorial is clipped and re-hashed, and for months continues to make its rounds in the columns of our Catholic papers.

The laity have been accused of being insensible to, and even intolerant of, Catholic news and religious articles. This is not true. It is not the subject matter, but the manner of presentation that has caused the laity to become lax in the perusal of these topics. Religion can be made as interesting and attractive and salutary in the columns and editorials of a paper as in any other form, especially the great principles of the Catholic Church, which are not only Sunday truths, but practical every-day precepts. It is not necessary to fill pages with pietistic, unliving sermons and dull religious articles in order to have a Catholic paper; on the contrary, religion is something living, and should be treated as such. Then the paper will not become repulsive to the average reader, and the accusation against the laity will soon be withdrawn.

Anything that borders on politics is strictly taboo in the offices of most of our Catholic papers. The erroneous concept that religion and politics cannot be associated seems to hold. If by religion is meant denominational religion, and if by politics is meant partisan politics, this view is indisputably correct. It would never do for Catholics, or Baptists, or Methodists as such to take sides on party platforms, for the necessary result would be conflict among the churches, bigotry and religious hatred. But religion and politics are so closely related and interwoven in modern life that they cannot successfully be dissociated. Take away the religious element from politics and it will become absolutely corrupt and inimical to religion itself. On the other hand, what assurance has religion of putting those great principles of mankind given by Christ into effect except through that necessary agent, politics.

Because Catholic editors have either not thought out the

question or because they have accepted an unfounded platitude at its face value, they refrain from even touching the subject of politics. As a fair example of the attitude that should be taken by Catholic papers, the following extract from an editorial written just before the last presidential election may be cited: "Partisan politics is not our province, but a general appreciation of the nature of the planks composing the platforms in the light of ethical principle comes well within our scope." As a matter of fact, an examination of the files of Catholic papers preceding this same election, fails to disclose anything more than a very general advice to Catholics to vote for the man they considered best qualified to hold office. Vital questions of the campaign were never touched; the stand of the Church in regard to certain principles was not given; the whole trend of what little so-called political editorial there was, smacked of a shrinking, fearful, let-it-alone policy.

Closely related to the question of politics, another example of the weakness of the Catholic press can be shown in the campaign against the old Smith-Towner educational bill. For months, Catholic leaders, seeing the danger of the bill, waged war against it and progressive Catholic periodicals fought it tooth and nail. Until the agitation had practically defeated the proposed measure, the Catholic papers were almost silent. When they did carry an article or comment, it was a clipped bit of discussion found in the leading Catholic reviews and magazines or the pamphlet published and issued by the Knights of Columbus. Few new or original editorials could be found in the Catholic papers.

For the past two years the N. C. W. C. News Service in Washington, D. C., established by the bishops, has been at the service of the Catholic papers. Although much could be done to improve this bureau, it has accomplished a great deal during the brief time of its existence, and promises to develop into an invaluable institution for the future. But it has not been used; it has been abused. This news gathering agency has benefited Catholic papers in that they have been supplied with much news they would otherwise never have had, and which now takes the place of the accustomed "fillers." At the same time, these several papers had a certain individuality when unaided by the News Service; there was at least a

variety of fifty-seven different selections of clipped news. Now, with a few exceptions, there is in the United States one Catholic paper with fifty-seven editions.

The blame for this sad feature does not lie with the N. C. W. C. News Service. It lies with our Catholic editors who, in many cases, do not edit, but literally dump the columns furnished by the news bureau into the forms of their papers, in many instances not even taking the trouble to re-write the headings to make them conform to the set standard of their publications. In other words, with the establishment of a necessary and valuable news service, the several Catholic papers have lost their individuality and have followed more or less the one stereotyped form. It is a waste of time and money to have fifty-seven papers set up and print, with the exception of a few local or diocesan items, fifty-seven editions of the same matter. This is especially unnecessary since few Catholics ever read more than one Catholic paper. For practical purposes, then, these fifty-seven papers could be one.

In the light of these facts, the wonder at this time is not that there are not more Catholic papers, but that there are as many as we have. The wonder is not that our young people do not read Catholic papers more, but that they ever read them. The laity should not be condemned for failing to support their papers, but praised for supporting them as well as they have.

It would seem that at last we are enabled to fix the blame on the third corner of the triangle, on the Catholic editors. But the editors are not altogether to blame either, for they are only the first victims of that system which generally works out in this way: they are placed in their positions by the clergy or hierarchy who are too busy to devote much time to the practical affairs of the papers they have founded. The editors fail to make both ends meet because their papers do not readily sell, and they appeal to the clergy. The clergy in turn urge and, in many cases, morally compel the laity to support their diocesan organs. The editors getting the required support, feel that they are under no further obligation than to furnish, as a token of appreciation, a four or eight-page paper at stated intervals. The readers become discouraged with the few weak columns of clippings and stale

news, and unless they have boundless charity, they will have their names struck from the subscription lists, and the same old cycle has again commenced.

The solution to the whole question is centred in one important fact—furnish the laity with good, reliable, newsy papers and they will readily support the Catholic press. But to accomplish this, one of the first requisites is to fill the editorial chairs with live, progressive editors.

Here another great difficulty is encountered in Catholic press development. Up to this time, the press has been in the hands of devoted, sincere, hard-working pioneers who at least have kept the Catholic press from being submerged altogether. To these men every praise is due, for they have labored under difficulties and for little remuneration, carrying on, for the most part, for the sake of an ideal. Those who remain are no longer able to cope with the modern situation. New blood must be infused into the Catholic press movement. The chairs of the pioneers must be filled by young Americans, well-educated, progressive, fully equipped, to cope with the problems which confront Catholic journalism in this new era.

Contrary to what one would expect, few of our college graduates turn to Catholic journalism. One possible cause for their lack of interest may be that they have never been educated to appreciate the true meaning of the Catholic press, or that they have become antipathetic as a result of the Catholic paper they had read. At any rate, it is difficult to awaken the interest of students today when speaking of Catholic journalism. It would be expected that the establishment of Catholic schools of journalism would remedy the situation, and that the offices of our Catholic publications would be flooded with youthful aspirants to the cause and apostleship of the press. The very opposite is true.

There must be a deeper reason, a reason that lies beyond the Catholic schools of journalism and their products, to account for this fact. It lies in the offices of our Catholic papers. Not for lack of ability or education or training are even the few aspirants to Catholic journalism turned away, for they always find ready positions on the secular press, but for lack of proper inducements in the way of fair remuneration for their valuable services. As a rule, wages and salaries are low in the newspaper game, but in the Catholic field

they have been notoriously low. The deserving aspirant to Catholic journalism is turned away because there is no future, not even a fair return for his services, even when the years spent in education have been left out of consideration. Catholic editors cannot be too well trained, and when well-equipped students do attempt to enter Catholic journalism, they are forced to the secular press, thus losing to the Church and the cause of the press many valuable editors of tomorrow.

If the Catholic press wants, needs good editors, why can it not afford to pay for their services? Because the system of charity upon which it is founded prevents it from doing so. Catholic schools of journalism are of little value, if there is no other place to send their graduates than to the secular press where they have little or no direct influence.

Tracing all these consequences back, we come again to the undermining evil in our press. From charity to the *laissez faire* attitude of Catholic editors, from weak papers to few homes, from ill-support to its undoing, an indelible line marks the downward path on the historical chart of the Catholic press.

It would be inaccurate to say that all these criticisms have been directed against Catholic newspapers. With one single exception, the Church in the United States has no English newspaper. Up to this point, the term *news*paper has been purposely omitted when referring to the Catholic press. A weekly paper is not necessarily a newspaper; neither can a paper carrying some news be so classed. This is especially true since Catholic papers concern themselves with only the more important Catholic news, yet even items of great importance are neglected or carried long after the occurrence of the event. With the establishment of the N. C. W. C. News Service, much of this has been remedied, still some news is so stale that it would be unfair to call it news. It appears to be the attitude of Catholic editors that their readers necessarily subscribe for secular papers, and that Catholic papers are brought into the home as an antidote to offset any poisons that may be found in the secular sheets. But few people will read the same item in a Catholic weekly after they have read it in their daily paper, no matter how the secular press distorted the facts.

Some of our good Catholic papers have gone so far as to

carry whole page advertisements of Hearst's and other dailies in their editions. Thus, contrary to all Catholic teachings, principles, ideals, aspirations, the standards of the Church and Catholic journalism have been dragged down to the sordid business methods of the very press the Catholic press would oppose.

The average American today must have his daily newspaper. He is no longer satisfied with the weekly narration of events. In fact, even the up-to-date news is losing favor in this swiftly moving age; it is the up-to-the-minute news that is required. An account of events that happened ten days and two weeks ago will not even attract the passing attention of the average reader today. As newspapers, weeklies of all descriptions are antiquated, they no longer find a place in the lives of the modern reader. In this light, nothing more can be said in favor of Catholic papers than that they have come to be considered as special interest journals. A Catholic begins to look upon his subscription to a diocesan organ in the same light as any business man or tradesman would consider his trade papers. They are a kind of advertisement, and Catholic papers are considered advertising organs for the Catholic Church. But even in this capacity they have proved inefficient.

Propaganda at this time is necessary, yet it cannot be served without a goodly portion of news sauce. The greater the organization or the larger the scheme of any business, the more is the news column sought for free advertising. Propaganda in special interest journals is deemed no longer sufficient. An organization gets control of some daily newspaper and gives the people news of the day as the first object, but between the lines sandwiches propaganda good or bad. If the organization cannot gain control of the daily, it resorts to all kinds of schemes to break into the news columns. The least bit of news is spread over a great amount of propaganda to escape the blue pencil of the editor. Every society of any importance has its special interest journals: Republicans, Democrats, Socialists, Labor, Capital, theorists, religious sects, promoters, all have them, but it is upon the daily press that they depend for success. Hearst did not establish a string of trade publications to promulgate his ideas, but he created a string of daily newspapers, and he is today considered the

greatest molder of public opinion. The Christian Scientists did not depend upon a special interest paper to teach their doctrines; they founded a daily newspaper, *The Christian Science Monitor,* which was ranked as the second most influential paper in the United States in a ballot taken by all the editors in this country. This is remarkable when it is known that the adherents to that religious sect number only a few hundred thousand, whereas Catholics number almost twenty millions.

Catholics must have their dailies, if the Catholic press is to continue. The clergy and hierarchy have become interested in the venture; one Catholic daily, the *Daily American Tribune* of Dubuque, Iowa, shows promise and points to a favorable future; the laity are coming to realize the necessity of better daily papers. The hierarchy, however, long ago foresaw the possibility of a string of Catholic dailies when in the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, in 1884, they said: "It is very much to be desired, indeed, that in some of our larger cities a daily newspaper be established, quite equal to the existing dailies, in financial resources, in recognized ability of contributors, and in the worth and influence of its contributions. It does not follow that the title of such a paper must be Catholic. Its purposes would be attained if, in addition to the latest news, which is eagerly sought in the other dailies, it were to uphold the Catholic religion against false charges and the attacks of its enemies, and explain the meaning of Catholic teaching. Moreover, such a paper should exclude from its columns everything that is openly indecent and scandalous."

Nothing need be added to the bishops' concept of what a Catholic daily should be. "All the news that's fit to print" would be a worthy slogan for such publications. Once such papers would be established under the guidance of able business directors and progressive Catholic journalists, success would be almost assured, for the laity would be willing to subscribe. The day seems to be past in which the reader scanned the newspaper stands to find the most salacious edition. What is wanted at this time is reliable news. The average reader anywhere may be observed with his favorite daily paper. He glances at the scandal story, the objectionable picture, and then becomes absorbed in the better news of the day or turns to his stock markets or sporting page.

Catholics do not lack talent, they do not lack the means, they do not lack prestige or numbers sufficient to establish a string of dailies. There are many Catholic journalists eager to work on Catholic dailies, and there are millions of Catholics willing to support such publications. There stands but one great obstacle in the way of making complete success out of failure. It is the existence of that system which has been tried and found defective in building up a strong Catholic press—charity in business.

The local Catholic daily is a thing of the near future, but the only way to bring it about is to organize a stock corporation in every large city, put reliable business managers and editors at the head of the undertaking, and conduct the publications on a strictly business basis. Catholics have never failed to finance great ventures or even to give liberal donations to drives for the cause of their religion, and it is not too much to expect that little difficulty would be encountered in forming stock companies in which a purely business proposition is involved besides the higher cause of Catholic press development.

OUR LADY OF GOOD VOYAGE.

(GLOUCESTER.)

BY ANNA MCCLURE SHOLL.

Nor'east wind and sou'east wind,
All our winds together!
"Star of Sea" in flyin' foam
Ridin' like a feather.

Back in town between the towers,
Stands our Lady Mother.
In her arms a schooner trim,
Like to any other.

"Neptune," "Rover," "Slappin' Sal,"
Sailin' out together,
Herrin' boats and mack'rel nets—
Lucky fishin' weather!

Back I look and wave my hand,
"Mary keep the sailor!"
"Star of Sea" I named for you,
And you'll never fail her.

Lifts her nose o'er every swell,
Scuds like she was flyin'
Past the light-house; through the spray,
And the sea-gulls cryin'.

Back in town Our Lady stands,
Where the candles burning,
Tell the words we cannot say,
All the sailors' yearning.

May we come to port some day,
And Our Lady Mother
Reach her hands to weary salts,
Show us Christ, our Brother.

"Neptune," "Rover," "Slappin' Sal,"
Sailin' out together.
Herrin' boats and mack'rel nets—
Lucky fishin' weather!

IN PRAISE OF AN OLD BOOK.[1]

BY M. E. GOLDINGHAM.

OF all the scarce old books I know, remarkable as being works of wide utility and of solid and safe teaching, I prefer the old Benedictine book, *The Spiritual Conflict and Conquest.*" So wrote Bishop Ullathorne of a book less appreciated than it deserves to be, although better known since the days when the good Bishop wrote, thanks to the modern edition largely due to his encouragement.

Some books have been epoch-making in the history of mankind at large. Others have been such in the history of the individual soul. To this last category, the *Spiritual Conflict and Conquest* seems to belong, for although it has run the *Imitation of Christ* very closely in the matter of general popularity and acceptance by the Church, it has not the genius of universality—this must be admitted—which has made the *Imitation* unique among devotional works, and given it a circulation second only to the Holy Scriptures. Doubtless, when Juan de Castaniza published his *Batalla Espiritual*—as the title runs in Spanish—it created comparatively little stir. Well-known and highly esteemed as the saintly author was in ecclesiastical circles and at the Court of Philip II., he does not seem to have taken the trouble to issue it under the shelter of his already illustrious name, and in time his very authorship was questioned, and his work appropriated by another.

It is a curious fact, that many of those supreme works of genius, which are the treasures of the human race and enjoy inalienable possession of immortality, are those whose creation and authorship posterity disputes. Posterity has tried to persuade us that Homer is the product of many hands; that Shakespeare came to be written by one Lord Bacon; that the authorship of the Fourth Gospel is undiscoverable; that the *Imitation of Christ,* attributed to à Kempis, might as fitly

1 *The Spiritual Conflict and Conquest.* By Dom J. Castaniza, O.S.B. Edited with preface and notes by Canon Vaughan, O.S.B. Reprinted from the old English Translation of 1652. 1874.

claim Gerson, or even St. Bernard or St. Bonaventure as its author; that the *Spiritual Exercises* of St. Ignatius Loyola were borrowed from, or remodeled upon Cisneros' *Exicitorio de la vida espiritual.* We need not extend the list.

Castaniza's work has fared more strangely than any, and perhaps there has never been a more thorough, if justifiable, piece of literary larceny. His *Spiritual Conflict* was swallowed whole by the Theatine, Scupoli, and the result was a neat little pocket volume, companion to the *Imitation;* which the devout reading public knows as *The Spiritual Combat,* bearing the name of Lorenzo Scupoli on its title-page. In this form an immense impetus was given to its popularity. What Scupoli did was to modernize the work, making it perhaps more practical, certainly more acceptable to the average pious person. He re-wrote and transposed chapters, compressed or enlarged passages, pared down diffuseness of style, added practical directions in keeping with the spiritual needs of his time; but in the process, the charm, the fragrance, the peculiar unction of the old Benedictine has completely evaporated. Moreover, the larger and more individualistic portion of the book, the *Spiritual Conflict,* Scupoli left untouched; so it is to Castaniza's pages we must go for this beautiful treatise on the perfection of Christian life.

It is a matter for congratulation to English-speaking Catholics, that we possess a version of the old Spanish writer which reproduces both his matter and his manner with such great fidelity. Indeed, in the 1652 version (reprinted in 1874 and prefaced by Canon Vaughan, O.S.B.) we have more than a mere translation. It is Castaniza's work created anew in the language most akin to the old Castilian—the full-blooded, nervous, sonorous speech which has come down to us from "the spacious days of great Elizabeth"—"thoroughly English," to quote Bishop Ullathorne again; an English classic in lieu of the Spanish one. And we owe it to the Sons of St. Benedict. Naturally, the Order which Castaniza adorned has regarded the *Spiritual Conflict and Conquest* as its legacy—for this 1652 version, although published anonymously, no doubt comes from the hand of a Benedictine, and was dedicated to his religious family: "To the Right Reverend, Fathers, Religious Dames and devout Brothers and Sisters of the Holy Order of St. Bennet." It, moreover, bore an "Approbation" from the

Benedictine President of Douai, the Right Rev. Rudesind Barlow; and appears to have been issued under his auspices. "Therein," he says, "nothing is found dissonant to our Catholic Faith, or repugnant to piety, but a holy, sound and solid doctrine."

It is not easy to quote from *The Spiritual Conflict.* It is unlike the *Imitation of Christ,* where almost every sentence can stand alone, a gem of concise spiritual thought, perfect, whether in its setting within the chapter, or out of it. Here each chapter forms part of a Treatise, each Treatise is an integral whole which every sentence contributes to build up. The style is diffuse; there is a redundancy of phrase which sometimes wraps up the point, but where the ideas are simple, it is as simple and limpid as the Bible: vigorous and trenchant when driving home the great truths of man's existence; relying sometimes upon accumulative epithets to produce an effect, much as a painter will load his canvas with daubs of color to increase the depth of gloom or enhance the intensity of light. The following passage is most characteristic of the devout style:

> O sweet waters of Divine love, which flow from the open side of my Saviour's humanity, run into my bowels, and like pure oil, penetrate and possess every part of my spirit; irrigate and inebriate it, overflow and absorb it, that it may be transformed and conformed to the Divine Spirit, so that all my actions, thoughts and affections may be spiritual, divine and deiform.

The book is composed of five Treatises. In the first Treatise we have those profoundly psychological studies—"Ambushes" of the Christian soul, in which self-love or the human spirit is detected in all its chameleon-like forms and run to earth, elusive quarry though it be! In the fifth, and last, are the beautiful "Maxims," a compendium of spiritual riches, and a mine of wealth for the substance of prayer. Our author breaks frequently into ejaculations, amorous and tender, such as later on Father Baker and Dame Gertrude More delighted in, and used so effectively by St. Alphonsus Liguori in his smaller spiritual works as little levers to arouse the affections in mental prayer: "Wound me, O sweet God," he exclaims, "burn me, consume me, crucify me! Let me

cry out with that lover: Restrain, O Lord, the floods of Thy grace or enlarge my heart, for I can endure no longer. I thirst, Lord, give me this water. O when? How much?"

"O that I could get out of myself and get into Thee!" he exclaims elsewhere; "that I could thrust my caitiff heart out of this breast to establish Thine, O my sweet Saviour, in its place!" "Live, O rich nakedness! Live my Beloved to me, and I to Him! Let me see no one but only Jesus." And in a phrase recalling one of an earlier mystical writer, he says: "O sweet God of my heart, let me embrace Thee with the two arms of profound humility and perfect charity."

Our author is quaintly and continuously alliterative, a trick of style which sits well on him, though not to be endured among moderns: "My Father, my Physician, my Food, hear me, help me, heal me!" "I am wounded, I am wicked, I am wretched." Or again: "I have given my heart, and sold my affections to fond, frail, filthy and fading creatures." "Thy whole Humanity, O gracious Jesus, was martyred and murdered." "I stretch out my opened folds to meet Thy holy and heavenly huggings."

He satirizes the pedigree and nature of man in words which call to mind some passages in Hamlet or Lear:

> Ay me! I have a body all clay, a soul all sin, a life all frailty, and a substance all nothing. My material part is but slime of the earth, the very worst part of the basest element. Ah! poor man, and canst thou look so big, who camest from so low an extraction? . . . Who then can justly boast of state, strength, beauty or nobility, since the groundwork of all is but a little dung and corruption? . . . And what art thou in thy best and most flourishing condition in the world, but a clog and a cage to thy enthralled soul; a painted sack or plastered [2] sepulchre, full of filth, froth and ordure. . . . Ah, how canst thou be proud of thy perfections, poor clay and ashes? Why shouldst thou look to be so highly prized and so daintily pampered, thou stinking puddle? Dust thou art, and to dust thou must return. Hast thou not always before thy eyes these ashes for thy glass, and death for thy mistress? Why then, dost thou suffer so many sparkles of vanity to arise from this thy caitiff condition?

[2] Original text—"Pargetted."

It is not, we need hardly say, to engender a morbid cynicism that man is here exhibited as the "quintessence of dust." Man is still God's creature and the noblest work of His hands, albeit broken and defaced. But he must fight to recover his lost inheritance. He must wage this necessary "spiritual conflict." He must, as our author expresses it, "enter these lists with a cheerful and heroic mind, and attend carefully to every counsel and command of thy Captain, Christ Jesus," and so he shall progress to a glorious victory. Castaniza furnishes him, in his book, with a complete spiritual armory. With this in his hand, he may go forth in the words of Browning:

> Fearless and unperplexed,
> When I wage battle next,
> What weapons to select, what armor to indue.

Like his more famous countryman, the soldier-saint, Ignatius, he thinks the spiritual life out in terms of warfare. It is, from first to last, the *Batalla Espiritual.*

We have alluded to St. Ignatius. The *Spiritual Exercises* saw the light in the first half of that momentous century to which Castaniza's work belongs—1548 being the date usually given for its publication. St. Teresa was writing her *Life* in 1565; the *Interior Castle* in 1577; the *Ascent of Mount Carmel* came from the pen of St. John of the Cross a few years after (circa 1578); while Spain's great theologian, Suarez, published his *Opere* between 1590 and 1613.

It was a century of great works and great men. Juan de Castaniza was born in its opening years. He passed to his eternal reward on St. Luke's day, 1599. Much had he labored in the Lord's vineyard; as a preacher, as a theologian, as an ascetical writer and a learned man, he attained eminence; sought after alike both at Court and in the seclusion of his monastery. Over and above all else, he was a true Benedictine, a devout religious, preferring nothing that the world could offer him of titles and dignities to the life of prayer and contemplation he enjoyed in the cloister. The *Spiritual Conflict and Conquest* is the ripe experience of that life, and that it has achieved the object for which it was written—to enable the soul "to reach the height of Christian perfection"—is its chiefest praise. Only a great book, it may be said, can help

a great soul, and this book has contributed to the formation of great souls, nay to saints. St. Francis of Sales made it his spiritual director, as he declared to the Bishop of Bellay, and impressed its value upon St. Jane Frances and her daughters. We have quoted Bishop Ullathorne and the esteem he had for it; he bequeathed it as a legacy to Mother Margaret Mary Hallahan, that great and remarkable soul who nourished herself and her community upon its solid and practical spirituality. And countless souls, unknown to men, and known only to God, have found in its pages light, strength and consolation.

We take our leave of it in the words which are its quintessence:

> Learn, O my soul, this short and secure lesson. Leave all things, and thou shalt find the One Thing which is all and all.

INTIMACY.

BY FRANCIS CARLIN.

Of late I am as one
Familiar with Thy sun;
Being old, I would be near
Thy fire kindled here.

And later still I'll grow
Familiar with—Ah, no!
Unless I learn desire
For clarifying fire.

But later still—O Lord,
Familiar with both word
And wish herein, teach me
Familiarity!

RUSKIN AND CATHOLICISM.

BY H. E. G. ROPE, M.A.

NO careful reader of Ruskin can have failed to remark the great influence which the Catholic Church had upon him. Of non-Catholic masters in bookcraft, few, indeed, have written and spoken in so Catholic a manner as he. More than one soul has been helped forward towards the Church by this gifted prose poet and thinker. "The pity of it," one cries on reaching the end of all his teaching, the pity of it that he should never have been gathered into the Fold; the pity of it, that his mind in his last years was injured and clouded; the pity of it, that an artist so superb, an observer and teacher so zealous and wise, a soul so reverent—reverent even in perversity—witness his disastrous worship of Carlyle[1]—should have been so preoccupied with things beautiful indeed, but far short of the highest, so much with the speaking creature, so little with the spoken Creator.

"It is strange," says a great Irish writer, "how great minds invariably turn, by some instinct or attraction, towards this eternal miracle—the Church. Carlyle admits in his extreme old age that the Mass is the most genuine act of religious belief left in the world. Goethe was forever introducing the Church into his conversations, coupling it with the idea of power, massive strength and ubiquitous influence. Byron would insist that his daughter, Allegra, should be educated in a convent, and brought up a Catholic, and nothing else. And Ruskin, although he did say some bitter things about us, tells us what a strong leaning he has towards monks and monasteries; how he pensively shivered with Augustinians at St. Bernard; happily made hay with Franciscans at Fiesole; sat silent with the Carthusians in the little gardens south of Florence, and mooned through many a daydream at Bolton and Melrose. Then he closes his little litany of sympathy with the quaintly Protestant conclusion: 'But the wonder is

[1] "Carlyle was deep-hearted—though not by any means, as his votaries fancy, deep-minded."—Aubrey de Vere, *Reminiscences*, pp. 328, 329.

always to me, not how much, but how little, the monks have on the whole done, with all that leisure, and all that good-will.'

"He cannot understand! That is all. But why? Because he cannot search the archives of Heaven. He knows nothing of the supernatural—of the invisible work of prayer—of work that is worship. He has never seen the ten thousand thousand words of praise that have ascended to the Most High; and the soft dews of graces innumerable that have come down from Heaven in answer to prayer. He has painted, as no one else, except as perhaps Carlyle could, the abominations of modern life; and he has flung all the strength of his righteous anger against them. He has never asked himself why God is so patient, while John Ruskin rages; or why fire and brimstone are not showered from Heaven, as whilom on the Cities of the Plain. He has read his Bible year by year, hard words, Levitical laws, comminatory Psalms, from ἐν ἀρχῇ to Amen; and, what is more rare, he believed in it. Yet he never tried to fathom the mystery of the unequal dealings of God with mankind. He never saw the anger of the Most High soothed, and His hand stayed by the midnight prayer and scourge of the Trappist and the Carthusian. Dante could never have written the *Paradiso*, if he had not heard Cistercians chanting at midnight." [2]

In a letter from a priest friend, whose name I may not give, dated July 4, 1908, I find: "He (Ruskin) was very near the Church, and I have good reason to know that it is owing to the fact that he was so carefully guarded from 'priestly influence' during his last days, that he was not actually received into the Church." I have also a postcard from Father M. Power, S.J., which reads:

> Edinb. Aug. 3, '08. Many thanks for "Ruskin." When his powers were almost gone I gave him a medal of the B. V. M., and reminded him of the glowing tributes which he had paid her. He smiled and said: "Ah, the Madonna!"

From Ruskin's house at Brantwood, Aubrey de Vere writes to Professor Norton on December 8, 1878: "I cannot but believe that, if Ruskin had not in some matters been

[2] Canon Sheehan, *Under the Cedars and the Stars*, pp. 131, 132.

carried out of his natural course by an exaggerated admiration for Carlyle, he would before now have reached a happier goal. I trust, however, that he will one day reach it. He is a man who for me has quite a peculiar interest—he has such high aspirations, and warm sympathies, and friendly confidings (things much better than even his great abilities), and his trials have been so many and so sad! These last are, however, to me an additional pledge that he is watched over by that Providence which shapes our ends, 'rough hew them as we may;' and a vivid, realizing Faith, which, as Wordsworth affirms (in his 'Despondency Corrected'), is the one only support under the trials of life."

In another letter de Vere urges Patmore to use his influence over Ruskin, to press upon him seriously the claims of the Church on those who "see as much of its character and work, when not in perverse moods, as he does" (1890).

About 1879 Patmore himself writes: "I leave here tomorrow for Carstairs. . . . I daresay I shall have a good time, but not so good as I am having here, with Ruskin almost all to myself. He is very fond of talking about the Catholic Religion, and says he thinks it likely he shall become a Catholic some day—but I think it is attractive to him only from the idea of pleasant intellectual repose which it presents to him. The arguments for its truth strike him just for the moment, but leave no impression, as far as I can see." [3]

[3] B. Champney's *Life of Coventry Patmore* (1900), vol. i., p. 285. A letter from Ruskin to Patmore may be added in confirmation:

Brantwood,
Coniston, Lancashire,
20th April, '80.

DEAR PATMORE:

It was good of you to write to me, but your letter still leaves me very anxious about you. I do not at all understand the feelings of religious people about death. *All* my own sorrow is absolutely infidel, and part of the general failure and meanness of my heart. Were I a Catholic, I do not think I should ever feel sorrow in any deep sense—but only a constant brightening of day as I drew nearer companionship—perhaps not chiefly with those I had cared for in this world—and certainly with others beside them. My own longing, and what trust I have, is only for my own people. But I have been putting chords of music lately, such as I can, to Herick's "Comfort"—

In endless bliss
She thinks not on
What's said or done
In earth.

Nor does she mind
Or think on't now
That ever thou
Wast kind.

—fearing only that it is too true.

Ever your affectionate,
J. R.

I know well what can be said upon the other side, and I have known Catholics who maintained that Ruskin's influence was hostile and evil, but I venture to maintain the contrary. Certainly, he had infidel moods; certainly faith was more than once eclipsed, if not lost; but that, thank God, was not the case with his last years in spite of his fondness for affecting the standpoint of a Turk. Often he claimed to take his stand as a writer on the great natural truths admitted by the wise in all times, by Plato as by Samuel Johnson. I do not disguise from myself that ugly passages can be culled from occasional letters. In one of the *Letters to the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe* (1896), he compares St. Paul's Epistles to Leviticus, and says he is not bound by them. There are a few deplorable passages in the *Ethics of the Dust* very fully discussed in the letters of Father Wilberforce.[4] There were moods, too, of horrible pride, as against many more of genuine humility. I claim, however, without fear, that the cumulative testimony of his life, published writings and private letters is decisively Christian with an increasing leaning to the Catholic Faith. I do not propose to discuss his *bona fides*. It is perilous to intrude into the *forum internum*.

For my own part, I think of him with hope. I have quoted a well-informed opinion that he would actually have reached the goal had he been free, and I know positively that he loved the society of the priest at Coniston and presented the Catholic Church there with a stained glass window, to the great indignation of the sectaries.[5] In judging his perverse moods and utterances, too, we must bear in mind his mental breakdowns. The years in which Ruskin was sometimes subject to doubts upon Revelation were, roughly, the early sixties.

In the following letter we have his own express testimony that he *never* disbelieved in God. It speaks rather of *difficulties* than any real *doubt:* "Suicide in a case like Prévost-Paradol's—assuming he was in his right mind—seems to me to be consistent only with a *knowledge* that we have no God, a state of mind I cannot conceive, and utterly different from any sort of doubt I have experienced. Indeed, the more I suffer from doubt, the deeper becomes the feeling that this suffering is of His giving who could remove it.

[4] 1906, pp. 253, 254, etc.

[5] See A. A. Isaacs' *The Fountain of Siena* (the correspondence of Ruskin and a rabid anti-Catholic of the Hocking type in 1884-5).

"I was very much touched by the Passion-play, and wrote some very bad verses at Ammergau, which I send you only as a proof how chronically different from the state of mind you suppose, my actual state of mind is. Pray don't show them again, and destroy them when you have read them." [6]

"The fact is well known that the mind of this vigorous and subtle thinker, great writer, and most generous and, in many respects, admirable man, broke down at times; to blink this fact would be useless. I gather that the year 1860, when he was abroad, was the first in which he showed something of a morbid habit of mind, or incipient hypochondria. Certainly, when I saw him in my brother's chambers in February, 1862, immediately after the death of my sister-in-law, Lizzie (Siddal), I found the whole tone of his thought on religious subjects changed, and the ardent devout Protestant figured as a total disbeliever in any form of the Christian or other defined faith. I might add the expression of my own opinion that the great ascendancy which Thomas Carlyle obtained towards this time over the mind of Ruskin did him more harm than good: Carlyle being one of those strong, but extreme, men who may brave very robust natures, but who usurp upon the innate function of more delicate organisms." [7] "He was broken by sorrow long before he died." [8]

It is curious that the mighty genius who, according to Canon Barry, divides with Ruskin the palm of English prose, has left, so far as I can find, no allusion to him. Yet both were contemporaries and both wielded an enormous influence in the English-speaking world. References to Newman are likewise all but completely lacking on Ruskin's part. In a letter from Rome (of the year 1840, I think) he rejoices to hear of Newman's submission to "episcopal authority," because it shows consistency, and complains that all the estimable people were on the "wrong" (Tractarian) side at Oxford, and all the vulgar, pig-headed and conceited folk on the "right" (evangelical) side.[9] On June 27, 1846, he refers to "the late melancholy schisms." In the essay written at the age of sixteen he, brought up in the strictest puritanism, in-

[6] July, 1870, p. 299.

[7] W. M. Rossetti, *Some Reminiscences* (1906), vol. i., ch. xii., p. 183.

[8] Mrs. Meynell, *John Ruskin*, 1900, Introduction, p. 8.

[9] *Three Letters and an Essay on Literature* (1893).

veighs vigorously and buoyantly against those who consider sour faces and joylessness signs of sanctity.

At twenty-five, he wrote that Catholic-hearted poem on the lagoon shrine of La Madonna dell' Acqua (included in the *Carmina Mariana*), ending thus:

> Oh! lone Madonna—angel of the deep—
> When the night falls, and deadly winds are loud,
> Will not thy love be with us while we keep
> Our watch upon the waters, and the gaze
> Of thy soft eyes, that slumber not, nor sleep?
> Deem not thou stranger, that such trust is vain;
> Faith walks not on these weary waves alone,
> Though weakness dread or apathy disdain
> The spot which God has hallowed for His own.
> They sin who pass it lightly—ill divining
> The glory of this bitter place of prayer;
> And hoping against hope, and self-resigning,
> And reach of faith, and wrestling with despair;
> And resurrection of the last distress,
> Into the sense of Heaven, when earth is bare,
> And of God's voice, when man's is comfortless.[10]

The greater and more famous part of *Modern Painters* was written before that shock which, in 1859, destroyed his inherited evangelicanism. "I was still in the bonds of my old Evangelical faith, and, in 1858, it was with me, Protestantism or nothing: the crisis of the whole turn of my thoughts being one Sunday morning at Turin, when, from before Paul Veronese's Queen of Sheba, and under quite overwhelmed sense of his God-given power, I went away to a Waldensian chapel, where a little squeaking idiot was preaching to an audience of seventeen old women and three louts, that they were the only children of God in Turin; and that all the people in the world outside the chapel, and the people in the world out of sight of Monte Viso, would be damned. I came out of the chapel, sum of twenty years of thought, a conclusively *un*-converted man—converted by this little Piedmontese gentle-

[10] *Poems* (Routledge, 1907), p. 233. Compare *Fors* xli. (vol. ii., p. 250, in the 1906 edition). "After the most careful examination neither as adversary nor as friend, of the influence of Catholicism for good and evil, I am persuaded that the worship of the Madonna has been one of the noblest and most vital graces, and has never been otherwise than productive of true holiness of life and purity of character."

man, so powerful in his organ-grinding, inside out, as it were. 'Here is an end to my "Mother-Law" of Protestantism anyhow! —and now—what is there left?' You will find what was left, as, in much darkness and sorrow of heart I gathered it, variously taught in my books written between 1858 and 1874. It is all sound and good, as far as it goes: whereas all that went before was so mixed with Protestant egotism and insolence, that, as you have probably heard, I won't republish, in their first form, any of those former books."

"Thus then it went with me till 1874, when I had lived sixteen full years with 'the religion of Humanity,' for rough and strong and sure foundation of everything; but on that, building Greek and Arabian superstructure, taught me at Venice, full of sacred color and melancholy shade. Which is the under meaning of my answer to the Capuchin,[11] that I was 'more a Turk than a Christian.' The Capuchin insisted, as you see, nevertheless that I might have a bit of St. Francis' cloak: which accepting thankfully, I went on to Assisi, and there, by the kindness of my good friend, Padre Tini, and others, I was allowed (and I believe I am the first painter who *ever was* allowed), to have scaffolding erected above the high altar, and, therefore, above the body of St. Francis, which lies in the lower chapel beneath it, and thence to draw what I could of the great fresco of Giotto, 'The marriage of Poverty and Francis.'" [12] In the same number (dated March 4, 1877), he continues: "Meantime, don't be afraid that I am going to become a Roman Catholic, or that I am one, in disguise. I could no more become a *Roman*-Catholic, than again an Evangelical-Protestant. I am a 'Catholic' of those Catholics, to whom the Catholic Epistle of St. James is addressed: 'the Twelve Tribes which are scattered abroad'—the literally or spiritually wandering Israel of all the Earth. The St. George's creed includes Turks, Jews, infidels and heretics; and I am myself much of a Turk, more of a Jew; alas, most of all, an infidel; but not an atom of a heretic: Catholic, I, of the Catholics; holding for sure God's order to His scattered Israel—'He hath shown thee, oh man, what is good; and what doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to do justice, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?'"

Ruskin had—it appears in his letters to Cardinal Manning

11 *Fors* lvi. 12 *Fors* lxxvi.

and elsewhere—a confused notion that "Romanists," as well as Protestants, changed for the worst in the Trent period.[13] The Protestant habit of interpreting Scripture at his own sweet caprice never quite left Ruskin; I think he was unconscious of its absurdity. On the other hand, he writes in after years to Mr. Faunthorpe that by "Catholic," "of course," he means "Roman Catholic," the Church of England he holds to be "Cockney-Catholic." Even in his most morbid period he did not abandon prayer.

"I can see him now" (1863), says Mr. Allen in reminiscences of Days at Mornex; "clouds and stones, hills and flowers all interested him in the same intense way; and his printed passages of adoration in presence of the sublimity of nature were the expression of his inmost feelings and in accord with his own practice. I seem to hear him now breaking forth into a rhapsody of delight as we come unexpectedly, during a walk up the Brezon, upon a sloping bank of the stargentian. He was full, too, of sympathy with the life of the people. I can see him now kneeling down, as he knelt on Easter Sunday, 1863, to pray with a peasant woman at a wayside chapel. 'When I first reach the Alps,' he said to me once, 'I always pray.'" [14]

On another occasion: "Next day there were far more interesting experiences in a visit to St. Bernard's birthplace. He has described this fully in his lecture, called 'Mending the Sieve,' in the volume of 'Verona,' etc., and I need only recall the surprise of a bystander not wholly unsympathetic, when Ruskin knelt down on the spot of the great saint's nativity, and stayed long in prayer. He was little given to outward show of piety, and his talk, although enthusiastic, had been no preparation for this burst of intense feeling." [15]

In a letter of January 23, 1877, to the ladies of the Thwaite,[16] he tells them how he is "writing *such* a Catholic history of Venice, and chiseling all the Protestantism off the old stones as they do here the grass off steps. All the pigeons of St. Mark's Place (Venice) send you their love. St. Ursula adds hers to the eleven thousand birds' love. . . . My new

[13] In *The Fountain of Siena, ut supr.*, Ruskin avows that his view of the Reformation is one with Cobbett's.

[14] In *Works* (1905), xvii., Introduction, p. lxi.

[15] W. G. Collingwood, *Ruskin Relics*, iv., 51.

[16] *Hortus Inclusus* (1887), pp. 48, 44.

Catholic history of Venice is to be called 'St. Mark's Rest.'" In a quaint, but I hope to them not unacceptable, way, Ruskin had in his older years a real devotion to the Saints, especially to St. Benedict, St. Ursula, St. Christopher, St. Francis: "And for myself (I) can say that the most gentle, refined, and in the deepest sense amiable, phases of character I have ever known, have been either those of monks, or of domestic servants trained in the Catholic Faith." [17]

It is noteworthy that the religious, Carthusians, Franciscans, had a special attraction for him from the days of his early travels. Even the ill-starred St. George's Guild is an indirect testimony. "It has been told them (my young readers); in the Laws of Fiesole, that all great Art is Praise. So is all faithful History, and all high Philosophy. For these three, Art, History and Philosophy, are each but one part of the Heavenly Wisdom, which seeth not as man seeth, but with Eternal Charity; and because she rejoices not in Iniquity, therefore rejoices in the Truth." [18]

The Catholic peasants of Italy, un-Garibaldian Italy, seemed to him among the best and happiest of human beings. "It seems to me that the best Christian work I can do this year . . . will be to gather out of this treasure of letters what part might, with the writer's permission, and without pain to any of her loved friends, be laid before those of the English public who have either seen enough of the Italian peasantry to recognize the truth of these *ritratti*, or have respect enough for the faith of the incorrupt Catholic Church to admit the sincerity, and rejoice in the virtue of a people still living as in the presence of Christ and under the instant teaching of His saints and apostles." [19] He even contemplated living at Assisi or elsewhere. "It is very clear that I am too enthusiastically carrying out my own principles, and making more haste to be poor than is prudent at my present date of possible life, for, at my present rate of expenditure, the cell at Assisi, above contemplated as advisably a pious mortification of my luxury, would soon become a necessary refuge for my 'holy poverty.'" [20]

[17] *Bible of Amiens*, iii., 113, note.

[18] *Bible of Amiens*, Pref., pp. 6, 7. Compare "The fair tree, Igdrasil, of human art can only flourish when its dew is affection; its air Devotion; the rock of its roots, Patience, and its sunshine, God."—*Laws of Fiesole*, x., section 40.

[19] Preface to *Christ's Folk in the Apennines*, p. 7 (1887). [20] *Fors* lxii.

Though believing in Garibaldi's honesty, Ruskin held that his war "was rendered utterly ruinous to Italy, by his setting himself against the Priesthood," [21] and in his fifth lecture on the art of England (November, 1883), he blames Tenniel's anti-Papal work as "impious in its representation of the Catholic power to which Italy owed, and still owes, whatever has made her glorious among the nations of Christendom, or happy among the families of the earth," a fact forgotten by many Catholics today.

In view of the vast literature and correspondence Ruskin has left us, it is impossible to deal adequately with the subject of his attitude towards and relations to Catholicism. My aim has been merely to bring together various passages and considerations that betoken the Catholic inspiration of much of his work.

Above all, in political economy he stood, single-handed among Protestants, for the true Catholic principles, for which he has been justly praised by Mrs. Meynell and the late Charles Devas. His main economical contentions, hooted down savagely in the sixties, are now generally admitted, as the way of the world is, without thanks and without apology.

But the sadness and the sum of his life are best recounted in the exquisitely chosen words of Mrs. Meynell: "It was not failure or rejection, or even partial and futile acceptance, that finally and interiorly bowed him. 'Your poor John Ruskin' (his signature in writing to one who loved and understood him) was the John Ruskin who never pardoned himself for stopping short of the whole renunciation of a St. Francis. Lonely and unhappy, does the student perceive him to have been who was one of the greatest of great ones of all ages; but the student who is most cut to the heart by the perception, is compelled to wish him to have been not less, but more, a man sacrificed." [22]

[21] *Fors* lxxvi. [22] Mrs. Meynell, *John Ruskin* (1900), Introduction, p. 9.

THE IDEA OF CAUSALITY AND ITS PLACE IN THINKING.

AN ARISTOTELIAN STUDY.

BY JEREMIAH M. PRENDERGAST, S.J.

ALL exact thinking rests on definition and division, which are but two aspects of one process. *"Definitivum est distinctivum"*—what defines, divides. When one cuts out, one also "cuts in" a garment. Now all abiding definition is through causality. It is the refusal of our modern thinkers to go about the business of thinking deliberately in this way, which renders all modern thinking casual and useless.

Causality, how much soever we theorize about its existence, is one of the basic and first-born ideas of the human mind when it begins to think. Although it is the most ticklish and baffling thing in the world to analyze the actual sequence in which ideas arise in the child's mind—in all probability, they do not arrive in the same order in any two children—still it is in logical keeping that in many the first idea will be that of the "me," and the "not me," and the next, born of the child's action on the "not me," will be the idea of causality. "Who?" "what?" and "why?"—the causal questions—are among the first and the most frequent in the child's vocabulary. The ease, also, with which the child accepts the idea of God, the great First Cause, when taught it, shows how soon the idea of causality dominates the mind's view of things. The idea of a Supreme Being is difficult in many lights; it is superlatively easy to grasp from the causal side. The principle of causality is the basis of all logical thought on the world.

If the objective reality of this idea be not assumed as giving a sufficient reason for existing things, all thinking becomes an illusion. It follows that the object of thought, whatever it be in itself, is for me an illusion; that I myself, for all I know, may be an illusion also. Nothing stable is left. For if the link between objective and subjective reality is illusory, the things linked may be illusory as well. The basis for

reality is away. Descartes begins with, "I think, therefore I am." But if the basis of my thinking be not real, then the thinker, like the thought, may be unreal. As Newman puts it: "I am what I am or I am nothing. There is no medium between using my faculties as I have them, and simply flinging myself upon the external world, as spray upon the surface of the waves and simply forgetting that I am." So that unless we accept the notion of causality as expressing a reality, not only do we lack a sufficient reason for anything, but we also lack sufficient reason for assuming the reality of anything, ourselves included. At the risk of being egotistical, let me illustrate this feeling of living in an unreal world. Bergson's *Creative Evolution* is an attempt to treat of the world avoiding efficient causality as far as possible and final causality altogether. As a consequence, there was page upon page of the book, in reading which I had all the sensations of one who is lost. It was literally impossible to conceive what the author was talking about. One may understand an author and disagree with him. Here it was as though one attempted to read a book in Chinese. One could neither agree nor disagree with the author's thought.

Our first step in defining and dividing through causality, is to define and divide metaphysically the causes themselves, and here we can have no better guide than Aristotle, "the master of them that know." Quite evidently he starts from the child's questions, "who did it?" "what did he do?" "why did he do it?" Passing them through the prism of causality, his mind divided them into four reasons or causes, which together give a satisfactory reply. So interdependent are they, even when separated by the mind's prismatic action, that one may begin by explaining any one of them first. Let us start with the material cause, which we shall call hereafter the material constituent. (Causality itself we shall not attempt to define. To define is to analyze into still more primitive ideas, and there is no more primitive idea than causality. The attempt to analyze it into simpler ideas, therefore, serves merely to confuse instead of clarifying it.)

The constituent of anything first borne in upon us by our senses, is matter. Let us take, for illustration, a chair and a dog, a living and a dead object. The material constituent of the chair is the wood of which it is made, the nails, varnish,

the cane or cloth of the seat. In the case of the dog, the material constituent is bone, blood, muscles, nerves—in general flesh. If we wish to be more modern, it is living cells. The material constituent needs but one further remark. It is the potential and determinable constituent, needing, to become a definite something, determination by another constituent. This other we call, after Aristotle, the formal constituent, the causality most misunderstood by modern thinkers and most neglected.

The formal constituent of such objects as chairs gave rise, without doubt, to the name of formal cause. For the material of a chair, before determinable, is constituted or determined to be a chair by the form or arrangement of its material constituent. It is this arrangement, adapted to a certain purpose or end, which enables us to define a chair, and to distinguish it from the same material, it may be, formed into a table. The formal constituent, therefore, is the distinguishing or determinant constituent in the compound of matter and form. It is indissolubly linked, in this determining, to the final cause or reason of the compound. The chair, for example, has its form, or determining formal constituent, because its final reason is to serve as a seat. With this we shall deal presently, but we have much more to say, still, of the formal constituent. In the case of the chair, it is evident that its formal constituent comes to a material constituent already determined by one formal constituent, that of wood. Hence, the formal constituent of "chairness" affects the material accidentally. The state of "chairness" is an accidental state which may come and go, leaving the material constituent, except for its "chairness," the same.

It is otherwise in the case of the dog. Once the life which is the formal constituent of his "dogness" departs, not only does the sound and shape peculiar to the dog depart as well, but the characteristic material of the dog also departs, slowly but surely, body, bones and all. This change is different from what happens when the formal constituent of a chair is lost. It is a substantial, not an accidental change. Hence, Aristotle calls the formal constituent of a dog, the substantial form. It constitutes the dog's "Dogness," but it constitutes much more as well. The dog material substantially disintegrates in its absence. This concept, representing

a physical fact, not a metaphysical entity, is the most misunderstood and least clearly grasped of all essential concepts in our modern thinking. If such were not the case, no thinker could accept the framework for thinking set up by evolution. For the substantial form, or formal substantial constituent, besides being the principle of determination in the compound of matter and form, is also the main principle of action, for the action follows the nature. The action of the compound proceeds—and all experience verifies this—according to the formal principle, and toward a definite end, neither can it effect another and except by accident. Evolution means that it does produce a different one. Now if this production is by accident and therefore variable in its nature, the world is a series of accidents not worth the wasted trouble of our investigation. If this different effect produced is substantial, and according to the nature of the compound, then we have the inconsistency of the same formal constituent, which gives a definite "*esse*," or nature to the compound, giving at the same time to the same compound an indefinite and variable operation. This, as St. Thomas would say, is "*valde inconveniens*," most unsuitable, for "*operatio sequitur esse*," the operation follows the nature.

The formal constituent cause gives the sufficient reason for calling one tree an oak and another a maple, one animal a dog and another a cat. Without it, there is no thinking possible, for there is no definition and nothing definite to furnish a stable object of thought. While I am thinking and reasoning about the object, it may suddenly become an entirely different object, and having tarried in that state till I come up with it, it may again fluctuate into something else.

> I thought it was an elephant, aflying round my lamp.
> I looked again and found it was a penny postage stamp.
> You'd best be getting in, I said, the nights are rather damp.

This is as near as we can get to science or stable knowledge without admitting a formal constituent cause. For the material constituent is fluctuating and determinable, the formal constituent is the fixing and determinant cause of the thing being *what* it is.

The fact that a determinant and a determinable have been

brought together, gives rise in the mind, viewing facts through the prism of causality, to a new causal concept, that of the bringer about of this union, the efficient cause. For it is evident that the determinable did not cause the determinant constituent, nor did the determinant make the determinable constituent. Moreover, the determinant or formal constituent only comes into existence with the existence of the compound, the chair or the dog. Hence, though it causes the "chairness" of the chair and the "dogness" of the dog, respectively, it cannot cause its own existence prior to existing itself. Therefore the coming into being of the chair and dog requires a cause external to the chair and dog. This making cause we term the efficient cause. Now to fit a determinant to a determinable and so constitute a compound, connotes intelligence. The only alternative of an efficient intelligent cause is chance, which negatives experience, reduces the world to chaos, and forbids the possibility of ordered knowledge. An unintelligent compound of material and formal constituent may, and does, in its turn, become an efficient cause, but it does so only by virtue of the intelligent efficient cause which united the material determinable and formal determinant for this purpose. Every efficient cause acts either through intelligence of its own, or through an intelligence from without, impressing its purpose upon it. All our experience tells us this. Take an automobile for example! Its purposeful action is the result of intelligent combination of determinable and determinant constituent, impressed upon it by its maker *who* caused it.

This purpose, evident in the action of the thing caused, leads the mind, gazing through the prism of causality, to distinguish still one more cause completing the sufficient reason for the existence of the thing caused, the final cause or end evident in its activity. This, in the compound caused, is merely a capacity to produce, or cause in its turn, a certain effect by its action. It is the intrinsic end or reason of its being. But in the mind of the efficient cause, this intrinsic end or reason was present beforehand as an idea or motive urging him to make the compound—to unite determinable and determinant constituents, and this is properly the causality of the final cause. It moves the maker to make. Without it the efficient cause would have no motive to act, nor to make

this rather than that. Chance, which all sane thinking abhors, would again be the last explanation and final sufficient reason for things, which means that they would have no reason at all. There would be no reason, that is, *why* things are.

This leads to absolute skepticism, for the mind under such conditions has no reason for reasoning—as we concluded above. Further than this no other causalities are distinguishable. For the instrumental causality, so-called, is but an extention of the efficient cause, enabling it more easily to act. Again, the exemplary cause, so-called, pertains to the efficient cause. It is the image or idea according to which the cause works. For an intelligent efficient cause acts necessarily according to its nature. Now the nature of intelligence is to work by plan and not blindly.

These four causalities, while furnishing the mind with a sufficient reason for things being as they are, furnishes also the scientific knowledge of them by definition and division. Neither is there any other idea under heaven given to men by which they can positively and permanently distinguish and define.

All this is in the nature of a scientific *apologia* for the opening questions and answers of the catechism: "Who made man?" "What is man?" "Why was man made?" It is also the reason for saying, with scientific accuracy, that a Christian child knows more than many a great scientist.

How keen the human mind is to search for these causes, and how it enjoys finding them, is shown by the universal appeal of "Detective Stories." These are only a dramatic finding and linking of causalities. The story opens with the finding of the material cause or constituent, a dead man or woman—formality of death undetermined. First problem—find the formality—natural death, accident, suicide, murder? The compound is then determined by its formal constituent to be a murdered man or woman. The next quest is for the efficient cause. To find it, the search proceeds by way of the final cause or end which induced the murder. Was he or she murdered for money, revenge, in a quarrel, or for hire? This final cause, when found leads to the efficient cause motived by such reason to act. And so the circle of causality is completed and the story is done.

THE PASSING OF McCARTENAY.

BY FREDERICK WENNERBERG.

URE, Chaplain, I knew ye for clergy when first I laid eyes on ye, 'twas the manner now, gentle like, but un-sanc-ti-monius."

"You're far from Erin's shore, McCartenay, but you've not lost the blarney. There now, don't move that arm."

"But I wasn't rightly sure of de-nom-in-a-tion, y'see. I've learned there's many odd ways of worship, what with these Roosian priests and their greasy beards and three wives and the like."

"Steady, man! Now, your arm about my neck, so. Slowly, slowly—there, now you're easier!"

"Thank you, kindly, Father. But, as I was sayin', a man's profession will show through his clothes. They've put me in a Chinaman's heathen pyjamas, but ye know me for a British soldier. As my old K.O., Captain Hathgate, said, God rest his soul, we left him in Mesopotamia, and all souls—'McCartenay,' he said, 'McCartenay, if ye parted your hair in the middle, ye'd look like Kitchener.' 'Twas on parade, an' the Somerset Fuseliers. 'Right wheel!' he says, 'an', McCartenay, take your chest off your back!' Ah!"

A wrench of pain constricted the wounded man's features, haggardly revealed by a single swaying lantern. Then a smile triumphed! "Father, are we on the track or no?"

The tiny goods-wagon bumped and rattled like a dice-box. It was heated by what seemed a single coal in a small stove at the centre. The dim, erratic light revealed some thirty men lying on improvised plank bunks, all Russians save McCartenay, all alike dirty, unkempt, thin, gray-skinned and heavily bearded. Each wore hospital pyjamas and was scantily covered with a single blanket, supplemented by rags and scraps of clothing. A few showed bandages, filthy with crusted blood and dirt. Squatted near the stove, a Russian priest held thin, white hands over the fire. A man in the uniform of a British army officer bent over the British soldier's bunk and attempted

to keep the restless and feverish man covered with a fur coat which the officer had evidently doffed himself.

"And I thought ye a medico, Father, for long. But God sent the priest instead. Sure to die in such a damn cold country, 'twould be a great change of climate! Chill your hand is, Father, take ye your coat, now, and warm you at the fire. It's hot I am, God knows."

The man's touch was burning, but his teeth chattered.

"Get you to the fire now, Father—if that Protestant priest with the long beard hasn't put it out with warming his fat by it—

> "Dan, Dan, the Protestant priest,
> Stole a pig at the Kelly's feast.
> The fiddler he fell off the stool
> And so they—"

The mumbled rhyme driveled into incoherence and then labored breath. The outstretched arm dropped inert.

The officer stood a moment to assure himself that the wounded man slept, then turned to the stove, lit a cigarette from a glowing ember, and stood, feet braced against the constant jar of springless truck and flattened wheel, gazing out of a small window improvised in the door. Wind-blown snow drove into his face through the cracks. A meteor-like stream of engine sparks whirled past, and there was dimly revealed a Siberian mountain slope under veiled stars.

Major Arthur Compton of the British Royal Army Medical Corps Reserve was puzzled. He faced a novel situation. It had been entirely an accident that he was a passenger on this unsavory hospital train, but transportation was at a premium. In the eastward movement of retreat before the victorious Bolshevik forces, the long-disorganized railroad system had utterly broken down—and any accommodation was better than long delay in the path of the advancing Reds. The great "All-Russian" army, financed and equipped by the Powers, was a thing of shreds and patches. Furthermore, the peasantry were seething with revolt clear from Baikal to the Japan Sea. No longer could they be overawed by Cossack sabre and whipping post. The railroad had been attacked at many points by guerrilla bands. Allied troops, guarding the precious line of

communication, were thinly scattered along many thousand versts of rail, bridge and tunnel.

It was also an accident that Compton had found McCartenay. There was not another doctor on the train: the original three had succumbed to the dread spotted plague, typhus. Indeed, there was little a doctor could do when medical supplies were limited to a few yards of bandage and a jarful of morphine tablets. Four ill-trained Russian nurses composed the entire staff. The train carried a section of Kolchak troopers as a guard, but they refused to lift a finger in aid. And there were four hundred patients on board, to say nothing of the skeleton forms piled high in the straw of the last two cars.

In this caravan of death, the British surgeon had made a half-hearted attempt to single out the more hopeful cases and isolate them for what care and treatment he could give. Making the rounds, he had come upon McCartenay. This British sergeant had been one of the group of officers and non-coms detailed from the Mesopotamian veterans, in Siberia, as instructors to Kolchak's regiments. In the mêlée of the Ekaterinburg defeat, he had been isolated from his comrades, and, seriously wounded, had been mistaken for a Russian and consigned to one of the ill-fated "sanitary" trains.

Compton had found him in a delirium of fever, reciting snatches of music-hall songs and bits of the "Hail Mary," in a car of typhus patients. He had brought him to his own car and taken him in special charge; dressed and roughly cleaned his gangrened wound, bathed him, fed him, and at last brought him from successive delirium and coma.

One morning, McCartenay woke to consciousness and identified the patient caretaker, whom in his fever he had mistaken for a chaplain. Seeing Compton reading from a black-bound leather copy of Epictetus, which had companioned the surgeon through these far lands, he had confirmed his own mistake.

"Being so bold, what was the holy office today, Father?"

Compton, though not a believer, had taken advantage of the mistake, especially when he saw the child-like joy in the sunken blue eyes. Though drugs and medicines there were none, the touch of the supposed physician of souls had brought visible improvement to the stricken man. His irrational periods were fewer, the fever was gradually allayed, and Comp-

ton marveled at signs of regaining health in one whom his practiced eye had doomed for death.

With this change for the better came a new difficulty. McCartenay called for the sacraments. All the adroit tact for which the doctor had been famed in Regent Street sick rooms had been called into play to circumvent this issue.

"Tomorrow," he would temporize, "when you're thoroughly rested. I want all your thoughts. Now you must sleep." And he would practice the soothing power of suggestion that London dowagers, at the nerve-wracked stub of a season, had called—hypnotic.

Even in delirium, the troubled soul sought the relief of confession.

"Bless me, Father—" At these words, Compton would turn aside, respecting the secrecy of an institution in which he had no belief.

Now, turning from the window, he thrust his cigarette end into the stove, after wedging the huddled man of the skirted cassock aside to admit of opening the door. The priest grunted and relapsed into another position of slumber. The major regarded him. Despite the practicality of his profession, he was something of a mystic, and the greasy priest of a fallen Tsar was not repellent to him, but rather uncouthly symbolic of a nation wandering in an age-long nightmare of sleep away from the light and into dark and treacherous ways.

And yet, he thought, how mighty the power of Rome! The centuries have passed, still is her ritual performed, her eternal message is proclaimed, her traditions are revered in this dark northern land, though, generations since, Rome disowned her brotherhood who bowed to a new Vicar in a Muscovite sovereign. She proclaims their ceremonies, all save the rites for the dying, though celebrated in churches decked with barbaric pearl and gold and intoned by choirs of ravishing harmony before prostrate and adoring throngs, to be illicit and unworthy. Notwithstanding, the ancient forms survive; the Host is still raised over multitudinous worshippers, though the State call it a mockery, and the Vicar of Christ name it a sacrilege.

To Compton, "Church" meant a "mediæval" thing, and that adjective connoted the strange and curiously ornamented work of a remote age, like the scrolled lettering of a thirteenth century Bible, beautifully useless.

Just then, the priest's snores multiplied into a spasm, and, waking, he spat profusely, then, laboriously rising, set a small battered kettle on the stove, and fumbled from the folds of his gown a blackened cake resembling American chewing tobacco. The eternal tea was in process of preparation.

Shrugging his shoulders, the major turned again to his bit of window. That gray blur was the sky, those shapeless blots were stunted pines. The grade had been mounted; now, on an upland plateau, the train gained momentum.

He recalled the luxuries of travel at home, long lines of massive coaches with polished fittings, plate glass, upholstery, vestibules. He thought of the palace train that once drew nobility and globe-trotters at scented ease over endless reaches of plain and mountain from Vladivostok, "The Ruler of the East," to Moscow and Paris.

"Whong!" A long blast from the engine. It seemed that a human cry wailed answer. A square hut, a sidetrack, three houses, a barking dog, two swaying lanterns—again vague landscape and sky behind the sparks.

Now ensued slackening of speed and, with it, comparative ease of motion. The rain of sparks died out and a wan landscape showed, shadow without color, and a faint foreboding of dawn. Slower and yet slower turned the dragging wheels, till at last the progress scarcely exceeded that of a man walking. Finally, with no definite jar of brakes, motion ceased. At once, dead silence.

To the ears, long numbed with clank of iron and strain of timbers, smaller vibrations returned no impression. Then voices came from a great distance up the track and footsteps crunched the frosted snow. The lantern still swayed. A few of the sleepers stirred and muttered, disturbed by the quiet. The priest, overtaken by sleep in his tea-making, crowded closer to the dying fire. Compton realized that his eyelids were smarting. He placed a single remaining fagot in the stove, and setting his shoulder against the staple, pushed open the car door and leaped out.

No wind blew, but cold lay heavy like a deadly gas, searing to the lungs. Hastily, he climbed a rough ladder, carefully avoiding blistering iron rods and took an armful of the precious firewood that was stacked on the car roof. Backing down, he slipped from the last frosted rung and sprawled

upon a man crawling at the moment from under the car. The victim, a huge bearded fellow in black military greatcoat and shako, cried out sharply, and scrambled off the way he had come.

Compton rubbed a bruised elbow, chuckled ruefully, and bent to regain his scattered load. As he did so, a loud, high scream of pain and fright rang from the distant front of the train. Immediately, there followed the clear-cut report of a pistol, a sound of running feet, two more shots and, after an interval, a fourth—then again utter silence.

For the first time, Compton noted that the engine was missing. Around a curve the long line of wooden boxes showed in the half-light of dawn, silent, desolate, abandoned.

The place was a cut between a sheer cliff on the further side of the train, and a whitened slope that rose fifty yards to a line of scrawny pines.

There was no further sound. A few sparks straggled from the stovepipes in the car roofs out upon the windless air. There was no other motion.

Suddenly a line of fire penciled the ridge crest. With a rattle like the slide of a rock-pile upon iron, a fusillade of bullets rapped through the cars, whined off the rails, spatted on the cliff.

As Compton leaped toward the car, where his pistol was, his knee crumpled under him, and he sank to the ground, disabled by a leg wound.

The next ten minutes were an age of hurried impressions.

From many cars, shouting patients leaped and scrambled about, some throwing themselves prone, some frantically seeking shelter anywhere; between the tracks, in the shallow ditch, behind the trucks—some even diving ridiculously into the snow drifts for protection against bullets.

But the fire was not at once resumed. Following their usual tactics, the guerrilla band of Bolsheviks had taken position at short range and fired a carefully-aimed volley.

Compton, helplessly sprawled under the car, called, unheeded, for his pistol, for a weapon, for anything, shouted orders and advice, then, realizing the futility of his words, shut his teeth and waited.

It was an eternal minute of suspense. As yet, the train

had not replied. From the cars came the moans of the wounded and of those too sick to move.

Now appeared one, two—three black figures, cautiously reconnoitering around the corner of the ridge. Bent and watchful, rifles advanced, they approached, and other black figures trailed after them.

Just then Compton heard, from down the track, a shouted command in English.

McCartenay's voice! McCartenay, rallying the Russian non-coms whom he had trained in British drill. The drive of command was in his steel tones:

"Fire at will! An' give 'em *hell!*"

The rifles barked, not in volley, but individually, as the men sighted and aimed, true to their training. In the increasing distinctness of the dawn black figures all along the line whirled and fell. The Bolsheviks shouted and scattered for the ridge.

Compton could see McCartenay kneeling and firing methodically, the while he shouted correction and encouragement to the group of patients and train guards firing prone in front of him. The Major crawled feverishly toward this little skirmish line, his useless leg dragging behind him.

The attackers rallied.

There ensued a sharp interchange of fire, then the reply of the defenders died down and ceased. Sick at heart, Compton realized that their ammunition had given out. The assaulting party knew it, as well, for they came on by successive rushes down the slope.

At twenty yards distance, they halted, a motley mob, laughing, shouting, gesticulating—then, to Compton's horror, they deliberately squatted down and aimed their rifles at the scattered groups of their victims.

McCartenay rose, swinging a clubbed rifle, his unkempt red hair, fiery in the dawn light. In a great voice, he shouted:

"Follow me, men! Carry on!" And a handful actually did follow him in the pitiful charge, till he stumbled and sank to his knees.

At this moment there dashed forward from beneath the train an uncouth figure with long beard and curls. The priest. He held his arms outstretched and shouted again and again to the savage enemy one potent word.

"Angeleski!"

It was the name of a race whose power has been carried by men of McCartenay's breed into the furthest reaches of the world.

Compton, rising to one knee, shouted too, and pointed behind him. There, upon the car door where he had nailed it, the flag of England showed in the morning light, red with the threat of a mighty retribution that all of Asia's peoples know.

The outlaws hesitated and muttered among themselves. At this moment, a whistle screamed and an engine appeared around the curve. Drab-uniformed figures were grouped on its front and a Lewis gun looked down the track.

At that the Bolsheviks turned and fled. They floundered up the hill. They threw aside coats and rifles. They toppled in the drifts as the Lewis gun spoke:

"Br-r-r-up! Br-r-r-up! Br-r-r-up!"

By dint of vast exertion, Compton had crawled to McCartenay's side. The soldier lay supine, eyes shut, his head tossing from side to side.

Sobbing, the surgeon ripped and tore away the wretched coverings. The new wound was small, a notched gap in the abdomen. McCartenay opened his eyes, smiled wanly, drew Compton's head down to his.

"We gave them a fight, Father, any how, the dirty dogs! And now—now," the voice was a hoarse whisper, "now—bless me, Father, for—I have—sinned," and he gripped the doctor's hand. Then his eyelids fell while the lips formed inaudible words.

Compton choked and turned his head. There, beside him, stood the priest, silent, expressionless. His skirts were muddled and torn. Upon his forehead a crimson bruise reddened the long matted hair. His arms were folded, and in his right hand he held a small black Byzantine crucifix.

A new thought came to Compton.

From the closed eyes and mumbling lips of the wounded man, he looked to the stoical gaze of this bystander. Then, roughly, he seized the priest's arm and drew him down beside him.

A transforming light gleamed in the Russian's blue eyes.

Paying no further attention to Compton, he drew from his gown a little vial. In the oil which it contained he dipped the thumb of his right hand, and with it made a sign. He made that sign upon the soldier's eyes, that fluttered but did not see . . . upon the lips that could now utter neither prayer nor curse, then upon the hands, that clutched at emptiness, and lastly upon those weary feet that had trod frozen steppes and burning sands for England's crown.

Meanwhile, he besought Unseen Powers in a monotone of rolling Slavonic sounds that rose to a weird climax with a cry that rang upon the frozen silence:

"Christus!" he exhorted.

"Christus!" he implored.

At full arm's reach he held the crucifix aloft, then set it to the soldier's wordless lips. The kiss became a smile which did not change.

As the days passed, that thin-lipped frozen smile became to the surgeon not a ghastly thing, no, rather an expression strangely ascetic, deeply peaceful, and full of joy. Whereat, being something of a mystic, he pondered.

In England that morning it was night. At a meeting of the House of Commons, measures were discussed to suppress the Sein Fein Republic. In the same hour, a Russian Jew preached revolution in Union Square, New York. And in Ireland, a priest was shot and an altar defiled.

FRANCIS THOMPSON AND HIS POETRY.

BY JOHN CRAIG.

ON a day in the springtime of 1888, in London, Wilfrid Meynell, at the office of *Merry England*, a monthly magazine of which he was the editor, was informed that Francis Thompson had called and wished to see him. To understand the significance of this call, let us briefly sketch the circumstances of it. On February 23, 1887, Francis had addressed a letter to the editor of *Merry England*, enclosing a prose article and, seemingly as an afterthought, a "few specimens" of his poetry, "with the off chance that one may be less poor than the rest," and with a postscript request to address the rejection to the Charing Cross Post Office. The manuscripts were "most uninviting and difficult in outward aspect," Everard Meynell tells us in his admirable *Life of Francis Thompson*.[1] "My father and mother decided to accept the essay and a poem, and to seek the author. To this end my father wrote a letter addressed to the Charing Cross Post Office, asking the author to call for a proof and to discuss the chances of future work. To that letter came no reply and publication was postponed. Then this letter was returned through the dead-letter office, and the editor could only print the 'Passion of Mary' as a possible way of getting into communication with the author. The poem appeared in *Merry England* for April, 1888."

Thereupon, on April 14th, Francis wrote to Wilfrid Meynell. Mr. Meynell responded with an explanation of his reasons for publishing the poem as he did, and again asked the author to call, sending the letter by a messenger to the address Francis had given, a chemist's shop in Drury Lane. Many days after that the young poet received it and decided to call. Thus:

" 'Show him up,' " said Mr. Meynell, and sat alone waiting in his office.

"Then the door opened, and a strange hand was thrust in. The door closed, but Thompson had not entered. Again it

[1] New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

opened, again it shut. At the third attempt a waif of a man came in. No such figure had been looked for; more ragged and unkempt than the average beggar, with no shirt beneath his coat and bare feet in broken shoes. . . ."

It is little wonder that his first glimpse of that pathetic figure rendered Wilfrid Meynell—beloved for his gentleness by everybody with whom he comes in contact—momentarily speechless.

Thus began the literary career of this "waif of a man" "with no shirt beneath his coat and bare feet in broken shoes." Thus, too, fortuitously did he find a friend whose esteem until his last breath was the most precious gift of an otherwise apathetic world. And as to the worth of his poetry let us, out of a sheaf of appreciations, quote Arnold Bennett, who wrote, seven years later, of the first volume, *Poems:*

"My belief is that Francis Thompson has a richer natural genius, a finer poetical equipment, than any poet save Shakespeare. Show me the divinest glories of Shelley and Keats, even of Tennyson . . . and I think I can match them all out of this one book, this little book that can be bought at an ordinary bookseller's shop for an ordinary, prosaic crown. . . . Every critic with an atom of discretion knows that a poet must not be called great until he is either dead or very old. Well, please yourself what you may think. But, in time to come, don't say I didn't tell you."

Significant words, these, coming from the pen of so discerning a judge of literary values as Arnold Bennett—even allowing for the ardor of the youth of twenty-five years ago. What that writer's opinion of Francis Thompson is today, a quarter of a century after he thus apotheosized him, I am unable to say. Another instance, however, is pertinent here and deserves consideration: A few years out of college, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch wrote in the London *Daily News:*

"It was at Cambridge, in the height of the summer term and in a Fellows' Garden, that the revelation [of Thompson's "The Mistress of Vision"] came. I thought then in my enthusiasm that no such poem had been written or attempted since Coleridge attempted, and left off writing, *Kubla Khan.* In a cooler hour I think so yet; and were my age twenty-five or so, it would delight me to swear to it, riding to any man's

drawbridge who shuts his gates against it, and blowing the horn of challenge. . . . To me my admiration seemed too hot to last; but four or five years leave me unrepentant. It seemed to me to be more likely to be a perishable joy. . . ."

As a significant commentary on the wearing qualities of Francis Thompson, it may be added that the year 1921 found Sir Arthur presumably still "unrepentant" and his joy still unperished. For in his book, *On the Art of Reading*,[2] we find him listing Thompson's "The Hound of Heaven" among the thirty-six literary productions in the English language that one ought to read.

Indeed, the second-only-to-Shakespeare estimate (the expression at that time had none of its subsequent triteness) is voiced by several other critics. One young reviewer, Vernon Blackburn, once startled the members of his college crew by shouting through their bedroom doors his new discovered joy —a poem in *Merry England* by F. T. "'I know at last,' was his loud confidence, 'that there is a poet who may worthily take a place as Shakespeare's second.'" And Canon Sheehan wrote of Francis in the *American Ecclesiastical Review* for June, 1898: "For the present he will write no more poetry. Why? I should hardly like to intrude upon the privacy of another's thoughts; but Francis Thompson, who, with all his incongruities, ranks in English poetry with Shelley, and *only* beneath Shakespeare, has hardly had any recognition in Catholic circles. If Francis Thompson had been an Anglican or a Unitarian, his praises would have been sung unto the ends of the earth." Again, J. L. Garvin, writing in the *Bookman* for March, 1897, said: "Mr. Thompson's poetry scarcely comes by way of the outward eye at all. He scarcely depends upon occasions. In a dungeon one imagines that he would be no less a poet. The regal airs, the prophetic ardors, the apocalyptic vision, the supreme utterance—he has them all. A rarer, more intense, more strictly predestinate genius has never been known to poetry. To many this may well appear the simple delirium of over-emphasis. The writer signs for those others, nowise ashamed, who range after Shakespeare's very Sonnets the poetry of a living poet, Francis Thompson."

These are but a few, selected somewhat at random, out of a ponderable number of testimonies penned upon a somewhat

[2] New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

similar plane of appreciation by the literary critics. The obvious question, therefore, arises: Why is Francis Thompson's poetry not more widely known and quoted, why has he not been allotted the position in the history and the vogue of literature to which his genius would seem to be entitled? To answer that question one must consider the fates of most geniuses of the seven arts from the beginnings of human history during or immediately subsequent to their lifetimes. There are some persons (of impartial religious convictions) who incline to the belief that Francis Thompson has been the victim of a conspiracy of silence among the *literati,* which has its origin in the fact that he was a Roman Catholic. Heaven forbid that that were so; if it is, it is one of the most lamentable examples of intolerance in the whole category of sins of intolerance. The present writer ventures his humble opinion that it is not so. It is almost inconceivable that the honest judgment of the literary world would, even subconsciously, allow itself to be affected by the myopia of religious antipathy or indifferentism in such degree as to shut from its regard the poet's splendid contribution to our precious heritage of letters. It would seem that the explanation is contained in Mr. Garvin's words, already quoted: "Mr. Thompson's poetry scarcely comes by way of the outward eye at all." Or in William Archer's comment: "This is not work which can possibly be *popular* in the wide sense; but it is work that will be read and treasured centuries hence by those who really care for poetry." As against the explanation of anti-Catholic predilections, it were more probable that present-day readers are not better acquainted with the poetry of Francis Thompson for the very reason that they do not make the mental effort to plumb the depth of his mystical utterances. And let him among us be the first to cast a stone who is without the sin of indifference referred to by Canon Sheehan!

It is not within the scope of an article like this to do anything approaching justice to a career and a personality, the detailed exposition of which involved for Everard Meynell the writing of a book of three hundred and fifty pages that fairly teem with interest. To him we are indebted for the story of Francis' life. It will be possible to give here only the sketchiest record of that life.

Francis Joseph Thompson was born on December 16, 1859,

at Preston in Lancashire. His father, a doctor by profession, was a convert to Catholicism, as was also his mother. In 1864 the family moved to Ashton-under-Lyne, the home of Francis until his trip to London at the age of twenty-one. His sister entered a convent, and became Mother Austin of the Presentation Convent, Manchester. Two paternal aunts, also, were nuns: Sister Mary of St. Jane Frances de Chantal of the Order of the Good Shepherd, and Sister Mary Ignatius of the Order of Mercy. These ancestral facts are presented for whatever they may be worth as indicating the religious heritage of Francis.

As a schoolboy, we find him one of the most timid of youths, with an utter disinclination to mix with his fellows, and almost morbidly sensitive to ridicule, fancied or otherwise. Even in his tender years there seems to have been about him an aura of the tragedy that was his destiny in after life. "Yes, childhood is tragic to me," was found written in one of his notebooks. At seven, says Everard Meynell, he was reading poetry!

In 1870 he entered Ushaw College, near Durham, with the purpose eventually of becoming a priest. Here his awkward shyness and his aversion for the society of his fellow-students still characterized him. Two other unfortunate foibles that manifested themselves were his indolence and extraordinary absent-mindedness. As for his scholarship, the statement of the late Monsignor Corbishly, recorded by Everard Meynell, speaks volumes: "In Latin he was first six times, second three times, and twice he was third. The lowest place he got was sixth, except when he composed in so-called Latin verse. In Greek his place was from second to tenth. In French, average place about eighth. In English, first sixteen times; of his Arithmetic, Algebra and Geometry, the less said the better. He was a good, quiet, shy lad. Physically, a weakling: he had a halting way of walking, and gave the impression that physical existence would be rather a struggle for him. He did practically nothing at the games. *Hæc habeo quæ dicam de nostro pœta præclarissimo.*"

When he was eighteen, his preceptors advised him to abandon the idea of becoming a priest; his abnormal absent-mindedness, they feared, would prove too great a handicap. It was a rude termination of the cherished dream

of his parents—and, according to reliable opinion, a bitter and permanent grief to Francis.

For the next six years, this odd youth made a pretense of study for the medical profession at Owens College, in Manchester—a career for which he was totally unfitted, and to which he made no attempt to apply himself, though daily he made the journey to Manchester from Ashton "under the compulsion of the family eye." But once round the corner he was safe from the too strict inquiry by a father never stern. The hours of his actual attendance at lectures were comparatively few.

In 1879 Francis was stricken with fever. "It is probably at this time," says Everard Meynell, "that he first tasted laudanum." Significant, here, at this time also was the gift from his mother, shortly before her death, of a copy of Thomas De Quincey's *Confessions of An Opium Eater.* Manchester, in those days, was a very breeding-nest of the habit of opium eating; temptation, stalking the byways of the city in the persons of illicit traffickers of the drug, panderers to the physical stress under which the cotton-spinners of Manchester lived, held a still greater lure for medical students, who could legitimately obtain the drug at any apothecary store for their professional work. . . . Francis, the physical weakling, contracted the habit, whose first seed, as in the case of Coleridge and De Quincey, had been planted in a time of physical illness.

In 1879 Francis went to London for his medical examination. "I have not passed," was all he could report, later, to his father. In 1882, after two more years of pretended study, he went through the same dismal experience. Again, he was prevailed upon to take the medical examination at Glasgow, again he failed, and this time fell under the lash of his father's impatience. He now obtained a position with a surgical instrument maker. It lasted two weeks! His next employment was the selling of an encyclopedia; he spent two months in reading it, and then decided he couldn't sell it. Totally unfitted for the practicalities of the business side of life, in desperation he now turned to an occupation that would relieve him of its responsibilities: he decided to become —a soldier, no less! He enlisted in the army, indeed, but still the ghost of failure stalked at his heels; he was rejected at the physical examination. In November, 1885, his physical

appearance and his demeanor aroused in his father's mind the suspicion that he was drinking. He left home shortly afterward, and fled to London. He delayed for a week in Manchester, selling his meagre effects; ninety-five poetry books were disposed of in this way. . . . "But to the remnant of a library he would cling with a persistence that defied even the terrific imp of the laudanum bottle."

In London, penniless and friendless, he could find no better job than trudging the streets from bookstore to bookstore, a sack slung over his shoulder, collecting volumes for a bookseller. The job was soon lost. His clothes soon wore away to tatters; he slept in common lodging-houses, in archways, in houses of refuge, according to the condition of his purse. He found an occupation which yielded him a pittance, hailing cabs; another was that of selling matches, newspapers; still another, blacking boots! A kindly bootmaker, a Mr. McMaster, an Episcopalian churchwarden, befriended him, offered him a job in his shop, running messages, putting up the shutters, doing other odd services to "pay" for his food and lodging. This lasted for three months. A trip to his home followed, at Christmastime, 1886. Of that visit little is known. He soon returned to the London streets. Of his abject misery and suffering, the dread disease searing the wretched tenement of his body with yelping pangs that demanded the drug for its alleviation, we can only guess. As in the case of De Quincey, Francis now was befriended—by a prostitute of the streets.

Lest these lines seem to convey any sinister intimation, a word here may be pertinent: Be it known that at no time, even among those who in after years may have been unfriendly to Francis Thompson, even among his "enemies"—if, indeed, he ever had any—no word, not even a suggestion, has ever been uttered to stain his beautiful character with the stigma of shame.

It is not improbable, says his biographer, that the lines which follow were written while he was befriended by the girl who, having noticed his forlorn state, did all in her power to assist him:

> Hell's gates revolve upon her yet alive;
> To her no Christ the beautiful is nigh:

The stony world has daffed His teaching by;
"Go," saith it; "sin on still that you may thrive,
Let one sin be as queen for all the hive
Of sins to swarm around;"
* * * * *
The gates of Hell have shut her in alive.

Out of the squandered heritage of her soul she gave of her charity to this wretched fellow outcast of society. Wandering absent-mindedly and bewildered through a busy thoroughfare late at night, he was knocked down and ground beneath the wheels of a cab. Finding him, she hailed another cab and carried him to a room and gave him food and covering to warm his chilled and broken body. Then, having nursed him with a motherly affection, she fled from him; and into this last act may be interpreted the tenderest, the noblest, even if mute, tribute of her withered heart to the true, the chaste character of Francis Thompson. Of that beautiful flower of friendship and charity, blooming in a byway where such precious blossoms are so little looked for, he was later (in "A Child's Kiss") to write:

Forlorn, and faint, and stark,
I had endured through watches of the dark
The abashless inquisition of each star,
Yea, was the outcast mark
Of all those heavenly passers' scrutiny;
Stood bound and helplessly
For Time to shoot his barbèd minutes at me;
Suffered the trampling hoof of every hour
In night's slow-wheelèd car;
Until the tardy dawn dragged me at length
From under those dread wheels; and, bled of strength,
I awaited the inevitable last.
Then there came past
A child; like thee, a spring-flower; but a flower
Fallen from the budded coronal of Spring,
And through the city-streets blown withering.
She passed—O brave, sad, lovingest, tender thing!—
And of her own scant pittance did she give,
That I might eat and live:
Then fled, a swift and trackless fugitive.
Therefore I kissed in thee

The heart of Childhood, so divine for me;
And her, through what sore ways,
And what unchildish days,
Borne from me now, as then, a trackless fugitive.
Therefore I kissed in thee
Her, child! and innocency.

A sense of guilt oppresses the present writer for thus apparently emphasizing the seamy details of Francis Thompson's life. But they constitute the purgatory through which his soul reached the sublime heights of later years. Poverty (and its handmaiden, Suffering) was to his dying hour to be his self-chosen Bride—as in the case of the beloved Assisian. Came now to Francis the heavenly gift of a friendship—that of the Meynells—that is so precious because it is so rarely to be found on this side of Heaven. Their gift to him is only partially encompassed by the fourteen corporal and spiritual Works of Mercy. Through them he was, to use a much-abused expression, to "find himself."

His renunciation of opium dates from this period. In the case of Coleridge, opium had killed the poet in him: with Francis, it had only delayed the development of his latent gift. Like the tender sapling that, shorn of its imminent foliage and twisted into grotesque shapes by the winter's gales, with the coming of spring burgeons forth in all its glory, so also of Francis we read that now "his images came toppling about his thoughts overflowingly during the pains of abstinence."

The young poet was sent to Storrington Priory to regain, in the companionship of the Franciscan monks, some of his wasted vitality. Here, in mid-summer, 1889, was written the "Ode to the Setting Sun," and the famous essay on Shelley, the latter to be rejected by the *Dublin Review,* which, in July, 1908, after the death of Francis, had the good fortune to publish it (an event which necessitated the then unique experience for the *Review* of going to press a second time), and which later was to be considered by George Wyndham "the most important contribution made to English literature for twenty years."

In February, 1890, he left Storrington and returned to London. Now followed the writing of "Love in Diana's Lap," and of *Sister Songs* (1891), both written in pencil in a "penny

exercise book," which came as a Christmas offering to the Meynells. To *Sister Songs* he attached an "Inscription," and of his sentiments, after watching the "piling up of Christmas presents" at the Meynell home, he writes:

> But one I marked who lingered still behind,
> As for such souls no seemly gift had he:
> He was not of their strain,
> Nor worthy so bright beings to entertain,
> Nor fit compeer for such high company;
> Yet was he surely born to them in mind,
> Their youngest nursling of the spirit's kind.
> Last stole this one,
> With timid glance, of watching eyes adread,
> And dropped his frightened flower when all were gone;
> And where the frail flower fell, it witherèd.
> But yet methought those high souls smiled thereon;
> As when a child, upstraining at your knees
> Some fond and fancied nothings, says, "I give you these."

To this period also belongs the writing of "The Hound of Heaven."

Back in London, says Everard Meynell, he was "put to small tasks as much that he might be put out of train for talk as for the use he was," about the "close-packed table in the private room where, every Thursday, my father produced with superhuman effort a fresh number of his *Weekly Register.*" One gets a picture of Francis as a good-natured nuisance in that "frenzied atmosphere." Of it he indites a whimsy, in which he refers to "this blighting frenzy for jingles and jangles," and pictures himself biting his pencil, inviting inspiration, and plighting

> My hair into elf-locks most wild, and affrighting
> And *Registering,* and daying and nighting.

From this "blighting frenzy" he would be sent into the country, to Crawley, to breathe a modicum of health into his never-strong body, or off on an expedition with the Meynell children, or again to Friston, in Suffolk. The children, romping with him the hills and fields, were afterward to appear in the silvery cadences of his Poems on Children. Of one of them, Monica, we read a tender incident in "The Poppy:"

A child and man paced side by side
Treading the skirts of eventide;
But between the clasp of his hand and hers
Lay, felt not, twenty withered years.

She turned, with the rout of her dusk South hair,
And saw the sleeping gipsy there;
And snatched and snapped it in swift child's whim,
With—"Keep it long as you live"—to him.

Once, while at Crawley, his eye scanned a random notice in the *Register* of the death of one "Monica Mary." "My heart stood still," he writes. Happily, it was not the Monica of "The Poppy," but of his feelings occasioned by that terrifying death notice we have an inkling in his poem, "To Monica Thought Dying," the opening lines of which read:

You, O the piteous you!
Who all the long night through
Anticipatedly
Disclose yourself to me
Already in the ways
Beyond our human comfortable days;
How can you deem what Death
Impitiably saith
To me, who listening wake
For your poor sake?

And of her childish prattle:

Was it such things could make
Me sob all night for your implacable sake?

Of the incident of the flower he was later, in 1903, to write to Monica upon the announcement of her engagement to be married:

> "Most warmly and sincerely I congratulate you, dear Monica, on what is the greatest event in a woman's life—or a man's, to my thinking. . . . Extend to him, if he will allow me, the affection which you once—so long since—purchased with a poppy in that Friston field. 'Keep it,' you said (though you have doubtless forgotten what you said) 'as long as you live.' I have kept it, and with it I keep

you, my dearest. I do not say or show much, for I am an old man compared with you, and no companion for your young life. But never, my dear, doubt I love you."

No printed word can convey more than a hint of the ineffable imagery of another poem, "The Making of Viola." One has often, upon looking at the angelic loveliness of a little child, dwelt, even if nebulously, upon the thought that such beauty could only be made in Heaven. Who but a Heaven-inspired genius could have expressed such a thought so beautifully as has Francis in this exquisite verse! In it he has pictured the Father of Heaven ordering the making of Viola:

The Father of Heaven:
Spin, daughter Mary, spin,
Twirl your wheel with silver din;
Spin, daughter Mary, spin,
Spin a tress for Viola.

(To which the chorus of angels respond:)

Spin, Queen Mary, a
Brown tress for Viola.

The Father of Heaven:
Weave, hands angelical,
Weave a woof of flesh to pall—
Weave, hands angelical—
Flesh to pall our Viola.

Angels:
Weave, singing brothers, a
Velvet flesh for Viola.

And so on, until the making of Viola is completed, and down to earth

Wheeling angels, past espial,
Danced her down with sound of viol.

Early in 1892, he went to Pantasaph, in Wales, "where he lodged at the gates of the Capuchin Monastery." Here he prepared the volume, *Poems,* for publication, in 1893, by Messrs. Elkin Mathews and John Lane. In 1895, *Sister Songs* was published. *New Poems* appeared in 1897.

He died, this artist son of the Mother of Arts, of consumption, at the Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth, in London, on November 13, 1907, among nuns who "smiled happily because he had received the Sacraments."

Francis Thompson brought to the writing of his poetry a preciosity of words and a subtility of phrase that were—and are—at once the emulation and the despair of the minor poets and critics and the wonder and delight of his readers. His song at times suggests the rippling music of a mountain brook at the dawn of a June morning, the awesome majesty of midsummer thunder, the indescribable grandeur of blazing sunsets. Ardent Catholic that he was at the time of his death, we can readily believe that his soul inhabits Elysian fields—this mystical vagabond who once trod the London streets of his misery. But whether or not, there is little doubt that, in the words of Wilfrid Meynell: "He made all men his debtors, leaving to those who loved him the memory of his personality, and to English poetry an imperishable name."

CLOUDS SEEN IN A SUMMER SKY.

BY CHARLES J. QUIRK, S.J.

SLUMBROUS they drift upon the sky's deep blue,
Like young archangels steeped in visions blest,
Dreaming of God and Heaven's Holy Land,
Of everlasting love and peace and . . . rest!

MARIAN DEVOTION IN GREECE.

BY G. D. MEADOWS.

THERE used to exist among the Jesuit novices at Roehampton, in England, a domestic tradition of an old Irish priest of great learning and holiness and imbued with an ardent devotion to the Mother of God. When some neophyte, fuller of zeal than of knowledge, deplored with more fervor than charity the apparent stupidity which kept millions of Eastern Christians, with a genuine priesthood, real sacraments and a glorious liturgy, in perpetual schism, the venerable Father would exclaim: "Don't be too hard on the poor schismatics, my boy: they do at least 'butter-up' the Holy One." The old priest, with all the militant orthodoxy of a Catholic Celt, had, nevertheless, a corner in a very large and human heart for the Eastern "Orthodox" Christians, on account of their uncompromising devotion to her whom they name the *"Panagía,"* literally the "All-Holy." Any Catholic who is brought into contact with the schismatic churches of the Near East must be struck by this feature of "Orthodox" worship. Accustomed in America and England to the charges of "Mariolatry," of "adding a fourth person to the Trinity," and all the other calumnies of the lower strata of Protestant controversialists, we find it strange to hear, as the writer heard in an ecclesiastical talk with a Greek friend: "Oh, but you of the Latin Church have so little devotion to the Mother of God."

Two or three features of the cultus of the Blessed Virgin in the "Orthodox" and other schismatic churches of the Orient stand out prominently, and are apparent even to a very casual student of the matter. In the first place, it is essentially a *devotion,* a pervading spirit and not merely a collection of devotions and traditional practices. Of "devotions," as the term is understood by modern Catholics, we find few traces in the East. Marian sodalities and confraternities are unknown, scapulars have not been heard of and rosary there is none, though the newcomer to the Balkans may be inclined to think differently when he sees the people fingering strings

of beads as they walk the streets or sit in the gardens. This, however, is merely an amusement for nervous fingers and Levantine restlessness.

Though without our aids to devotion, the schismatics of Greece, of Russia and of the Christian communities in Asia Minor and Syria are undoubtedly inspired with a very deep reverence for the Blessed Virgin, based on sound theology. She exists for them primarily in her relation to the mystery of the Incarnation. In the icons, or sacred pictures, in the churches she is invariably shown with her Child in her arms, while above her halo of silver or beaten gold is inscribed her title of highest honor—"*Theotókos*," *i. e.*, "The Bearer of God." As a logical outcome of this realization of the intimate connection between Mary and the Incarnation, there is a keen sense of the honor which is her due and must always have been accorded her in the scheme of Providence, from the moment she accepted the sublime mission announced to her by St. Gabriel. The feasts of Our Lady, that of the Assumption in particular, hold prominent places in the Greek calendar. The incidents of the temporary subjection of Our Lady to the dominion of death and her subsequent assumption, are frequently depicted in the churches and chapels under the pleasing title of "The Sleep of the Theotókos."

In the liturgies of St. Basil and St. Chrysostom, still used in the daily worship of the Greek Church, we find the fullest and noblest expression of this devotion. These masterpieces of the religious spirit of Eastern Catholicism before the miserable schism which lost Byzantium to Rome, may still be heard in their entirety, chanted nasally by some peasant priest in the meanest of Greek villages, rendered with imposing ritual in the basilicas of Athens, Constantinople and Smyrna, or celebrated for the benefit of the thriving colonies of Greeks in London, Paris and New York. In the liturgy, the *Theotókion* or, as we should call it, the collect of the Blessed Virgin, invariably refers to her under some title of enthusiastic but dignified praise, such as "Our all-holy, undefiled, exceedingly blessed, glorious Lady, Theotókos and ever-virgin Mary."

In the service of the *Orthros* is sung the Magnificat or, as the Greeks call it, "The Ode of the Theotókos," after the deacon has invited the people to join in praising her: "The

Theotókos and the Mother of the Light let us praise in hymns of honor." After the Magnificat comes a versicle that bears a close resemblance to part of the Easter Saturday *Exsultet* of the Roman rite:

> Most blessed art thou, O God-Bearer and Virgin, for through Him that was Incarnate of thee, Hades is led captive, Adam is recalled, the curse is become barren, Eve is set free, death is slain, and we are made to live.

The following is a literal translation of a typical Theotókion, or Collect of Our Lady:

> Of thy tenderness of heart, open to us the gate, O blessed Theotókos, for hoping in thee we shall not fail; may we be delivered through thee from misfortunes, for thou art the salvation of the Christian people.

In the Liturgy proper or Eucharistic service, often erroneously referred to as the "Greek Mass," the icon of the Blessed Virgin is incensed by the celebrant, who kisses it and then recites the *Tropárion:*

> Being a fountain of tenderness of heart, bestow on us thy sympathy, O Mother of God; regard the people who have sinned. Show as ever, thy power, for, hoping in thee, we cry out to thee, "Hail," as formerly did Gabriel, the leader of the angels.

These few details should suffice to give some idea of the whole-hearted character of the veneration of God's Mother in the official worship of the Eastern churches.

The traditional cultus of Our Lady is also reflected in the every-day life of the people throughout Greece and the Balkans generally. Although the Greeks have always been reputed a worldly-minded race, living for the moment and its joy and almost impervious to ideas of the supernatural, they have not remained untouched by the spirit of Marian devotion that was so conspicuous a feature of the early days of the Eastern Church, and which filled the streets and basilicas with an indignant and clamorous populace when the honor of the *Theotókos* was assailed by heretics. In every house and cottage in Greece there is an icon of the Blessed

Virgin, often with a lamp burning perpetually before it. Even the poorest of Greek servant girls will buy, for a few *lepta*, a little crudely colored print of the *Panagía* to hang in her room. Along the country roads and mountain paths, on the fashionable boulevards of Athens and in the tortuous alleys and streets of Smyrna, the traveler sees little shrines of the Mother of God, each a simple column of white marble or stone, surmounted by a cross and holding a small picture of the "Holy One" and a metal box for the ten and twenty-lepta pieces of the devout.

The quaintly clad peasants of the hills and plains and the less picturesque artisans and laborers of the towns will stop before these little shrines and, with bared heads and many signs of the cross, kiss the icon, place an offering in the little iron box and pass on to their work. High up on the mountains amongst the gray rocks and the dwarf pine trees, where the wanderer meets few living beings save the flocks of goats with their bearded, grizzled herdsmen and the fierce wolf-like dogs of the hills, tiny chapels of Our Lady will be found, built in replica of the more imposing churches of the cities, with the little, yellow tapers burned by occasional pilgrims and the silver or brass lamp lighted before the picture of the Blessed Virgin.

Many of the Levantine vessels, with their painted prows and big lateen sails, carry a picture of the Mother of God, in addition to the usual one of St. Nicholas, fixed to the mast as a protection on their voyage amidst the myriad islands of the Ægean Sea. In moments of distress or when threatened by the fierce squalls which are apt to spring up at short notice in these Eastern waters, the captains of these boats will vow a heavy candle or some more expensive votive gift, a gold-encrusted icon or a model ship in silver, to the Virgin of Tenedos or Naxos or some small islet of the archipelago.

As in Catholic Ireland and Spain and Italy, girls are invariably given "Mary" as one of their names, and the visitor who listens to the prattling of the wealthy Athenian children in the Royal Gardens of the capital or the half-naked, olive-skinned urchins in some country village, will hear many times an hour the name "*María*" or its affectionate form, "*Maríka.*" One notices, too, that many of the women and children have little medals of Our Lady in gold or silver, as

well as the plain cross commonly worn by the Orthodox. Almost always the Blessed Virgin is referred to as the "All-Holy" when she is mentioned, and if you stand among the steerage passengers on a Greek steamer entering Marseilles at sunrise, you will hear the peasant women draw the attention of their children to the statue of *Notre Dame de la Garde* overlooking the harbor, *"Blépeis tēn Panagían, paidí-mou?"* (Do you see the All-Holy One, my child?)

In writing a mere descriptive sketch, one is naturally unwilling to introduce any note of polemic. However, certain recent events prompt a reflection on the subject. Our separated brethren, on both sides of the Atlantic, have lately shown a marked revival of interest in the schismatic churches of the near East, and the Greek Patriarch of Cyprus was an honored guest at the Anglican Congress in London. Furthermore, the "Reunion" party, whose zeal we must admire even while deploring its futility, is giving much attention to Greece, where their ideas are beginning to arouse the interest of some of the Orthodox, both clerics and laymen. The writer, however, ventures to think that what is envisaged in the East is a kind of fraternization or exchange of friendship, not the close "communion" desired by Anglicans.

Protestants have always been bitter and unjust in their charges of "idolatry" and "Mariolatry," and even our more moderate Anglican and Episcopal friends have not hesitated to accuse us of exaggeration and corruption in our Marian devotions. They are now stretching forth the hand of friendship towards a religious body in which "Mary-worship" is expressed with a freedom seldom dared by the more precise and cautious theologians of the West. It may, therefore, not be unreasonable to hope that this movement will at least do something to lessen the body of non-Catholic prejudice against one of the most cherished features of Catholic spiritual life.

THE KEY TO SUCCESS.

BY FELIX KELLY.

THE whole universe of matter and mind is under the absolute control of exact laws. There is no world too ponderous, nor floating mote too minute to be beyond the reach of these systematic methods of God's working. Even the comets that so frighten the untaught by their seemingly wild dashing among the stars, vary not a hair's breadth from the circuits assigned them by unchangeable laws. How exact is the human eye in its structure. How exact, the laws of refraction which light obeys in giving perfection to the image it paints on the retina. In the vegetable kingdom are met the workings of alike immutable laws. By some strange alchemy, whose secret has been intrusted to them by Him Who fixed its unerring laws, plants convert invisible gases into tinted flowers, and turn carbonic poison into wholesome food. So exact and universal are the laws that govern the structure of animal organisms, if you take to a comparative anatomist a fossil bone, he will tell you the size, weight and form of the animal of which it once formed part, where it lived, and on what kind of food it was its custom to feed. The very wildest forces in nature implicitly obey the dictates of law.

Higher in the scale of existences are found the same systematized methods of working. Metaphysicians give the laws of sequence that control those endless trains of ideas that begin at birth; of association that govern their recall; and of conception which fancy is forced to follow in fashioning, out of this rough lumber of the brain, its gorgeous palaces of thought. Science discovers the laws that underlie phenomena; art uses them. Search where you will among creations of matter or conceptions of mind, you will find the same immutable laws reaching and ruling all. Effective geniuses are they who, having diligently investigated, implicitly obey these fixed laws. They readily dazzle the unsuspecting by their seeming miracles of attainment, simply because they alone are cognizant of the existence of such laws. But if we have ex-

plained to us the training and drudgery submitted to by those brains through a long series of years, their painful, persistent, persevering efforts, the numberless rules and regulations they carefully sought out and strictly obeyed; if we are allowed to follow the process step by step, all traces of mysterious mental witchcraft rapidly disappear; its resources of power are found quite attainable.

To secure accurate knowledge of these hidden laws that underlie phenomena, and effectually to practicalize, in any field, their restless energies by skilled appliances, demand frequently the unremittent industry of a lifetime. On final analysis, the essential elements of success can be resolved into an enlightened and sustained enthusiasm. There must be enkindled an intense longing to realize a definitely conceived ideal; that ideal must appear worthy of any sacrifice; that longing must glow with white heat. Thoroughness, concentration and courage are the main distinguishing traits of great men, qualities rather of the heart than head. If we sharply scrutinize the lives of persons eminent in any department of action or meditation, we shall find that it is not so much brilliancy and fertility as constancy and continuousness of effort which makes a man great.

One of Wellington's chief sources of success was his thorough mastery of details. No great commander leaves anything to chance, but seeks to anticipate every emergency and to provide for it. Gray spent seven years perfecting his *Elegy* which you can readily read in seven minutes. Into it he generously poured the very ripest scholarship, an intimate acquaintance with the rules of rhythm and an exhaustive study of the varied excellencies of English and Latin classics. The scenery and personages breathed before his mental vision with all the sharply outlined vividness of real life. Macaulay says: "Dante is the eye-witness and the ear-witness of that which he relates. He is the very man who has heard the tormented spirits crying out for the second death." Handel, being asked about his ideas and feelings when composing the Hallelujah Chorus, replied: "I did think I did see all Heaven before me and the great God Himself."

Inseparable with these traits of thoroughness and concentration is that of unfaltering courage, a courage to undertake great enterprises, "to scorn delights and live laborious

days," to brave public sentiment in faithful adhesion to conclusions of your own thinking; courage that will not fail even in the hour of last extremity, but inspire you to do or die. Cortez when entering upon that series of triumphs which finally overwhelmed the proud throne of the Montezumas, resolutely burned every ship behind him, keenly discerning that by lessening the hopes of retreat, he proportionately lessened the chances of failure. Wellington conquered the armies of Napoleon, mainly because he was a general who durst carry out his own matured ways of warfare despite the mad clamor of all England. Wordsworth's sublime adoption and advocacy of his own deliberately formed judgment of true taste against the adverse criticism of the entire world of letters, his jeopardizing every prospect of earthly preferment rather than violate his convictions of poetic excellence, demanded as great moral bravery as is required to climb a ship's mast in a storm or face the fire of an enemy.

These traits, thoroughness, concentration and courage, I conceive to be the three essential gifts of greatness. Without them, no alertness of intellect has ever achieved a work which bears the impress of immortality; with them, rarely need any one dispair of accomplishing "that which the world will not willingly let die." These gifts I further conceive to be but different manifestations of some one master passion, enkindling and controlling every mental faculty; appearing either as an intense love of the perfect, seeking satisfaction in some acquired excellence, combined with a keen relish and aptitude for the chosen work; or as a thirst for power and fame, akin, in the imperative nature of its calls, to bodily thirst; or else, as the soul's nobler devotion that grows out of its warm attachments to home, country or the Cross of Christ. These passions, separate or combined, must be the mainspring of every action; they must be the inspiration of every thought; they must flood the whole life with an irresistible and perpetual influence. Through them, unlettered and ill-balanced minds have worked wonders in the world. Infuse men of enlightened common sense with their deathless fires, and obstructing walls of adamant crumble at their touch.

Enlightened and sustained enthusiasm has been the real source of strength to those who have acquired eminence, and only through its influence have been developed the mighty

mental forces that have molded the character and controlled the destiny of any era; only intense temperaments, working under the stimulus of profound passion, could ever have exhibited such exhaustless patience, such concentration of thought, such heroic fixedness of purpose, that hunger, ignominy, even death, proved powerless to damp their ardor. What wonder that the world has ever persisted in calling its geniuses madmen.

Prescott, we are told, spent twenty years in the libraries of Europe, collecting from musty manuscripts and neglected letters, material for his Spanish histories, and a large portion of that time he was stricken with blindness so that he had to make use of the eyes of another. Gibbon re-wrote his *Memoirs*, nine; Newton, his *Chronology*, fifteen; and Addison, his inimitable essays, twenty times. Spinoza and Buckle each spent twenty years in carefully forming and maturing their judgment before they published their systems of thought. Montesquieu, speaking of one of his own writings, remarked to a friend: "You will read this book in a few hours, but I assure you, it has cost me so much labor it has whitened my hair." Goldsmith's style, famed for its simplicity, was acquired by strict examination of every word, every vowel sound, every consonant. Ghiberti, a Florentine artist, who executed for the Baptistery of his native city bronze doors, "worthy to be the very gates of Paradise," spent forty busy years in conceiving this work. Paganini profoundly studied the relations of sound to emotion, and disciplined his muscles to utmost nicety of movement before he was prepared to move and melt his audiences. Raphael copied hundreds of the designs of the great painters, and spent years in the study of perspective before giving to the world his masterpieces. Though Ignatius of Loyola was in the full noon of life, without the least knowledge of books, yet such was his enthusiasm to realize his ideal, that he spent ten toilsome years in study, then kindled in the breast of Francis Xavier and other of his countrymen the same fierce fires of devotion that burned in his own.

Time would fail me to speak of Hayden and Huber, Milton and Beethoven, who despite defects in sight and hearing, sufficient to have paralyzed any but those of unconquerable spirit, have left acknowledged masterpieces in painting,

science, poetry and music, the four highest departments in human achievement. It is beyond all controversy, that it is to the enlightened, persistent, painstaking enthusiasts this world belongs and the fullness thereof. Whence comes this irresistible impetus of zeal? Thoroughness, concentration and courage, the distinguishing traits of great men, are but different manifestations of some master passion, appearing either as an intense love of the perfect, combined with a keen relish and aptitude for the chosen work, or as an imperative thirst for fame and power, or else as the soul's nobler devotion to home, or the Cross of Christ. At least some one of these passions must flood the whole life with an irresistible and perpetual influence.

With this enthusiasm of individualism should also be combined the zeal of emulation. This is too axiomatic to demand any extended proof, or even any special emphasis of statement. It is simply necessary to caution against any selfish or meretricious phase of it. No personal advancement not founded upon pronounced personal merit, should ever be sought for or accepted. And then, when to these two are added, as their crown and finish, the world-embracing sympathy, the self-forgetting love, that "enthusiasm of humanity," as the author of "*Ecce Homo*" styles it, which Christ embodied in His life and sought to enkindle in the hearts of His disciples, the soul comes into its best estate of creative energy and accomplishes its most enduring work.

THE BISHOP'S GARDEN.

BY MATT J. HOLT.

THE main portal of the bishop's palace is closed by two great doors, strong enough to resist the earnest assault of a mob; and he who seeks to enter pounds with a great metal knocker. Then the *portimaio,* who with his family lives within the palace to the left of the door, deliberately descends from his living-room and, withdrawing a great wooden bolt, slowly swings back a ponderous door; and greeting you with a smile and a profound bow, bids you enter.

Having gained an entrance, you turn to the right up a broad marble stairway that, in this country, would be considered a credit to a State capitol, and ascend to the upper floor, where the Bishop and his secretary live in simple, elegant solitude; a perfect environment for a student.

There are probably fifteen rooms on this floor, any one of which has floor space equaling the modern American apartment of "four rooms and a bath," and height of ceiling sufficient to be bisected by an economical modern landlord, into an upper and lower apartment. The walls are not papered, but beautifully painted and fretted and hung with old prints and engravings that would delight the heart of one loving old things. The windows are double shutter-like affairs of small panes, opening outward.

Each room has its own heating appliance; a great tile stove which heats like a brick and once hot, remains so long after the last ember has ceased to glow. The fuel used consists of bundles of twigs; such refuse, we designate as "trash" and leave in our forests to destroy the trees, when someone carelessly starts a fire. Until I saw these bundles of twigs, I had not understood why so many of the trees along the great highways and private drives were gnarled and stunted; they were overworked fuel producers; having in relation to our trees the same look that a woman who each year nourishes a new-born babe bears to that woman who is too careful of self to know the joy of motherhood. These trees each year

budded out and blossomed with the hope of a new growth, and at the end of a season were stripped again to the old, gnarled trunk.

The rooms are electrically lighted, but the plant has a way of snuffing out occasionally, leaving you in the dark; then Giulietta comes around, bringing to each occupied room a small antique brass lamp burning olive oil; the light of which in power equals a wax candle and is soft and inoffensive.

The furnishings of the palace and the dinner service are of great age and the table wines, old, mild and unsweetened, are sweet in their purity.

The Bishop at table, ate as though food and drink were sacred things to be sparingly used. The only exercise he had beyond that incidental to his sacerdotal duties and a sun bath in his garden, was a rare walk with his secretary, along the gallery-covered sidewalks of Carpi; when the people bowed and kissed his hand with great reverence. Never until I knew how he toiled and studied to serve God, knowing that the message of a preacher who does not work is soon delivered; saw the purity of his seemingly perfect life and the way his people loved and respected him, did I comprehend the real meaning of the Catholic Church to the devout of Carpi.

A lover of old books, who read Italian as his own tongue, might spend a decade in the Bishop's study in company with the immortals. There or in his garden, the Bishop, old in years, but young and bright of soul, was most at home.

The garden was perhaps fifty yards square. On two sides the windows of the palace looked out upon it; the other two were hemmed about by the bare walls of other buildings. The sun rose late for that garden; but when it smiled it was with the glory of the countenance that it turns on Italy. No wonder the grapes grew in great emerald, ebon and purple clusters, and that the vines climbed the walls with avid tendrils; no wonder that even the white roses seemed to blush in their hearts from very gladness; or that the red, red rose grew red as the poppies that grow in the greater freedom of the fields, between rows of mulberry trees; or that the violets gave forth an unceasing incense and the other flowers opened their breasts with beauty and fragrance; all were cared for with loving hands and appreciated as God's gifts to the bishop.

Here he would sit of an afternoon in a stillness in which

one might fancy hearing the fanning fins of the lazy gold fish of the fountain; while a land tortoise, perhaps as old as the Bishop and with as great a possessory claim, in his stroll through his world—the garden—slowly and cautiously drew near the rustic bench. As a Diogenes, satisfied with life as he found it, he eyed the Bishop, asking only that he come not between him and the sun; and looked upon himself as master of the Bishop and owner of the garden—therefore the world.

I looked out from an overhanging window upon the Bishop and the tortoise. Did I see farther than they? Even from the garden they might see the sun by day and the stars by night. What were their thoughts?

Mine were of home—of the wife and boy five thousand miles away. The occupants of the garden were at home; but they knew nothing of a family life such as mine; and I knew nothing of a life given wholly to the Church such as the Bishop's.

I believe that the Bishop, with a soul made white and clean by a long life of service, enjoyed a peace without alloy; had no thought that marred an intimate communion with God, and therefore no regret that he had not a son to bear his name, sharing with God, His Son, and no bride but the Church. I believe that to both Bishop and tortoise the garden was a place of pleasant thought, of satisfied memories, of glorious hope; and not a silhouette from which the glory of the light of hope had departed.

I was in the Bishop's palace and had access to his garden, an invitation to share his table, a private way to the church and a private gallery within the church in which I might have prayed; all because I was in the service of the Y. M. C. A.; which was doing what it might for the physical welfare of the soldiers in Italy.

My parting from the Bishop and his secretary was with reverence and feeling. And I, a Presbyterian, bent my head and for the first time kissed the hand of a man. My soul told me that here was an Ambassador of Christ.

New Books.

MONASTICISM AND CIVILIZATION. By Very Rev. John B. O'Connor, O.P., P.G. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.75 net.

Gratitude prompts men to preserve in storied stone the inspirational memory of great national benefactors. This volume should urge every right-minded reader to erect along the broad boulevard of thought a memorial to monasticism, benefactor of the entire civilized world.

The author, because of voluntary brevity, traces only the outlines of the work of the monks in the West, and excludes the magnificent contributions of such great families of friars as the Franciscans and Dominicans, because he is employing the word "monk" in its technical signification. His outlines, however, are not stiff and unadorned, but undulating historical accounts formed to fascinate the general reader, and to stimulate the student to dip into the sources of information which he enumerates. With ease, the mind follows page after page of irrefragable evidence presenting the progress in agriculture, industry and municipal life accruing incidentally from the operation of monasticism, incidentally accruing, for it must be remembered that St. Benedict and others founded their Orders fundamentally for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. It is next shown how the monastic copyists and chroniclers proved to be new Noes in constructing the literary ark which saved what remains of Greek and Latin art and science from the inundation of Goth, Hun and Vandal from the North. The chapters on monastic charity and the work of evangelization should serve to impress the reader with admiration for both the extent and quality of Catholic social work, effectively operating for over sixteen hundred years.

While lively enthusiasm pulsates in the pen of the author, he is not to be accused of vainglory. Wishing to add to the apologetic value of his pages, he quotes largely from Protestant historians. As an example of the fervor that is to be found even in non-Catholic sources, we reprint a quotation concerning the efforts of the monks in behalf of education from Canon Farrar, who writes: "Consider what the Church did for education. Her ten thousand monasteries kept alive and transmitted that torch of learning that otherwise would have been extinguished long since. A religious education, incomparably superior to the mere athleticism of the noble's hall, was extended to the meanest serf

who wished it. This fact alone by proclaiming the dignity of the individual elevated the entire hopes and destiny of the race."

The book itself should exercise monastic influence—in felling the forests of prejudice, in planting sound seeds of truth, and perchance in serving as an occasion of God's grace whereby the true faith may take root and flourish in formerly arid souls.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES FROM THE COMPROMISE OF 1850 TO THE FINAL RESTORATION OF HOME RULE IN THE SOUTH IN 1877. Vol. VI. By James Ford Rhodes. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4.00.

The era from 1850 to 1877, the part of American history covered by this work, is the most eventful since the establishment of our favored Republic. In 1850 the political branches of our Government passed the celebrated measures designed to set at rest the agitation over slavery. However, not even the keen eye of statesmanship can pierce the future, for later interpretations of one of the provisions of that memorable compromise proved to be the seed-plot of new troubles. By its principal authors it was fondly believed that the bargain between the sections would last forever. As is entertainingly related in the first volume, there was from the very beginning no little difficulty in enforcing the provision for the recovery of fugitive slaves, but in a short time this trouble almost sank to rest. Thereafter vigilant citizens believed that they had entered upon a season of cloudless days. However, the passage in 1854 of the Kansas-Nebraska bill showed on how slender a foundation rested patriotic hopes. The present volume, however, is concerned not with the causes or the conduct of the war for Southern independence, but rather with the important events to follow, namely, the restoration of loyal governments in the States that had seceded. In other words, Volume VI. of this interesting inquiry begins with a brief consideration of the efforts of President Johnson to restore the members of the late Confederacy to their normal relations in the Union, while it ends with a statement of the defeat of Horace Greeley in the presidential contest of 1872, and an account of his untimely death. The main theme of Mr. Rhodes is the Congressional plan of Reconstruction, though many related topics are likewise treated; also some happenings connected with the major subject by only a slender filament.

In the advertising section of this book, the publishers have impartially mustered the press comments. It nowhere appears, however, whether this formidable phalanx has been assembled to intimidate a hesitant reviewer or to illuminate the dark paths of

history for those about to become wayfarers. In our opinion, the present volume is not less interesting or less accurate than those which preceded it, while the work as a whole will long continue to be regarded as the most authoritative on the period of which it treats. Some of its conclusions, indeed, may be slightly modified by the discoveries of time, though in its integrity this work is destined to stand as an enduring monument to Mr. Rhodes. Perhaps its conspicuous limitation is its failure fully to appreciate the endeavors of President Lincoln to shape a system for restoring the Union. No historian, it is true, has given a more enlightened estimate of the place of the martyr President in the pages of history. New historians with a mastery of expression equal to that of Hume, of Lingard, of Green or of Gibbon may arise and re-write the annals of this epoch, but they will not materially alter the picture drawn by Doctor Rhodes. The present volume, 1866-1872, with its grave lessons, should be thoroughly familiar to every citizen privileged to sit in a legislative assembly.

THE GOSPEL OF A COUNTRY PASTOR. By the Rev. J. M. Lelen. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. $1.00 net.

The fortunes of many a good book have been blasted by a poor title, and often a good title has been the means of floating, at least temporarily, an otherwise mediocre book. Happy the stroke whereby both title and book are up to the mark and—as in the case before us—worthy of each other. The name of the present book is redolent of green fields and refreshing airs and the quiet ways of the countryside, and the text happily bears out the promise implied by the title.

The plan of the work is unusual, namely, to link up the scenes and incidents of Our Lord's life and the problems of the country people of His day with their rural counterparts of the present, and though the author disclaims anything in the way of literary art—"In the hands of a priest," he says, "the height of art is not to conceal art, but to ignore it"—the fact is that Father Lelen is a consummate writer. There is only one word adequately to describe his style and his method—simplicity—and it is the unrivaled simplicity of the French, sparkling, fresh, graceful and unlabored—not the heavy-handed article that too often passes under that name with the Anglo-Saxon.

Paraphrasing the author's remark about "those little villages of French Canada whose names sound like a litany of saints," we may say that Father Lelen's chapter headings, *e. g.*, "A Country Wedding," "Birds of the Air and Lilies of the Field," "Trees," "About Animals," and "Our Lord with His Harvesters," sound

like the chiming of bells, at evening, in a fair country. Gentleness, beauty and the peace that passeth all understanding breathe from the pages of this book a message that should surely be welcome in these feverish and disordered days.

CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CHICAGO. By Gilbert J. Garraghan, S.J. Chicago: Loyola University Press. $2.50 net.

The author, in his introduction, states that the history of Chicago may be divided into two distinct periods—that which preceded the great fire in 1871, the period of pioneering, and that which was subsequent, a period of great expansion.

This volume tells the story of the beginnings of the Catholic Church and its sturdy growth up to the time of the great fire. The author considered this period a unified whole and properly a subject for historical review. He shows that the first threads in the religious history of Chicago must be picked up in the distant past when Chicago emerged into the light of history. He tells of the coming of LaSalle and Marquette, of Father Allouez, the establishment of a Catholic Mission in 1696 by Father Pinet, the work of the Missionaries and the coming of Father St. Cyr, who was the first to establish a parish in Chicago. During his pastorate, the Catholics under his charge grew to about two thousand in number, and, in 1843, Gregory VI. erected the Diocese of Chicago and appointed Rev. William J. Quarter incumbent of the new See. Bishop Quarter was succeeded on his death by Bishop Van de Velde, who was in turn succeeded by Bishop O'Regan.

The author concludes the period by narrating the growth of the Church under Bishop Duggan and Bishop Foley. The growth of the Church in Chicago may be seen from the fact that in 1833 the Catholics of Chicago, in a petition for the appointment of a priest, stated that there were "almost one hundred Catholics in this town." While in 1871 "there were in the city twenty-four parishes, twenty-two parish schools, fifty-five priests of the secular and regular clergy, and a Catholic population of probably a hundred thousand." "Today," the author tells us, "the Catholic Church in that city counts two hundred and twenty-seven parishes, five hundred and more priests of the secular and regular clergy and over a million communicants."

This volume is important in that it embodies a connected story of a period most important in the history of the Catholic Church in America. It is a scholarly work that reflects great credit upon the writer. Its many references and excerpts from original documents make it a very valuable contribution to Catholic literature.

TOWARDS THE GREAT PEACE. By Ralph Adams Cram. Boston: Marshall Jones Co. $2.50.

Under this title are published eight lectures of Mr. Cram delivered at the season's course of the Dartmouth Alumni Lectureships for 1921. The whole series is a development of the thesis that modern civilization is at the crossroads of rejuvenation and decay, and that it is fast moving towards a great rise or a great fall according as the men of the present age are ready or not to readjust the scale of human endeavor and to correct the standard of its values.

Few contemporary books are more thought-provoking and morally stimulating and healthful. Though it may not be within the possibility of human things as actually constituted, for Mr. Cram's scheme of reconstruction to work the great reform, which according to the author's rhythmic theory of history should come about the year 2000, yet for all that, Mr. Cram's idealism is thoroughly wholesome and nothing if not constructive.

We fear, however, that many would not subscribe to Mr. Cram's estimate of races and race-values except under carefully defined limits; nor to his assumption of the superiority of old New England stock. To minimize the share which the Latin, Celtic, German and Slavic races have contributed to America's greatness both in peace and in war, savors of Anglo-Saxonism and does scant justice to the heroes who left their lives in France. His recommendation that "the mating of various racial stock" should be controlled and even prohibited, is at least ethically questionable. Nature is a much better corrective in such matters than man's art.

RICHARD PHILIP GARROLD, S.J. By C. C. Martindale, S.J. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.75 net.

The subject of this brief sketch of a hundred-odd pages, was an English Jesuit, who, as a Homer of school-life, bore to the English boy a position not unlike that of Father Finn to American boys. He was a convert, making his submission to the Church in his twenty-first year, and shortly afterwards entering a Jesuit novitiate, where Father Martindale, his biographer, was a fellow-novice. Most of the book is concerned with Father Garrold's life in the Society, as a special student at Oxford, as scholastic and later as priest at St. Francis Xavier's, Liverpool. He was about to be sent to a house in South Africa when the exigencies of war swept him into service as a chaplain. He was wounded in France, and upon recovery was sent with the Expeditionary Force to East Africa, where, during two years' service, his health was so seri-

ously impaired that he died, in 1920, at the premature age of forty-six. The incidents of his life, as Father Martindale assembles them, make easy reading. His military diary is particularly interesting, often amusing, and conveys a vivid picture of his impressionable personality.

Father Garrold was a trained historian, with a scheme of his own for studying and teaching history. His historical method consisted essentially in graphic representation and in insistence on visualization. While these are well-understood pedagogical principles, Father Garrold's application was quite original. He literally built up history before a class by a system of charts, each a century long, and each attachable to its predecessor; political disturbances and wars were registered by the wavy "seismic" line by which newspapers often illustrate earthquake shocks; Magna Charta was represented by an egg, for out of it England's future grew. Examples of this kind are numerous. Much of Father Garrold's theory is quoted in his own words, the combination of theory and example making a valuable source of suggestion for any history teacher.

MEDIÆVAL CONTRIBUTIONS TO MODERN CIVILIZATION. Edited by F. C. J. Hearnshaw. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3.50.

Save for the fact that it has no index we can unreservedly praise this book, and most strongly commend it to all who desire to grasp the meaning of the Middle Ages, and perhaps even more, the change of opinion which is coming over English thought in connection with the mediæval world. Of course, all the articles are not of equal value: in a collection of chapters by different authors this must needs be so. But from all something may be learned and some, such as those on The Religious Contribution of the Middle Ages; Philosophy (by Professor Wildon Carr—an admirable study) and Science by that well of learning, Professor Charles Singer, are worthy of all praise. We can only indicate in a short notice what has chiefly interested us and, first and foremost, we have to welcome the attitude of all the writers to the Scholastic Philosophy and to St. Thomas Aquinas in particular: "The type of Scholasticism represented by Aquinas is the supreme triumph of human reason in the Middle Ages." Again: "St. Thomas Aquinas, who raised in his marvelous *Summa* the flawless temple of mediæval thought." It is refreshing to read remarks of this kind, and generally to discover the generous appreciation of a number of things in which we have not improved upon the Middle Ages. At the same time, the writers are

careful to warn us that the "roses, roses all the way" pictures of some enthusiasts are as misleading as the depreciations of others. No human eye ever did see at any time London "small and white and clean," as William Morris pictured it. The enthusiasms of the modern guild-socialists are expended upon organizations about as unlike those which they dream of bringing into existence as any two things can be. A most interesting and valuable book.

ERASMUS OF ROTTERDAM. By Maurice Wilkinson. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.75.

This volume of the *Catholic Thought and Thinkers Series*, edited by Father Martindale, sketches the life and friendships of Erasmus, and defines his attitude toward the momentous religious issues of the Renaissance and Reformation. The author judges Erasmus tolerantly in view of the conditions of his time, and emphasizes his submission to the Church, while admitting that "he laid an intellectual basis for revolt." He dwells, however, less on the destructive elements of his work, than on the service of his opposition to Luther. He balances the merits and the defects of the great humanist, and points out the curious dualism in his nature and religious outlook that is answerable for many inconsistencies of his fluid personality. Altogether, Mr. Wilkinson has written an interesting and competent estimate of Erasmus as a Catholic apologist.

THE HISTORY AND NATURE OF INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS. Edited by Edmund A. Walsh, S.J., Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

Under the above title are gathered a series of ten lectures delivered at the School of Foreign Service of Georgetown University during the academic year, 1920-21. Each lecture is the work of a scholar distinguished in the field assigned to him, and the entire series forms an analytical and historical survey of the chief problems of international law and diplomacy. Professor Duggan contributes a study of the nature and methods of diplomacy. Professors Rostovtseff, Hayes and Scott present an outline of diplomacy in ancient, mediæval and modern times. Professors Loughlin and Moore discuss the economic factors in international relations and the procedure of peace and of war. Doctors Rowe and Reinsch and Professor Borchard show the special position of Latin America, the Far East and the United States as factors in the development of international relations.

The volume will be found admirably adapted as supplementary reading in courses on modern history. It avoids the

dullness of the formal text-book, and will be read with interest by layman as well as student. The editor's emphasis upon the present need of a scientific study of the principles and practice of international relations is fully justified, and the volume he has put together should contribute usefully to that end.

PAGES FROM THE PAST. By John Ayscough. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50 net.

Pages from the Past has a greater value than its title suggests. The Right Rev. Monsignor Drew, whose books are published under the name of John Ayscough, discusses in his singularly pleasant and easy manner the present in relation to a past which stretches as far back as the Indian Mutiny. He maintains that men of his age can "by the aid of personal memory and experience contrast two worlds as different as any that ever existed." Certainly, no one is better fitted to do so than Monsignor Drew, both by right of personal contact and versatility. He discusses personalities, history, manners, living in general and literature with equal grace. Particularly valuable is his adroit examination of the modern novel. Monsignor Drew first contrasts the writing of Disraeli and Gladstone. He then describes the gradual growth which produced Hardy and Meredith. Those whose especial interest is the novel, will find in *Pages from the Past* an excellent outline for their study.

PAUL, HERO AND SAINT. By Rev. Leo Gregory Fink. New York: The Paulist Press. $2.00 net.

It is strange that the greatest missionary of all time should be practically without a cultus; particularly, as in the life of St. Paul we have all the elements that make for real interest and devotion: an active career inspired by a deep love of God and a burning zeal for souls, wonderful miracles, bitter conflicts, tense dramatic situations, a heroic death. Furthermore, for most of St. Paul's life we have an absolutely reliable authority—the inspired Word of God itself—which is considerably more than we can say for many of the Saints who have received popular homage.

It is a shame that until very recently we had no original life of St. Paul in English by a Catholic; the translation of Fouard has done splendid service for many years, and is still unreplaced. A year or two ago, an English Passionist published a Life of St. Paul, and now an American priest of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia has written a biography of the Apostle, which makes a special appeal to the youth of the land. There is no pretense of great erudition, there are no scholarly footnotes, there is no discus-

sion of the difficulties of chronology and hermeneutics. This is a straightforward narrative in a language and a style thoroughly up-to-date and American: St. Luke is "Doctor" Luke, Tertius is a "stenographer," the riot of the silversmiths is a "strike," St. Peter is the "Commander-in-chief." Father Fink's book ought to be widely read; it is sure to hold the interest of any who pick it up, young or old, and the reader will gain a vivid and accurate picture of St. Paul and the early Christian Church.

The book contains good illustrations and a serviceable map, a comprehensive index, and an introduction by the Very Rev. Thomas F. Burke, C.S.P., Superior General of the Paulists.

OBSTETRICAL NURSING. A text-book of the nursing care of the expectant mother, the woman in labor, the young mother and her baby. By Carolyn Conant Van Blarcom, R.N. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.00.

This volume is specially worthy of our notice because it states so clearly the position of the Catholic Church with regard to the practice of obstetrics. The medical world has been slow to understand that there are very definite moral principles to be observed by those who wish to maintain a definite standard of morality, quite apart from the positive law enacted by our legislatures. The Church's position in these matters is now asked for sympathetically, recognized as authoritative and stated very straightforwardly. At first, the assertion of Catholic principles in this country was considered a sort of obtrusion into a field with which religion had nothing to do; where the physician must be the judge. Now it is very properly appreciated that the Church must have the ultimate decision in these matters, at least as regards Catholic patients and for Catholic physicians and nurses.

The author says with regard to destructive operations in obstetrical practice that "they are never sanctioned by the Catholic Church in cases where the child is alive." She also notes that these operations are performed less and less frequently. In the paragraphs on induced abortion, the author closes what she has to say with the sentence, "the termination of pregnancy before viability is never sanctioned by the Catholic Church because of the almost certain loss of the child."

In the paragraphs on therapeutic abortions the author notes that under certain circumstances these are countenanced by law, but adds "the Catholic Church, however, teaches that it is never permissible to take the life of the child in order to save the life of the mother. It teaches that even according to natural law the child is not an unjust aggressor: and that both child and mother

have an equal right to life." The author quotes Dr. Slemons as to the seriousness of unjustified abortion in terms which make it very clear that there can be no middle ground of doubt as to the nature of the crime. If mother or child dies as the result of measures aimed at abortion, the crime is murder.

Miss Van Blarcom has succeeded in a sustained and conscious effort "to give the young nurse something of the feeling of reverence for the great mystery of birth." In her final word, she has dwelt particularly on the importance of the nurse teaching the young mother the proper care of her infant in such a way as to give a real training without hurting the mother's feelings. Her concluding words are indeed well chosen: "She will also awaken for many a young woman an interest that will be ever fresh and absorbing, and point the way to unexpected joys and delights in her motherhood. Can there be any higher work than this, can any woman wish for a more womanly work?"

THE LIGHT OF THE LAGOON. By Isabel Clarke. New York: Benziger Brothers. $2.00 net.

Miss Clarke has a large circle of readers. To these her last novel, *The Light on the Lagoon*, will be welcome as those which preceded it. Our former criticisms of her tales, of their power to hold the interest of those who enjoy her style of story-telling, and of their strong Catholicism, fits this new book as well, perhaps, as those which already have come from her pen. But we think that in *The Light on the Lagoon*, the sensuous attractions of Church music and art, and their temperamental appeal, are too much stressed. Consequently, the conclusion leaves us questioning the stability and sincerity of the professed convictions of the pathetic little heroine.

THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE ENVIRONMENT. By J. E. Adamson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $4.50.

This book, by the director of education in the Transvaal Province, is an essay toward a correct conception of education. Briefly summarized, Mr. Adamson's theory is as follows: Education is not something that can be transmitted by a direct process from teacher to student; it is not the product of knowledge abstractly communicated. Rather, it is a proper adjustment of the individual to his environment, to the physical, social and moral worlds about him. This adjustment goes on from birth to death; it is the continual transition from empirical knowledge (mere awareness of facts) to rational knowledge (intelligent understanding of facts and of their relation to each other). For

example, a boy toils through a series of exercises in decimal fractions. The decimal system means nothing to him. But suddenly he perceives the basis of it and its meaning and purpose. This rational perception, this overcoming of the "magnificent opposition" between his mind and the objective fact, constitutes adjustment, and is a distinct and real step in his education. Thus it will be seen that education may be independent of formal schooling. Indeed, the function of the school and the most that it can do is to bring the student into more vital contact with his environment. Beyond this the school cannot go, for "the whole business is between the individual and his worlds, and the teacher is outside it, external to it. . . . Within that mysterious synthetic activity through which the individual is at once appropriating and contributing to his environment, forming and being formed by it, and which we are considering under the conception of adjustment, the teacher has neither place nor part." Even in the moral adjustment, the teacher is a negative factor. "The seal and impress of the master should not be found on the boy. The similitude of moral truth and power, of divinity, yes; but not the similitude of a finite being."

The theory, of course, is not new, many aspects of it being found in Rousseau, James, Bergson and others. But synthesized, for the first time, into a unified and coherent whole, it forms an important contribution to pedagogy. To educators who have felt the need of a definite and psychologically sound criterion for both the purpose and practice of education, the book will prove invaluable.

THE ÆSTHETIC MOTIF FROM THALES TO PLATO. A Dissertation for the University of Colorado towards the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy. By Sister M. Basiline, B.V.M. New York: Schwartz, Kirwin & Fauss.

"Every judgment is æsthetic, in that it brings a unity out of the data, and a satisfaction to the investigator." This, the first statement of the text of the dissertation, is on the right way towards the notion of beauty, which is subjectively a satisfaction of the cognitive faculties. It is not the author's purpose to tell us how this æsthetic satisfaction differs from the satisfaction of truth. She assumes correctly the cognitive nature of the satisfaction, postulates "symmetry, balance, proportion" and other qualities as the objective elements of beauty, and then cites the pertinent passages from early Greek philosophers. The evidence is fragmentary at first and does not afford much "satisfaction to the investigator," æsthetic or merely cognitive, until Plato ap-

pears. In Plato the æsthetic *motif* emerges clearly from cosmogony into metaphysics, ethics and education.

All origins lead us to Greece, not merely because Greece was the first to speculate and create, but more so because Greece was fundamental and continues still to furnish modern speculation with theories as well as terminology. Dr. Basiline imposes a heavier task than ordinary on her readers by using the original Greek terms, even in cases where there are sanctioned English terms of almost exact equivalence. Perhaps, the severe science of a dissertation called for this exactness, but we should like to see Dr. Basiline build up the material so carefully collected and arranged into an illuminative essay for a wider circle of readers. Many incidental and "satisfactory" judgments prove her quite competent.

Modern æsthetics has lost itself in the subjective and in the obscure realms of feeling. May this well-printed dissertation serve to centre thought upon the objective elements of beauty, which are found in the Greek philosophers, of whom many wrote in poetry. Plato began as a poet and never lost the beautifying effect of poetry in his language.

THE CRISIS OF THE CHURCHES. By Leighton Parks. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

Anyone anxious to know what the modernistic Mr. Parks does not believe, will read this book. As a contribution to religious thought it is utterly negligible. He says so many things that are not so, and he says them with such an air of dogmatic cocksureness, that the intelligent reader is apt to toss the book aside after reading a few pages.

Here are a few of his unproved *ipse dixits:* "Jesus never called Himself God. Perhaps He spoke of Himself as the Son of God—certainly the evangelists so spoke of Him—the perfect manifestation of the eternal as far as such manifestation is possible in a perfect human being." "Jesus knew nothing of the immanence of God." "The creeds are a relic of anthropomorphism." "Sacramentarianism means a religion of magic." "The material symbol cannot be a channel of grace." "The Church is that part of humanity which has learned the meaning of human life." "The Jesuit theory crushes individuality as an evil thing." "The Mass, and to a less extent, the Communion, is a relic of animism." "An ecumenical council is as unthinkable as the restoration of the Holy Roman Empire."

The author's thesis seems to be: Inasmuch as Protestantism is hopelessly divided after four hundred years of secession, we

must abandon all idea of any real unity save that of the spirit. All Protestant churches, orthodox and liberal alike, must confidently set aside all the separatist creeds of the past and, eschewing dogma, unite in a vague fellowship of life and love. Mr. Parks longs for an Anglican Bishop broad enough to hold a union service in one of the great Anglican city cathedrals—a service calling upon every sect of Christendom to agree that all have equal value in the sight of God.

PIERRE AND LUCE. By Romain Rolland. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The companionship of Dame Misery is difficult indeed to bear when she is unattended by her frequent hand-maidens, Love and Hope. During the Great War, unhappy France would well-nigh have perished saving their presence, although it occurred only in brief intervals. Such an interval Romain Rolland has depicted in *Pierre and Luce,* an idyll of longing love which dares to exult despite the knowledge of certain disaster. In humble circumstances, Pierre, a poor student, and Luce, artist of inferior merit, are imbued by Rolland with that sweet gentility which springs from humility and instinctive purity.

The description of their affection can only be described as a work of great artistic genius. Like the Romain Rolland of *Jean Christophe* and *Colasbreugnon,* he is powerful here with the strength of admirable restraint. In *Pierre and Luce* we are presented with still another jewel of rare lustre.

Through the skilled translation of Charles De Kay, the exquisite simplicity of the original French persists.

TIDE RIPS. By James B. Connolly. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75.

Readers who have grown weary of the morbid preoccupation of fiction writers with the neurotic and the unclean, will find a refreshing relief in Mr. Connolly's latest volume. Nowhere in the nine tales that comprise the book is there the taint of Freudianism or any of its variations, which, in one form or another, sullies the pages of much of the fiction published today. But the present volume merits more than such negative praise.

Mr. Connolly, for many years, has been widely known by magazine readers as an unsurpassed writer of sea stories, and *Tide Rips* will do much to maintain that reputation. With a fine gusto and vigor, he depicts the rugged virtues of the fishermen "out of Gloucester," the skippers and the other folk whose lives are a continual battle with the forces of the sea. "What Price

for Fish?" "The Sugar Ship," and "Beejum's Progress," each celebrates indomitable courage and heroic triumph over the turbulent deep. "The Rakish Brigantine," with its drollery and romantic fancy, is quite as enchanting as its title. If in some of the stories, as "His Three Fair Wishes" and "Not Down in the Log," the character drawing lacks the subtle, analytic skill of Conrad and approaches the broad effects of melodrama, few readers will object, since an excellent narrative element and an atmosphere full of the breath of the sea make ample compensation.

THE FOLLY OF NATIONS. By Frederick Palmer. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.00 net.

If there is anyone qualified to speak upon the subject matter contained in this volume it is Frederick Palmer. This famous war correspondent, who had his finger upon the pulse of nations in crises great and small, has witnessed the bubblings of teapot tempests and the terrible destruction of international conflagration. His words, for these reasons, are worth heeding. Not only did he see the phenomena of many wars, but his trained mind is able to dig beneath the surface causes and arrive at general conclusions from the occurrences he witnessed. Besides, he presents his facts and inferences in that terse, lucid manner which is characteristic of the writings of an experienced newspaperman.

The result, therefore, is a volume that is highly entertaining and abundantly rich in the lessons it points. The author shows the transitions that have occurred in the passing wars and the manner in which wars originate. He describes also what he calls the plague spots of Europe, and shows how they have contributed to the destruction of the welfare of nations.

It would be well if the contents of this book were more widely known and observed by those responsible for the conduct of our international relations.

THE MECHANISM OF LIFE IN RELATION TO MODERN PHYSICAL THEORY. By James Johnstone, D.Sc. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $5.25 net.

This very interesting book, which we commend to the attention of all teachers of philosophy and especially to psychologists, divides itself into two parts. The first consists of a very excellent and well-illustrated account of the physical processes which take place in the body. Especially noticeable are the parts relating to the brain and nervous system. The second is a philosophical discussion, of varied aspects, which reveals the fact that the writer is largely under the spell of Bergson and Einstein.

However, he has some knowledge of philosophy, which is a good deal more than can be said for most scientific writers. He needs, however, to learn or to remember what he has learned of logic, for a more shameless abandonment of logic for a *parti pris* we have never met than that which is to be found in the two paragraphs now to be quoted: "We are convinced that an evolutionary process has occurred, and that there must, therefore, be absolute continuity between the human and animal minds" (p. 192). "We cannot think of a time in the past when the universe did not exist" (p. 197). But if it had existed from eternity, it must have come to an end long ago under the second law of thermodynamics. Therefore, "we are compelled to postulate that somewhere or other, or some time or other, the second law of thermodynamics must reverse itself . . . otherwise we shall be compelled (as Sir William Thompson was) to postulate a beginning, or creation" (p. 203). The late Lord Kelvin, here alluded to under his earlier title, was a not less distinguished man of science than our author and was certainly a better logician.

PAINTED WINDOWS. By a Gentleman with a Duster. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

The aim of the author (Harold Begbie it is said) is "to discover a reason for the present rather ignoble situation of the Church in the affections of men." Christianity is a failure, our penny a liner tells us, because it still clings to effete dogmas, such as Original Sin, the Divinity of Christ, the Atonement, the Church as a divine institution and the like. If you want to see how unattractive dogma is to the modern rationalist, or should we say broadchurchman—stroll into Westminster Cathedral with the writer and listen to the nonsense given forth with assurance by that shallow dogmatist and traditionalist, Father Ronald Knox. He dared speak of the Fall of Man as a certainty; he spoke continually of a God offended by sin; of a Christ Who was divine, and Who founded a divine infallible society of which an infallible Pope was the head.

This was too much for our friend, so he smiled at such childishness, and pitied a great intellect that had gone astray once it had gone over to Rome. The brilliant University man, who had shown such promise in his youth had become a shallow casuist—and so, unable to refute his arguments, our intellectual friend at once proceeds, like the vulgar man in the street, to call names.

The heroes whose portraits he paints are for the most part English Churchmen who have lost the faith of their fathers, and teach a creedless, vapid Christianity, indistinguishable from the

non-Christian unbelief which has rejected its every teaching. They tell us for example: "The traditions of the first six centuries are the traditions of the rattle and the feeding bottle;" "the mind of man (by dogma) was put in fetters as well as his body:" "the Church built one prison, the State another;" "Christians are a small sect in a pagan society;" the Eucharist means that "men should take their whole human life, and break it, and give it for the good of others."

Protestant Christianity is certainly a failure when it allows its professors to hold office in a Christian Church, and deny without a qualm its divine institutions, laws, dogmas and worship.

THE HOME WORLD, by Francis X. Doyle. (New York: Benziger Brothers. Cloth, $1.25; paper, 25 cents.) The author points out the supreme opportunities that lie before us in our homes. It is there that God wills our earthly happiness to be, and no matter into what worlds our daily life may lead us, our truest and our best should be given to our home. He truly says that "the finest gentleman and the finest lady are to be found at home." There is an inspiring chapter on the joy of work, and he goes on to show how the struggle of each day, offered to God, makes the world "nothing more than a Noe's Ark of delightful toys, wherewith we win Heaven." The need today for Catholic leaders is imperative, who would carry into public life for the benefit of a restless world the point of view and the principles inculcated in their homes. Now humorous, now pathetic, this charming book deals with the intimate problems of our daily life in a cheering and helpful manner, and is evidently the work of a man who possesses a deep understanding of human nature.

MOTION PICTURES FOR COMMUNITY NEEDS, by Gladys and Henry Bollman. (New York: Henry Holt & Co.) According to the author, the aim of this volume is to "place in the hands of the non-theatrical exhibitor a key to the showing of motion pictures in such a way that the maximum result may be derived." Inasmuch as Mr. Bollman has always been in the educational film business, and is at present the head of a firm which supplies films to universities, school boards and non-theatrical exchanges, we conclude that his purpose is sincere and his information well founded. The first part of the book deals with such general subjects as the development of the educational "movie," production, distribution and government "movies." The last named is one of the most interesting chapters of the book. It tells of the films which have been made under the auspices of the various departments of the United States Government—as the Signal Corps, which has made available complete and invaluable World War pictures; the Department of the Interior—Reclamation Service, Bureau of Education, Bureau of Mines, National Park Service—the Marine

Corps, the Bureau of Navigation, the Army Medical Museum, the Children's Bureau, and the Department of Agriculture. The second part of the book deals with the problems of exhibitors, such as equipment, lighting effects and audiences. One hundred programmes are suggested in Part III., and mechanical and legal aspects of the problem—equipment, safety regulations, etc.—constitute the fourth and last part of the book. There is nothing trivial about the work in substance or in style. It is not destined to arouse interest in the subject, but for those already seriously interested it offers a wealth of valuable material.

LUCRETIA LOMBARD, by Kathleen Norris. (Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.75 net.) Here, "a prosperous little city placed somewhere between Boston and New York, and drawing its intellectual ideals from one as surely as it drew its fashions and amusements from the other," forms the background for a potpourri of emotions. Stephen Winship becomes engaged to his wealthy young ward, Mimi Warren, whose devotion to her guardian approaches blind adoration, but finds himself absorbed in a newcomer, Lucretia Lombard. Upon the subsequent action of these two chance acquaintances depends the none too original plot. The book is essentially right-minded, but it is also remarkably dull. The persevering reader will encounter a hopeless amount of detail, and of Kathleen Norris, as of Kathleen Mavourneen, he may, perhaps, be forgiven for asking: "Hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever?"

THE YELLOW POPPY, by D. K. Broster. (New York: Robert McBride & Co.) is a stirring tale of the last days of the French Revolution, when the Chouans of La Vendeé, led by a few emigré leaders, rose against the intolerable tyranny of the Directory. The story centres about the adventures of the Duc de Trelan, disguised as the Marquis de Kersaint, who tries his utmost to secure the treasures of Mirabel, his old family estate that has been sequestered by the Revolution. He fights a losing fight against superior numbers, but has the joy of reunion with his Duchess before the end comes, through Napoleon's cynical disregard of a safe-conduct. There are sufficient romantic happenings to satisfy the most exacting reader.

BUNNY'S HOUSE, by E. R. Walker. (New York: Benziger Brothers. $2.00.) Though marred by discursiveness and the lack of a definite plan, this is an attractive story. The writer has certain endowments of humor, sympathy and accuracy of observation, which unite with a pleasant manner of narration to leave in the reader's mind a willingness to read more from the same pen. The story concerns a modern English lad whose somewhat desultory stroll through his teens to young manhood leads, always with the effect of chance, from irreligion to the very borders of Catholicism. While unremarkable in every way, Ernie is likeable and even charming, and at the end we

wonder, without excitement, but with real friendliness, what he did in Canada, and whether St. Anne de Beaupré worked upon him the miracle we suspect to be forthcoming—possibly in a sequel.

COLLEGE LATIN COMPOSITION, by Professor H. C. Nutting. (New York: Allyn & Bacon. $1.00.) This is an exceptionally useful exercise manual written in view of mistakes that most frequently recur, and designed to prevent the formation of habits that will later demand correction. A Grammatical Conspectus arranges in orderly sequence the material gathered from experience with successive classes. This is followed by Suggestions for Use of Material, while forty-eight English-Latin exercises, with foot-note helps and general vocabulary, provide ample matter for practice.

THE MODERN KU KLUX KLAN, by Henry P. Fry. (Boston: Small Maynard & Co.) This interesting volume gives a full account of the New York *World's* exposure and investigation of the un-American and un-Christian organization known as the Ku Klux Klan. The author, who knew the workings of this contemptible body from the inside, is unsparing in his denunciation of its low appeal to group hatred and group prejudice—of its unfair and lawless attacks on Catholics, Jews and negroes. The good sense of the American people will soon laugh it out of existence.

THE LIFE OF SAINT WALBURGA, by Francesca M. Steele. (St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. $1.75 net.) This book tells much about conditions in England in the eighth century; it contains almost complete resumés of the lives of SS. Willibald, Winnibald and Lioba; besides profuse allusions to many other holy persons; and it further includes the translation of a large part of the *Hodoeporicon*, or Travels, of St. Willibald. Inevitably, St. Walburga seems to be crowded out, the comparatively brief passages which deal with her appear to lack continuity, and fail to make her living and real to the reader. The book bears signs of painstaking research, its references are verified, and it is carefully written.

MR. PROHACK, by Arnold Bennett. (New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.75 net.) Delightful, is the word that first comes to mind with the thought of this contribution by the versatile Mr. Bennett; his latest and one of his best. He has given us a study of London post-war social transvaluations and readjustments, as exemplified in his protagonist. Mr. Prohack is a welcome, lovable addition to our acquaintance, a middle-aged husband and father, whose sudden, unexpected acquisition of a large fortune forces upon him the consideration of many things not hitherto within the orbit of his personal experiences. Amid change of circumstance, he remains unchangingly affectionate, tolerant and shrewd, seeing all in the sunshine of an un-

failing sense of humor; thus, he is able to steer his course without loss of sympathy or self-respect by unworthy compromise.

The novel has no plot whatever, no momentous crises, no sensational incidents; nevertheless, when we close this volume of more than four hundred solidly printed pages, it is with the unusual feeling of having been agreeably interested from beginning to end.

SAINT BENEDICT, by F. A. Forbes. (New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.00 net.) Many of the well-known anecdotes and legends of St. Benedict are related in this account of his life, and some less well-known stories are also given. Yet, though it is announced to be for the reading of both young and old, it seems questionable whether young people will find it attractive. The first chapter is dry and introductory, with no mention of Benedict. The second deals mainly with incidents, historical and otherwise, which, it is asserted, Benedict was likely to have heard in his youth; and not until Chapter III. can he be said to come in person upon the scene. Notwithstanding its richness of anecdote and legend, the book is disappointing.

THE BRIDGETTINE ORDER, by Benedict Williamson. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co. 2 *s.* net.) This little book contains a brief sketch of the life of St. Bridget of Sweden, as wife and mother in her native land, as a widow in Rome during the dark days of the Great Western Schism, and in the Holy Land where she experienced the wonderful revelations of Our Lord's Passion. She died in Rome, and then, for the first time, she was clothed in the habit of the Order she had founded, by her daughter, St. Catherine.

The second part of the book gives the history of the Bridgettine Order. The Monastery at Vadstena was the cradle of the new Order. The Rule provided for both monks and nuns, but the monks have disappeared. The Order spread rapidly throughout Europe, but only twelve houses remain, and of these only three go back to very early days.

THE BEAUTIFUL AND DAMNED, by F. Scott Fitzgerald. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.) Ever since *This Side of Paradise* made its startling first appearance, F. Scott Fitzgerald has stood forth the flapper's acknowledged chronicler. To make double, perhaps, remembering *Flappers and Philosophers,* we should say triple sure, this somewhat questionable honor, Mr. Fitzgerald has recently produced *The Beautiful and Damned,* the story of one who remained a flapper beyond her time. Hence, the steady downfall of those two young egotists, Gloria and her husband, Anthony. More than once in recounting the dismal details of their deterioration, Mr. Fitzgerald seems a diluted Compton Mackenzie, with the difference that in Mr. Mackenzie's serious work, at least, there is that essential quality—orientation. Here there is neither starting place nor goal.

Mr. Fitzgerald tells a sordid story of the excited gayety in New York, promoted in large measure by those homeless drifters from out-of-town who live in her hotels. He neither gets us anywhere, nor attempts to do so. More and more frequently, one asks one's self: to what end this vivid picture? In short, Mr. Fitzgerald is a doer of poor things well. There is amazing ignorance beneath his superficial brilliance, and, coming into contact with one shallow personality after another, one asks if Mr. Fitzgerald has ever met true greatness of character. Yet the writer's gift is his, and he speaks with power. Nevertheless, because of affectation, his work is artificial rather than artistic.

CALIFORNIAN TRAILS—AN INTIMATE GUIDE TO THE OLD MISSIONS, by Trowbridge Hall. (New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50.) The three authorities on the California Missions, Bancroft & Co., Hittel, and especially Father Zephyrin Engelhardt, have so thoroughly exhausted all original sources that little remains to be done along the line of research. The author does not pretend to compete with them, and prefers to call himself a "saunterer" along the old Franciscan trails. This was a term applied to the French Crusaders by those who did not speak their language, and signified pilgrims to the Holy Land. The author goes on his modern pilgrimage along the Camino Real—that famous royal road which led from Mission to Mission, now repaired through the efforts of a few devoted men and women—and as he leisurely journeys, he recalls memories of the past, tales of the founding of the Missions, biographies of the Padres, interesting bits of history and tradition. Although, evidently not a Catholic, he has, on the whole, an appreciation of the sacrificing spirit of the Padres and a sympathetic attitude towards their work. The result is a pleasing and picturesque book, although the author's style is rather too rambling and disconnected.

There is a moving account of Father Buckler, who rescued the Mission of Santa Iñes from utter ruin, cleaning the débris out with his own hands, straightening the cracked walls, and roofing it with the aid of wanderers to whom he had given a night's lodging. "Should you happily see Father Buckler as the setting sun glorifies his poor shabby library, seated before the organ, his fingers dreamily running over the keyboard, you will recognize the kindly soul that has stamped these lifeless walls of brick and mortar with a living sweetness that will endure as long as the buildings stand."

SAFEGUARDING AMERICAN IDEALS, by Harry F. Atwood. (Chicago: Laird & Lee, Inc.) There is an unpretentious sincerity in Mr. Atwood's digest of American traditions, which makes this little book refreshing reading. A deep and plain-spoken belief in America's austere past and her responsibilities to the future, is a welcome relief from the spurious and windy "patriotism" of political rhetoricians, on the one hand, and from hopelessness and cynical dis-

belief, on the other. Unfortunately for the book's possibilities of influencing a wide circle of readers, it is what may be called a positive, instead of a practical, analysis; that is, it concerns itself with ideal desirable results, in the shape of (to quote part of the table of contents) The Moral Home, The Patriotic School, The Spiritual Church, Individual Rights, Avoidance of Class Consciousness, Unselfish Nationalism, and so forth, rather than with the question of how we, of the present, may thus re-create the past and come into our destined heritage.

LIFE AND DEATH OF HARRIETT FREAN, by May Sinclair. (New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.) In this character-study the writer, with feminine nicety, traces the gradual development of a child of much natural goodness and extreme sensitiveness. Throughout life, Harriett Frean grows in worshipful love of her father and mother. This parent-love is strong and real, as is the spirit of self-sacrifice which it begets in her, but withal, these traits of character never mount higher than the natural. In the intimate story of her life and death, there is not a frank mention of God, and twice only is there a faint suggestion of things spiritual. It is a painful story for anyone with the notion of God as *the* motive of life, and pathetic for those who have known and loved such as Harriett Frean.

The inevitable strain of melancholy is prominent in the book as it is in life when God has no part in it. However, the story is told with interest, dignity and refinement, and is refreshing after the portrayals of unconventional and emancipated women that abound in so much of our contemporary fiction.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

Concilii Tridentini Epistulæ, Vol. X., Pars Prima Collegit, Edidit, Illustravit, Godofredus Buschbell (B. Herder, Freiburg. $26.00). Dr. Buschbell in this masterly volume has gathered together over 2,500 letters written concerning the Council of Trent from March 5, 1546, to the opening of the eighth session, March 11, 1547. These letters are of great interest to the historian of the Council of Trent. Hundreds of them have never been printed before. Moreover, the many errors of the *Monumenta Tridentina* of Druffel and his continuator, Brandi, have been corrected by a careful going over of the originals. They give us many clear-cut portraits of the officials of both Church and State who took part in the Conciliar proceedings, and afford us many a sidelight on both the doctrinal and disciplinary decrees passed in the first eight sessions of the Council. But hundreds of these letters are concerned, not with the proceedings of the Council itself, but with the continued opposition to the plans of the Pope and the Legates by the Emperor, the King of France and the political Bishops of the time. Some of the Bishops present held the false theory of Constance and of Basle that a General Council was superior to the Pope, and they tried their utmost to have the words, "Representing the Universal Church," inserted in the title of the Council at the head of each decree. In this, of course, they were not successful. The gratitude of scholars the world over is due to the Görres Society for the publishing of this

monumental history of the Council of Trent, six volumes of which—there will be twelve in all—have now been published. It is the last word in scholarship and, without question, is the most important work undertaken by Catholic scholars in the past century.

From P. Marietti, Turin: *Commentarium in Codicem Juris Canonici ad Usum Scholarum. De Personis,* by Rev. G. Cocchi, C.M. 2 vols. (17 *fr.*) In this excellent commentary on the first and second sections of the second book of the code of canon law, the matter is well arranged, the definitions clear cut, the explanations detailed, and the references most copious. *Cæremoniale Missæ Privatæ,* by Rev. Felice Zualdi, P.C.M. (4 *fr.*) Father Salvatore Capoferri of the Roman Pontifical Academy of Liturgy has brought out a new edition—the seventh—of Father Zualdi's well-known manual. It is in accord with the latest edition of the Roman Missal and the latest decrees of the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

L'Evangile de Notre-Seigneur Jésus-Christ, le Fils de Dieu, by Rev. Dom Paul Delatte, Abbé de Solesmes (Tours: Maison Alfred Mame et Fils.) Here we possess, without scientific apparel, the sequence of events in the life of Our Lord obtained by arranging, comparing and blending the narrative of the Four Gospels. The Abbé of Solesmes has condensed the wealth of very traditional, very living and, at the same time, very personal teaching. Instead of offering souls the meagre pasture of dry exegesis, he makes them straightway taste the incomparable charm of the inspired word; he initiates them into the letter and spirit of the Gospel with the tact, distinction and solicitude for beauty characteristic of the great Benedictine training. Perhaps a future edition will be enriched with maps and an alphabetical index of contents, which would greatly facilitate the serviceableness of the work.

From P. Téqui, Paris: *Le Règne de la Conscience,* by Monsigneur Gibier (6 *fr.*), treats of the necessity of a well-formed conscience for the accomplishment of any lasting good, whether in the scientific, political or moral order. *L'Idéal Nouveau et la Religion,* by Monsignor Herscher (3 *fr.* 50), treats of the necessity of religion for the stabilization of society.

Les Penseurs d'Islam, by Baron Carra de Vaux (Paris: Paul Geuthner. 12 *fr.* 50), is a noteworthy attempt to popularize the literature and life of the Orient. *Sainte Gertrude. Sa Vie Intérieure,* by Dom Gilbert Dolan, O.S.B. (Paris: P. Lethielleux. 6 *fr.*) The nuns of the Abbey of St. Scholastica of Dourgne have given us a perfect translation of Dom Dolan's Life of St. Gertrude of Helfta, the well-known Benedictine mystic of the thirteenth century (1256-1302), consulting always the original Latin text of the saint, especially the difficult *Legatus Divinæ Pietatis—The Herald of Divine Love*—so often quoted in these pages. *Une Ame Forte,* by Urbain Croharé (Lesbordes, Tarbes. 3 *fr.*), is the life of rugged beauty and simplicity of the Venerable Michel Goricoïts, founder of the Fathers of the Sacred Heart of Jesus of Betharram, told with charm and spiritual appeal.

Le Récit du Pèlerin, by Eugène Thibaut, S.J. (Louvain, Belgium). This first French translation of the notes of Père Louis Gonzales, while by no means biographical, give us word for word those intimacies always so interesting, of the human side of a saint. The book will prove of greatest interest, however, to those already familiar with a *Life* of St. Ignatius. *Le Musée Saint Jean Berchmans, à Louvain* (8 *fr.*), contains a full description, with photographs of the many relics, pictures and documents relative to St. John Berchmans, which were gathered at Louvain from all parts of Europe. A concluding chapter contains a complete bibliography of the lives of the saint.

Recent Events.

France.

Despite its evident reluctance, the French Government finally decided to attend the Conference at The Hague, which held its opening session on June 15th. The meetings of the first two weeks were taken up with the formation of sub-committees and the formation of a general programme preliminary to the admission of the Russian delegation, who did not arrive till June 26th. The Russians from the outset took up the position held by them at Genoa as expressed in their memorandum of May 11th, namely, a demand for a loan or credit, raising the amount, however, from the $1,000,000,000 demanded by Tchitcherin to $1,600,000,000. To date, the Conference has revolved around this point without progress, the delegates of the Powers taking the stand that if, and only if, the Russians recognized their obligations, would they have any chance of obtaining credits, while the Russians hold that the Soviets would recognize their debts only on condition that they first received credits.

The latest development of the situation, one offering only a slight probability of escape from the impasse stated, is the suggestion of the Russian delegate, Krassin, that the discussion be put into hypothetical form, that is, the Russians to discuss what they could do provided credit was forthcoming, and the Powers to discuss what credits might be found provided a guarantee were given by the Russians.

The outlook for the success of the negotiations at this writing is extremely unfavorable, the general opinion being that the Russians are disclosing an absolute lack of good will. They proclaim openly that whatever they do, they will do as expedient, not because they think it right.

As forecast in these notes last month, the Committee of International Bankers, meeting at Paris, adjourned towards the middle of July after announcing that as the reparation situation stood, it was not feasible to float an international loan for Germany. This action was taken because of the French refusal to sanction discussion of changes in the reparation payments. M. Sergent, the French member of the Bankers' Committee, refused to sign the Committee's finding on the ground that it was an unfair reflection on the French point of view. The Committee

had originally planned to adjourn for three months, but at their final session the bankers announced that they would meet again at the call of the Reparations Commission when there had been any changes in the situation, which seemed to make a new discussion worth while. The bankers set forth that while they intended to undertake no discussion of Inter-Allied indebtedness, there existed the necessary connection between the claims of the Allied Governments and their debts.

On June 13th the French Senate voted an advance of 55,000,000 francs to Austria, after a sharp debate, in which some of the speakers severely criticized the Treaty of Versailles in respect to its mutilation of Austria. This action followed the declaration of Premier Poincaré that it was necessary to go to Austria's aid at this time to keep her from falling into the hands of Germany. He quoted from a report sent by the French Minister in Vienna and from a letter written by Baron Eichoff, the Austrian Minister in Paris, showing that these diplomats agreed that anarchy or absorption by Germany threatened Austria if she were not immediately relieved.

On the day following this action by the French Senate, the Allies' Council of Ambassadors decided to request the few remaining Governments having claims against Austria which have not yet been renounced, to withhold these claims for a period of twenty years. By such a universal moratorium, it is hoped to apply the credit system which has been elaborated for the restoration of the former dual monarchy. Since then, the Austrian Government has sent the Reparations Commission a note asking the immediate release of her revenues, such as customs, State monopolies and other assets, including mines and forests, so that she may use these as collateral for a foreign loan.

At the end of June, the Council of Ambassadors decided to recognize Lithuania. No representative of the United States participated in this decision, nor in the discussion which preceded the action of the Council. Opinion was withheld on the part of the United States Government, leaving it to take whatever attitude it saw fit later.

Although the naval agreement and other treaties included at the Washington Conference have been ratified both by England and Japan, present indications are that these will not be laid before the French Parliament for ratification before the summer adjournment, which is due July 14th. This means that, at the earliest, ratification will not take place until late in the fall, and it may even then be delayed. The reason for the delay is the opposition to the naval treaty by certain members of the Chamber

of Deputies' Commission, whose task it is to prepare a report on it and lay it before the Chamber for guidance and discussion. Both M. Poincaré's Government and a majority in the Chamber are anxious for ratification as soon as possible, but in the face of the opposition which has developed in this Commission, they are powerless to speed action.

Considerable objection has been raised both by Christians and Moslems against the plan whereby, under a British mandate, Palestine will become the Jewish home land. The Holy See has sent communications both to the Government of Great Britain and to the League of Nations, in which, while readily agreeing that the Jews in Palestine must have equal civil rights with other nationalities, it cannot consent to the Jews enjoying a privileged, preponderant position over the other nationalities or faiths, or to the rights of Christians being insufficiently safeguarded. On June 21st the British House of Lords, by a vote of 60 to 29, practically endorsed the Papal objection, in spite of the eloquent contradiction made by the Earl of Balfour as Acting Foreign Minister. When the debate was raised in the House of Commons, however, on July 4th, though sharply attacked, the Government policy was sustained by a vote of 292 to 35. At present, the Holy See is making strenuous efforts to save for Christianity, if not all Palestine, at least the sanctuary of the "Cenaculum" in Jerusalem, where the Last Supper took place.

The French, Italian and United States Governments have accepted in principle the proposals of the British Government for an inquiry into the alleged atrocities in Asia Minor, but certain modifications suggested are under consideration. Meanwhile, fighting between the Turkish Nationalist forces and the Greeks has become largely a matter of petty skirmishes, and it is the opinion of Allied military observers in Constantinople that no serious military campaign is likely to be launched this summer by either the Greeks or the Turks. The Greeks have great numerical superiority on the front line, but the opinion is that this superiority is not sufficient to justify an offensive, in view of the difficulties of the terrain. The present Greek force is estimated at 110,000 men, while the Turks number 70,000.

The outstanding feature of the closing session of the League of Nations Disarmament Commission at Paris on July 7th was the announcement by Dr. Rivas Vicuña, Chilean Ambassador at Paris, that Chile would demand that the whole question of world disarmament, both naval and military, be included in the agenda of the Fifth Pan-American Conference, to be held next March in Santiago. The basis of discussion, he said, will be the Wash-

ington naval accords and the work of the Commission of the League, which has been gathering disarmament data for the last eight months. According to this data, which will be presented at the League general assembly next September, Europe is now spending more on armaments than in 1913, and this notwithstanding that Germany, Austria-Hungary and Bulgaria are practically disarmed, and despite the Washington Disarmament Conference. In League of Nations' circles at Genoa, it is alleged that America is the largest vendor of arms and ammunition, and sells these especially to countries where slavery still persists, thus making it impossible for civilized countries to abolish it. As for the lessening of European armaments, France is accused of persistently putting obstacles in the way of the League's Armaments Commission.

On June 29th the French Chamber of Deputies finally passed the Recruiting Bill, which fixes the period of active service in the army at eighteen months. The vote was 400 to 202. The bill now goes to the Senate. As passed by the Chamber, it provides that, in addition to eighteen month's active service, soldiers may be called back to the colors, if necessary, any time during two and a half years after the completion of their regular service, after which they are to remain sixteen years in reserve for service in France and ten years more in reserve for territorial service.

Subscription books were opened June 26th by the French Minister of Finance for another loan in the series being issued by the Government to obtain funds for reconstruction purposes. The new credit will total 3,200,000,000 francs and bear six per cent. interest. It will be issued at ninety-nine and three-fifths, and be payable at one hundred and three, with various optional maturities.

On June 30th the American Red Cross completed its active work in France and disbanded its organization. The forces which started operation in Paris in June, 1917, and rapidly grew into an organization of 7,500, has been gradually withdrawn during the last two years until at the last only eighty were left. Since 1917 the Red Cross has aided 1,700,000 French refugees, treated 250,000 French in hospitals and dispensaries, and succored 87,650 French families. They also have subsidized 847 tuberculosis hospitals. The work has been effected at a cost of $140,000,000.

In Paris, there are 235,863 widows and 50,892 widowers. These figures, which have been extracted from the recent census returns, show more clearly than anything else what the War cost the French capital. Among the unwed, too, there is a majority of 100,000 women out of a total of both sexes of 1,200,000. Men

who have been divorced by their wives number 16,700, while divorced women living in the capital total the much bigger figure of 28,700.

Germany.

On the morning of June 23d, Dr. Walter Rathenau, German Foreign Minister and former Minister of Reconstruction, was shot and killed by two or more unknown assassins while on his way from his residence to the Foreign Office. Dr. Rathenau, regarded as probably the ablest man in the Wirth Cabinet, with a decisive influence in shaping the Government's policy with respect to reparations and other important questions affecting the outside world, was much disliked by the monarchist elements, and also by the Nationalist Party, which objected to his policies and were prejudiced against his Jewish extraction. Besides his political importance, Dr. Rathenau was also notable for his eminent position in the industrial world, being the head of the German General Electric Company and one of the wealthiest men in Germany. In addition, he had won distinction as a writer, one of his books, printed also in English, running into more than sixty-five editions. In politics, he was a Socialist. The police have definitely identified the assassins, three in number, but to date have apprehended only one. The accused are supposed to be members of the monarchist and anti-Semitic organization "Council," with ramifications throughout Germany, and former members of the brigade of Captain Ebrhardt, who last year planned the overthrow of the Ebert Government and whose name was mentioned in connection with the assassination of Mathias Erzberger.

On July 3d an attempt was made, apparently by members of the same organization, to assassinate Maximilian Harden, the well-known German publicist and editor of *Die Zukunft,* by stabbing and blackjacking. Though severely wounded, he was not killed.

As a result of the Rathenau murder, President Ebert promulgated a drastic supplementary ordinance whereby, under the emergency clause of the Republic's Constitution, "all persons who participate in meetings or associations of which they know the purpose to be to eliminate by death a member of the Government or a member of a former Republican Government, shall be punished by death or life imprisonment; likewise, persons who financially aid such associations or organizations." This marks another important advance in the Wirth Government's offensive against reaction under the slogan: "In Defence of the Republic."

For several days preceding, rumors were current that on July 4th there would be a massing of royalist elements in Berlin with a probability of clashes between them and the workers and radicals who were to hold a demonstration on that day. These rumors were greatly fostered by the Berlin newspaper strike, the striking printers permitting only the circulation of socialistic and communistic organs. As a matter of fact, the day passed without disorder, the reactionaries and monarchists being cowed by a monster demonstration, when more than 100,000 organized workers, radicals, Socialists and Communists paraded through the streets of Berlin "for the Republic."

On June 17th a Committee on Guarantees appointed by the Reparations Commission left Paris for Berlin to organize the control of the receipts and expenditures of Germany, to study questions connected with the abusive export of capital and examine statistics, as outlined by the Reparations Commission. The Committee is composed of the chiefs of the financial services of all the Allied delegations to the Reparations Commission. On July 6th they made their first report to the Reparations Commission, the gist of which was that Germany is on the verge of being engulfed by a social and economic catastrophe which will shake Europe to its very foundations. Marks have broken away from all control, falling on July 7th to 535 marks for a dollar, and according to the belief of the Commission, its final collapse will be the signal for the stoppage of reparation payments, disorder for the financial and commercial equilibrium of Europe and the confusion of German industry.

The present economic and financial crisis is largely due to the failure of the Bankers' Conference, for the success of which the Germans had been ardently hoping. According to latest advices, representatives of the German Government, on July 10th, informed the President of the Reparations Commission that the financial situation of Germany had reached such a desperate state that cash payments of the indemnity would soon become impossible.

Members of the Commission have indicated that they believe the immediate reason for the present German financial situation is the failure of Germany to end the wholesale printing of paper marks and the widespread exportation of capital from the country. In other circles, however, the opinion seems to be gaining ground daily that the fundamental reason for the German financial chaos lies in the total of the reparations required, 132,000,000,000 gold marks, which is regarded in many quarters as being impossibly high.

On the other hand, it has been made clear France will not consent to an adjustment of the total indemnity to what would be regarded as a reasonable figure, until there is a definite settlement of the whole question of the Inter-Allied debts, which either would result in cancellation or lead to indefinite postponement of payments. It is held in France that that country cannot possibly pay her debt to the United States under present conditions. France, it is declared, probably would agree to a material reduction of the German indemnity, if there were such a readjustment of the Inter-Allied obligations, and belief was expressed that, sooner or later, this idea would have to be laid before the American Government.

On June 21st the German authorities began taking over from the Inter-Allied Commission the second zone of Upper Silesia, retained by Germany under the partition treaty. On the preceding day, the Poles completed their occupation of the first zone, and on June 24th took over the third zone, also allotted to Poland. Flags on official buildings throughout Germany were flown at half-mast as a sign of mourning for Germany's lost territory. According to data in German newspapers, the division of the plebiscite region by the League of Nations transferred 196,005 industrial workers from German to Polish sovereignty, leaving only 73,152 under the German flag. Of the 173,859 anthracite coal miners, 43,232 remain German citizens, while 130,625 become Polish, and of the 63,134 iron smelter workers, 39,697 go to Poland. Both before and after the occupation, several clashes occurred at various points between civilians and French troops, in one of which fifteen people were killed and twenty-five wounded. As a result of these clashes, Chancellor Wirth, on July 6th, issued an appeal to the German population of Upper Silesia to refrain from molesting Inter-Allied troops during the evacuation of the province.

On June 16th the British Government officially asked Germany whether she would be willing to submit a request to join the League of Nations at the third League Assembly next September. Germany has replied that she is prepared to submit such a request, provided she is assured that no special conditions will be laid down concerning her joining and that she immediately receives a seat on the League Council. It is understood that France will raise no opposition to Germany's becoming a member of the League and attending its Assembly, but is opposed to her sitting on the Council. Germany, however, insists on having full League membership or equality with Great Britian, France, Italy and Japan; otherwise she declines to apply for membership.

On July 4th the Treaty of Rapallo, signed between Germany and Russia during the Genoa Conference and negotiated by the late Foreign Minister, Dr. Rathenau, was ratified by the Reichstag. There was no debate over the question of ratification.

The 150,000 freight cars and 5,000 locomotives delivered to France by Germany since the armistice have already been replaced by new material according to a Swiss delegate, who has recently been in attendance at a technical conference of railway men at Berlin. So extraordinary has been the progress in the construction of rolling stock in Germany, this expert says, that by August German railways will be as well equipped as they were at the outbreak of the War, so far as the quantity of rolling stock is concerned, while the quality will be superior.

Russia.

On July 6th the Petrograd Revolutionary Tribunal, in session at Moscow, sentenced to death the Petrograd Metropolitan, Benjamin, Archbishop Sergius, Bishop Benedict, canons of three of the largest churches in Petrograd, and Professors Ognieff and Novitsky, for interfering with the seizure of church treasures. Fifty-three others had previously been sentenced to various terms of imprisonment on the same charge. Twenty-two who had been accused were acquitted. The trial lasted more than three weeks. The Tribunal decided to transfer to Petrograd the proceedings against the Patriarch Tikhon, in whose behalf the Holy See, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and various foreign religious bodies had pleaded.

Meanwhile, the trial of the thirty-four Social Revolutionists charged with sedition, which began on June 8th, is still proceeding. During the first week of the trial, the prisoners were defended by three foreign Socialist lawyers, Emile Vandervelde, former Minister of Justice of Belgium, and Theodore Liebknecht and Kurt Rosenfeld of Germany, but these quickly withdrew from the trial as a protest against what they considered the unfair conditions under which the proceedings were conducted. They were succeeded by Russian counsel, who in turn withdrew from the case, after a vain attempt to have new judges and a new prosecutor appointed. At present the accused are represented by one lawyer, a young woman. Messrs. Vandervelde, Liebknecht and Rosenfeld have issued a statement appealing to the workmen of all countries to protest against the punishment by death of the defendants. The Socialist Federation of Buenos Aires has sent a resolution to the Russian authorities and also to Arthur Henderson, British Member of Parliament and Secretary of the Second

International, saying, that the execution of the accused men would be contrary to the ideas of advanced civilization. The defendants are accused, among other things, of betraying the Russian revolution, of assisting Kolchak and Denikin and of conspiring to assassinate Lenine, Trotzky and other Bolshevik leaders.

Premier Lenine, about the nature of whose illness many and varied rumors have been in circulation for some time, is now reported to be out of danger. From an authoritative source, it seems that the basic trouble is weakness of the digestive and assimilative processes, with an accompanying nervous breakdown. His condition at present is described as one of slow improvement, but he is not expected to be able to resume work for several months. The Council of Commissars has granted him a leave of absence till autumn. Meanwhile, M. Rikoff and M. Tsurupoff have taken over the technical duties of the Premier's office, while Leon Trotzky, Minister of War, and Leo Kameneff, President of the Moscow Soviet, are reported to be acting as an advisory directorate.

On July 5th authoritative advices reached Washington to the effect that Trotzky had massed 350,000 troops on the Polish and Rumanian frontiers. The total strength of the Soviet armies is estimated at approximately 1,500,000 men, inclusive of 125,000 of the so-called Cheka, or Secret Service troops. About one-half of the 350,000 mentioned are concentrated on the Polish border, with 125,000 on the Rumanian border and the remainder in the Karkoff area. The best information available indicates that these concentration movements were begun originally as an implied threat toward Europe, at the time of the Genoa Conference, and have been continued with the intention of giving Soviet Russia a more impressive voice in the present exchanges at The Hague.

Despite the fact that military experts consider no extensive operations will be undertaken at this time by the Soviet Government, considerable alarm has been aroused in Poland and Rumania. On June 23d the Polish Government sent a vigorous protest against an invasion of Polish territory by bands of Bolshevik troops, and earlier in the month the Rumanian Government sent a formal communication to the Conference at The Hague, declaring that Soviet Russia had violated the non-aggression compact entered into at Genoa by sending propaganda into Rumania by airplane.

All this follows a proposal for a disarmament conference made early in June by the Russian Government to the Baltic States—Latvia, Esthonia and Finland—and to Poland, a proposal

which was rejected on June 30th, when the Polish, Finnish and Latvian Governments replied with a declaration that no agreement to reduce arms could be made until Russia fulfilled her obligations entered into by peace treaties with those countries.

According to the American Relief Administration, the Volga famine has been definitely brought under control. Taking Russia as a whole, Soviet estimates show that there will be a surplus of grain this year, and as soon as the new crops are harvested, Soviet officials say it is probable that Russia will be able to export some grain. It is officially estimated at present that Russia's 1922 grain crops will reach a minimum of 3,500,000,000 poods (63,000,000 tons), or 1,000,000,000 poods more than those of last year. However, some foreign relief, in the form of child feeding, aid to invalids and assistance in the rehabilitation of peasants striken by the famine, is still necessary.

Official notification has been given the American Government by the Government of Japan of the latter's intention to withdraw its armed forces from the maritime provinces of Siberia by the end of next October. More than almost any other single act, this withdrawal from Siberia is expected to be conducive to establishing the belief among Americans that Japan had definitely abandoned aggressive policies and intends to fulfill its Washington pledges.

According to an announcement by the Soviet Government on June 28th, the Japanese Government, which last month broke off negotiations with the Chita Government at Dairen, has expressed a wish to re-open pourparlers with Russia. On the other hand, a cablegram has been received, by the special trade delegation of the Far Eastern Republic in Washington, that a German mission has arrived at Chita and been received by the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Far Eastern Republic. The object of the German mission is stated to be the investigation of economic conditions in the Far Eastern Republic, and the effecting of a rapprochement between the Russian Far East and Germany.

President Merkulov, who, on June 2d, was deposed by the Constituent Assembly as President of the Priamur Government at Vladivostok, has resumed his place as head of the central Government. Trouble originally arose over the order of the Government for the dissolution of the Priamur Constituent Assembly, which refused to submit and made an effort to organize a new Government, supported by a part of the divided military forces. The Presidency was offered to General Diedricks, but he refused to accept the position and swung his influence to the reinstatement of Merkuloff.

Italy.

A great sensation was caused in Italian political circles on June 15th, when the Moderate Socialist deputies, numbering between eighty and one hundred, decided to adopt a policy of participation in the Government. The move was looked upon as entailing another disintegration of the parliamentary groups, since the Socialist group, which up to now has been the largest and the most compact, has finally succumbed to division. For some time, the Moderate Socialists have been favoring the Catholic Party, and it is now predicted in some quarters that these two groups will combine to overthrow the present Administration, which is looked upon as a Giolitti combination under Premier Facta, the Catholics being still disgruntled with former Premier Giolitti over the fall of the Bonomi Government, which desired officially to recognize the death of the late Pope Benedict.

What makes the decision of the Moderates particularly remarkable, is the fact that it is contrary to the official stand of the party's National Council, which has held to an intransigeant policy of non-participation in Government. To settle the differences between the Deputies and the party's National Council, a special party convention will be called during the summer. Meanwhile, a significant step, and one perhaps forecasting the decision to be made by the Council, was the action of the Italian Socialist Party and the Confederation of Labor through their representatives at a joint meeting at Genoa on July 4th, whereby they voted in favor of the principle of collaboration with the Italian monarchy. The vote was 537,351 to 499,991. A resolution in favor of Communism was defeated.

From a recent statement by the Italian Finance Minister, it appears that during the last eighteen months Italy has reduced its paper circulation by 2,500,000,000 lire. It was also shown in banking statements that the Italian Government had for the three preceding months been able to dispense with the issue of Treasury bonds. The yield of the direct taxes, recently imposed in Italy, was estimated to be nine times the product of similar pre-war taxes.

On the other hand, Minister of the Treasury Peano, in a report to the Council of Ministers, on July 6th, announced that the deficit for 1921-22 would be at least 6,500,000,000 lire, and forecast that the deficit for 1922-23 would amount to 4,000,000,000 lire. The ministers considered it impossible to impose further taxes on a greatly burdened country, but decided that the present system of taxation should be revised to prevent anyone from escaping payment of the proper amount. It was also agreed to

effect drastic cuts in Government expenditures, in the hope of reducing next year's expected deficit.

In dispatches from Rome, on July 7th, it was announced that a new "Council for the General Work of the Propagation of the Faith" has been formed, this being a development of the century-old French Catholic mission centre at Lyons, which was transferred to Rome by Pope Pius XI. shortly after his election. All the nations are represented in the new council, the President of which is Monsignor Fumasoni Biondi. The representative of the United States is Monsignor O'Hern, rector of the American College in Rome; of South America, Monsignor Riera; England, Monsignor Prior, and Canada, Monsignor Lajoie.

The Fascisti still continue their activities. At Trieste, early in June, a number of Fascisti and Republicans seized the Italian steamer *Argentina* and prevented carabineers and Royal Guards from boarding the liner. The steamer was due to sail, but this occurrence prevented her from putting to sea. The cause of this interference was the strike in progress among longshoremen, seamen and port workers because of a reduction in wages. Frequent clashes occurred between the Fascisti and the Communist workmen over the strike policy to be followed. On June 18th Fascisti set fire to the Labor Exchange at Reggio shortly after a visit of King Victor Emmanuel, and on July 4th another band occupied the town of Andria, near Bari, replacing the red flag by the national colors over the public buildings. Reports of Fascisti outbreaks, however, must be accepted with the caution that they are incidents out of the ordinary and may be no more representative of general conditions in Italy than reports of Ku Klux Klan outrages, cabled abroad, would give a true picture of conditions in America.

A Tripoli dispatch of June 14th says that Arab rebels in the Italian colony in Tripolitania met with a severe reverse at the hands of the Italian garrison when the latter captured the outpost of Giose. On June 29th a large force of Tripolitan rebels was defeated by Italian troops in a sanguinary battle near Azizian. The rebel casualties were given as several hundred killed or wounded, while the Italian forces lost seventeen native soldiers killed and one officer wounded. Large quantities of arms and ammunition were abandoned by the rebels.

July 13, 1922.

With Our Readers

IN an account of the recent Eucharistic Congress at Rome, given us by the London *Tablet,* the correspondent quotes this remark of a Jewish financier: "What is certain," he said, "is that what we have seen at Rome surpasses what we have seen elsewhere, at Paris, Washington, San Remo, Cannes, Spa or Genoa. For in those congresses of many nations of opposing views one had the impression of living in the ephemeral and contingent, one had to build more or less on sand, or at best on piles. But here we have the feeling of a work of enormous import, long prepared, with its foundations deep in the ages of the past and its cupola in the future." The thought here stated, inspiration of the wonderful religious gathering in the City of the Popes, is worthy of the attention of the many who look to the best interests of humanity. The contrast between the ephemeral and the lasting finds an almost universal application; and the understanding of their respective values at least suggests a solution to many problems or a guidance in the way of difficulties.

* * * *

A CONTRIBUTOR to one of our literary papers recently lamented the passing from our writings of the references to the Greek and Roman classics: he lamented likewise the disuse of Biblical references and Biblical terms and the evil effect of this cessation upon our language, spoken and written. The vigor, the simplicity, the beauty of Scriptural English were fast disappearing; the English of the Bible was becoming unknown because the Bible was not being read and studied as in the past. We had forgotten that the great classics of our language were born of our strong Biblical English. Do we not find that the literary productions of the day die while those of the sturdier past live on? Do we not find that in most of our modern writing there is a predominance of the ephemeral, and that we rarely find those elements that partake of the eternal and that give promise of lasting existence.

* * * *

OR, to glance in another direction, is not the same contrast drawn and the same characteristic lamented in regard to the field and the manner of our present-day education? Mr. Hughes, Secretary of State, speaking before the National Education Association, had this to say: "As the restraints we believe to be impor-

tant to our security and progress must be self-imposed, there is no reason why we should entertain the delusion that democracy will confer blessings except in so far as it represents the rule of an intelligent and cultured people.

"We cannot fail to be gratified by the evidence on every hand of an increased demand for educational opportunity, and it is most encouraging to observe the extraordinary efforts that are being made, especially in the field of higher education, to provide new facilities. Public funds are available to an unprecedented extent, while the outpourings of private benevolence have gone beyond anything that we have hitherto deemed to be possible. But it is also apparent that there is much confusion with respect to standards and aims, and that there will be little gain in considering the mechanism of education until we have reëxamined the more fundamental needs.

"It is not likely that there will be lack of opportunity for vocational education, for the sort of training which will fit men and women to earn a living. The exigencies of our complex life are too apparent and the rewards too obvious to admit of neglect: and we shall have whatever vocational or technical schools are required. But democracy cannot live on bread alone. It is not enough that one shall be able to earn a living, or a good living. This is the foundation, but not the structure. What is needed is to have life more abundantly.

"From the standpoint of the individual, the exclusively materialistic view is inadmissible, for the individual life should be enriched with the ampler resources of a wider culture."

The voice of Secretary Hughes is the voice of all too few, but it is the voice of the saner educators who realize that in the training of youth it is not the ephemeral that counts, but it is the lasting: it is the understanding of those fundamental principles of life and conduct that are as old as the human race. Ever old, yet ever new, these principles have their universal application, and are an absolute need to every mind no matter how specialized the form of its development. Every educator who needs to be convinced of this truth, would do well to familiarize himself with Cardinal Newman's classic, *The Idea of a University.*

* * * *

IN a very marked way, this contrast impresses itself upon us when we read the frequent lucubrations put forth today on the delicate and important subject of mysticism. Mysticism has become, in certain circles, the fashion. The fact has its good side. It also has its dangerous side. It is good to know that many souls crave a spirituality and an understanding of their soul's

relationship with God. It is not so good to be compelled to realize, as we must when we read much that is published on this subject, that a concomitant vagueness of treatment and a lack of definite and eternal principles constitute a real danger to the uninitiated. While many books on this topic are now being published, and while the more serious magazines devote many pages to it, the result to the general reader is bound to be confusing and disconcerting. This, no doubt, is largely due to the varying definitions of mysticism that are offered, but it is also in great measure due to the adaptation of the subject to the ideas and trends of thought that are peculiarly ephemeral, the products of one day, to die in the next. There is the failure to realize that mysticism, in the true and fundamental concept of it, must have existed in all those days in which there have been souls that sought God intensely and unselfishly. Any brand of mysticism that is offered becomes ephemeral when it is lacking in those fundamental elements which were the very rocks of foundation upon which the structure of the soul's mounting was built by the saints of old.

The attempts at explanation that ignore the fact of creation and the relationship thus established between the created soul and its Maker; that ignore the fact of the Incarnation and the consequent establishment of an intimate understanding between the redeemed and the Redeemer; that ignore the fact of the Kingdom of Christ established on earth and the resultant guidance of a divine nature, cannot but be ephemeral, to pass with the passing day. These great facts are the permanent and lasting elements that give meaning to the mystic way and safe certainty to those who walk in that way.

* * * *

FOR a long time, too, the same contrast between the ephemeral and the lasting has asserted itself in practically all the phases of religious thinking and religious preaching. The tendency in many Christian pulpits and in many so-called Christian writings, has been to deal with the topics and problems of the day not in the light of eternal principles, but with the deliberate disregard for such principles and with the employment of only the superficial and passing theories of the moment.

We must indeed have progress in thought and action. We must recognize that our own day has its own difficulties as well as its own life. We must be thoroughly alive to the necessity of meeting them in a modern way. This is all true, but at the same time we must realize that running through all the phases of life and conduct there are unchangeable elements, fundamental in

nature, that remain intact when all others are shattered; and that any solution or any teaching, whether it deal with theory or conduct, that ignores these permanencies, will fail.

* * * *

IS it too much to say that amid all changes there is just one Guardian of the permanent? The thought that was aroused in the mind of the onlooker as he witnessed the ceremonies of the Eucharistic Congress in Rome, almost forces itself upon anyone that considers seriously any matter of religious, moral or spiritual import today. When various persons or bodies seek to deal with them, there is something ephemeral in their conclusions and their attempts. When the Catholic Church speaks, there is aroused immediately the consciousness of definiteness, stability, certainty: the consciousness that through her one is linked with the everlasting truth; the consciousness that, amid all changes, she stands today as the spokesman of truth that reaches back into the eternity of the past and forward into the eternity of the future.

Her Master is Christ, and Christ dealt in the permanent. He is the great teacher of the world. He gave His teaching, not content that man should yield to them simply the perfunctory assent of the intellect, but that man might also find in them the formative principles of conduct and good living. Such teachings are the animating elements of the spiritual life. Since all men's souls are called equally to the divine destiny of life with God, since their relationship which exists between the soul and its Maker is fundamentally and essentially the same for all, it is natural to conclude that the principles of soul-life should have the quality of permanency.

* * * *

CHRIST came that "all may have life." That life is the life of grace, the gift of God; it is the life of friendship and union whose power takes us from the abode of earth's darkness into the regions of light. And grace is eternal.

That life is the life of heaven, a life that infuses us with the consciousness that our lasting home is not here, but in the country beyond whither, if we walk well, we are treading with all the forces within us. And heaven is eternal.

That life is the life of God, through which we are reborn into the inheritance of divinity itself; through which we receive the privilege and favor to be, in very truth, the sons of the Most High. And God is eternal.

It is for us and for the world to distinguish between the

ephemeral and the permanent and to trust to the latter rather than the former.

IT is good to learn that the Holy Father, Pope Pius XI., has recently conferred a special blessing upon the National Catholic Welfare Council; and has made void the untoward rumors in its regard which found their way into our daily press, and even into some of our Catholic papers. The important work of the Council under the Bishops of the country will continue. The defence of Catholic doctrine, the protection of Catholic interests, the spread of Catholic education, the inculcation of Catholic social and moral principles; together with a lively interest in the welfare of our whole country and of the citizens that go to make up our nation, will constitute, in the future as in the past, the purposes of this united body of Bishops laboring, under their Chief Shepherd, for the glory of God and the good of human souls. As we consider the various forces now working for the well-being of our land, the one that affords the strongest reason for hope is the National Catholic Welfare Council.

IT is interesting to note the following—the leading article in the Princeton *Theological Review* for July is an address delivered at the 110th Commencement of the Princeton Theological Seminary. In the course of that address, the speaker described how, on a recent Sunday, he listened to three sermons in three Protestant churches of New York. He asks the question: "Is it conceivable, by any stretch of the imagination, that the kind of preaching which these three New York ministers gave the people, and which I have heard today, could make any impression on the minds of that heathen world (the world just after the Resurrection of Christ) or gained the slightest foothold for Christianity in that pagan civilization? To such a question there can be but one answer—it could not."

He continues: "That same day I visited the beautiful Roman Catholic chapel built for the devotions of Spanish people in New York. The church was empty. I saw no man there: I heard no hymn or prayer or sermon. Yet at the end of the day I felt that I had heard more of the Gospel of Jesus Christ in the Catholic chapel than in all three Protestant churches because along the walls of the chapel were the beautiful paintings of a Spanish artist, representing the 'stations' of the cross, and these paintings told of One Who was wounded for my transgressions and bruised for my iniquities, One Who loved me and gave Himself for me."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE MACMILLAN CO., New York:
The Little Corner Never Conquered—the Story of the American Red Cross Work for Belgium. By John Van Schaick, Jr. $2.00. *The Catholic Spirit in Modern English Literature.* By Geo. N. Shuster. $2.00. *The Boyhood Consciousness of Christ.* By Rev. P. J. Temple, S.T.L. $3.50.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:
A Sister's Poems. Posthumous Verses of Sister Margaret Mary of the Sisters of Mercy. $1.00. *A Short Memoir of Terence MacSwiney.* By P. S. O'Hegarty. $1.00.

ALLYN & BACON, New York:
Pour Apprendre a Parler. Par François J. Kueny. $1.20. *Brief Spanish Grammar.* By M. A. De Vitis. $1.40.

J. FISCHER & BROTHER, New York (for the Author):
Rhythmic Sight-Singing. Part One—Diatonic. 50 cents.

D. APPLETON & Co., New York:
Abbé Pierre. By Jay William Hudson. $2.00 net.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:
Italy Old and New. By Elizabeth Hazelton Haight. $2.50.

HENRY HOLT & Co., New York:
William De Morgan and His Wife. By A. M. W. Stirling.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:
Behind the Mirrors. The Psychology of Disintegration at Washington. By the Author of *The Mirrors of Washington.* $2.50.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:
Courage. By J. M. Barrie. The Rectorial Address delivered at St. Andrew's University, May 3, 1922. 60 cents.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN Co., Boston:
The Jews. By Hilaire Belloc. $3.00.

THE STRATFORD Co., Boston:
The Women of the Gael. By James F. Cassidy. $2.00.

THE HISTORY ASSOCIATES, Springfield, Mass.:
King's Complete History of the World War, 1914–1918. Edited by W. C. King, Litt.D. Introduction by Marshal F. Foch.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co., Philadelphia:
Man and Maid. By Elinor Glyn. $2.00.

PETER RIELLY, Philadelphia:
Course of Christian Classical Literature: De Magistro-Sancti Aurelii Augustini; De Beata Vita Aurelii Augustini; Soliloquiorum Libri Duo Aurelii Augustini; De Immortalitate Animæ Aurelii Augustini. By Fr. Tourscher. 4 booklets.

G. C. GRIFFITHS & Co., London:
Moses and the Law—A Study of Pentateuch Problems, by Fathers of the Society of Jesus. Edited by Cuthbert Lattey, S.J.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London:
The Methods of a Fanatic. By the Rev. O. R. Vassal-Phillips, C.SS.R. 2 *d.* *Why We Resist Divorce.* By Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J. 2 *d.* *The True Church Visibly One.* By Rev. H. P. Russell. 2 *d.* *The Immaculate Conception.* By J. B. Jaggar, S.J. 2 *d.* *The Problem of Evil.* By M. C. O'Arcy, S.J., M.A. 2 *d.* Pamphlets.

ANGUS & ROBERTSON, Sydney, Australia:
The Life of Archpriest J. J. Therry, Founder of the Catholic Church in Australia. By Rev. Eris M. O'Brien. 25 *s.*

PLON-NOURRIT ET CIE, Paris:
Histoire Religieuse. Par Georges Goyau. Tome VI.—*L'Histoire de la Nation Française.* Edited by Gabriel Hanotaux.

LIBRAIRIE LECOFFRE, Paris:
L'Intelligence Catholique dans L'Italie du XXe Siècle. Par Maurice Vaussard. 7 *fr.* 50.

GABRIEL BEAUCHESNE, Paris:
Le Dogme Catholique dans les Pères de L'Eglise. Par Emile Amann. 7 *fr.* 50. *L'Hymne de la Vie.* Par Chan. M. de Baets. 4 *fr.* 25. *La Méthode d'Influence de Saint François de Sales, son Apologétique Conquérante.* Par E. Thamiry. 6 *fr.*—*De l'Influence, Etude Psychologique, Métaphysique, Pédagogique.* Par E. Thamiry. 17 *fr.* 5.

BLOUD ET GAY Paris:
Almanach Catholique Français pour 1922. Les Œuvres Catholiques de France II. et III. Par François Veuillot. *L'Effort Belge.* Par Louis Marin. *Notre Alsace et Notre Lorraine.* Par M. l'Ambassadeur Bompard, M. Chas. Andler et M. l'Abbé Wetterlé. *La Protéstation des Peuples Martyrs, Arménie, Belgique, Pologne, Roumanie, Serbie, Syrie, Tchéco, Sloviques. L'Effort Moral de nos Pays Envahis.* Par Madame A. Reboux et M. Léon Pasqual. *La Pologne.* Par G. Leygues.

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A CENTURY OF BRAZILIAN INDEPENDENCE.

BY JOHN F. O'HARA, C.S.C.

"INDEPENDENCE or Death," the cry of Dom Pedro Primeiro on the banks of the Ypiranga, was the Brazilian declaration of independence; and in commemoration of the centennial anniversary of this event, distinguished representatives of all the principal nations will meet in Rio de Janeiro on the seventh of September of this year to extend felicitations to Brazil, and to inaugurate an international exposition.

Napoleon was the "provoking cause" of independence throughout South America. His invasion of Spain broke the hereditary succession to the Spanish throne, and the American colonies, which were crown property, felt that rebellion, long cherished as a sweet, but wicked, thought, would be stripped of its sacrilegious character if directed against a usurper. The general movement for independence came of the protest of the *cabildos,* or local governments, against the recognition of Napoleonic rule.

In Brazil, by a strange set of circumstances, royalty led

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rebellion. Napoleon's invasion of Portugal sent the Prince-Regent, Dom João, with his family and court, fleeing across the seas to Brazil, the giant colony of the diminutive kingdom. Escorted by a British fleet, Dom João arrived at Rio de Janeiro, March 8, 1808, where he was welcomed with joy by his Brazilian subjects.

His new perspective gave Prince John a better idea of the needs of Brazil, and the country began to prosper accordingly. One of his first official acts was to throw open the ports to the commerce of the world. He next developed industry and agriculture in order to furnish the materials of commerce, and created the famous Botanical Garden in Rio de Janeiro for the adaptation of foreign plants to Brazilian soils and climatic conditions. With his own private collections he founded the museums of fine arts and of natural history, and he gave a great impetus to higher education by establishing the law schools of Pernambuco (Recife) and São Paulo, the engineering school of Rio de Janeiro, and the medical schools of Rio de Janeiro and Bahia.

In 1816 Brazil became, by royal charter, a kingdom co-equal with Portugal, with King John as ruler of both. The King soon found his new position difficult. His Portuguese subjects clamored for his presence in their midst, and he finally consented to their demands, setting sail from Brazil on April 21, 1821, leaving his son, Dom Pedro, then twenty-three years of age, as regent. His return to Portugal did not pacify the Cortes, or Portuguese parliament, which was distrustful of the progress made by Brazil under its new status. A popular outcry was raised to reduce Brazil again to the rank of a colony, cut off its new commercial privileges, and force the return of Dom Pedro to his native land.

Matters came to a climax when Dom Pedro, while on a journey from São Paulo to Minas Geraes, received a royal communication ordering him to Lisbon. He knew the needs and aspirations of Brazil, he saw the vital mistake in the Portuguese policy, and he resolved to make the most of his opportunity. He tore the Portuguese insignia from his hat and breast, and declared the country independent. Only the weakest resistance was offered by any of the Portuguese garrisons, and the royal squadron was driven back to the mouth of the Tagus by Admiral Cochrane. On October 12, 1822,

just thirty-five days after the declaration of independence, Dom Pedro was crowned as emperor.

Although the new ruler had wise and liberal designs for the welfare of his country, he soon found himself in conflict with various republican factions. Revolts broke out in several parts of the country and threatened to split up and destroy the vast infant nation, which comprised a territory larger than the present extent of the United States, over which were scattered only three millions of people. Personal animosities grew out of the banishment of obnoxious political leaders, and Brazilian pride was injured by Dom Pedro's preference for Portuguese for positions of importance. His reign had lasted only nine years when determined opposition caused his abdication in favor of his five-year-old son, Dom Pedro de Alcantara (April 7, 1831).

The regency established during the minority of the prince lasted nine years. It first consisted of three individuals, and then of one—Father Diogo Feijó. Discontent and revolt continued during the regency. One of the most interesting political disturbances was the secession of the southernmost State of Brazil, Rio Grande do Sul, which set itself up as an independent republic, and continued its opposition for five years after the regency was abolished. The leader of the republican army was Giuseppi Garibaldi, who later became a national Italian hero by waring on the Pope.[1]

At the end of these nine turbulent years, in 1840, the magic of royalty was again invoked. Dom Pedro, then fourteen years of age, was declared of age at his own request, and was proclaimed emperor. He had the aid of wise counselors and assistants, who soon pacified the country, and there began a long reign of peaceful prosperity and progress.

Dom Pedro Segundo ruled Brazil wisely for forty-nine years. Two foreign wars occurred during this period: one against the Argentine tyrant, Rosas, and the other—in league with Argentina and Uruguay—against the most wicked of all the South American dictators, the tyrant, Lopez, of Paraguay. This latter war, which lasted seven years, bore heavily on Brazil's man-power and financial resources.

The Emperor visited the United States on the occasion of

[1] After the return of Rio Grande to the fold, Garibaldi removed to Montevideo, where, it is said, he followed the pious occupation of smuggler A tablet now marks the house where he lived, and where his son was born.

the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition, and charmed our people by his genial democracy. He refused many official honors, and paid a delicate compliment to the founders of Philadelphia by his dress, which was of Quaker simplicity—a plain suit of broadcloth and a black, broad-brimmed hat.

Dom Pedro's simple trustfulness of his people proved his own political undoing. He was over-tolerant of republicanism, and an enemy to political scheming. During the last two decades of his reign, Positivism made great inroads into the religious fibre of the "intellectuals," and Freemasonry unified this group into an active party. The bloodless abolition of slavery (first, in 1870, by a decree declaring free all children born within the Empire, and later, in 1888, by universal emancipation) disturbed the economic régime of the great plantations and caused many of the large landholders to join the opposition to the Emperor. Some of Dom Pedro's closest associates and advisers were among the leaders of the movement, which, on November 15, 1889, declared a Republic and called upon the Emperor to resign. Out of love for Brazil, Dom Pedro offered no resistance, and with a prayer on his lips for the safety of the country, he accepted, with his family, the decree of exile. He sailed for Portugal on the day following his deposition, refusing a subsidy of $2,500,000 voted by the new rulers.

The Republic has known many vicissitudes, but they have been economic rather than political. Three minor disturbances, popularly called revolutions, have threatened the constitutional Government, but they were lifeless movements. As late as July of this year, a hotly-contested presidential election caused an exchange of shots, but public apathy to what was looked upon as a personal quarrel, prevented this affair from becoming an "incident."

Economic troubles have been plentiful, because Brazil, not being an industrial country, depends for its prosperity upon a constant foreign outlet for a few staple products, mainly coffee and rubber. The rubber comes from the dense forests of the Amazon valley, where it is gathered from the wild rubber trees and prepared in crude fashion for shipment to Europe and the United States. In recent years, the superior product of the British plantations of Ceylon and East India has made great inroads into the Brazilian market.

Coffee is raised chiefly in the progressive State of São Paulo, south and west of Rio de Janeiro. Brazil, normally, produces three-fourths of the world's supply of coffee, and when this market is active the whole of southern Brazil prospers. The State of São Paulo has even been successful in overreaching the law of supply and demand, by holding over the surplus of a bumper crop to meet the demands of a lean year.

In addition to coffee and rubber, Brazil regularly exports great quantities of cacao, sugar, hides and skins, *yerba mate* (Paraguayan tea), beans, rice, tobacco, cotton and manganese ore. Diamonds and other precious stones are also exported in small quantities.

Brazil, after a hundred years of independence, occupies an honored place, not only among the American republics, but in the family of nations. In Europe, where South America is better known than in the United States, the Brazilian is looked upon as a man of refinement, a lover of the best in art, music and literature, and a suave diplomat. Brazil has set a noble example in the use of arbitration, by settling its numerous boundary disputes by arbitral award in every case where direct negotiation failed of its purpose. In such assemblies as the Hague Tribunal, the League of Nations and the Washington Conference, Brazil has stood for universal peace. In Pan-American affairs it has welcomed the friendship of the United States, from the first recognition of its independence down to the present time, and it can be said in all sincerity that Brazil is the most loyal friend we have in South America today.

In spite of its wonderful possibilities, Brazil has its handicaps. Its 22,000 miles of railroad serve a very limited territory, and while it has, for purposes of transportation, the largest navigable river system in the world, this is underdeveloped. The country lacks coal for industry, although its water-power resources seem limitless. Most of all it lacks man-power, in both quantity and quality. The present population of 31,000,000 is composed largely of Portuguese, of pure or of mixed strain. To my mind the mixture is Brazil's most serious drawback. Many wise Brazilian statesmen have declared that Brazil has no negro problem, since whites have, by miscegenation, absorbed the negro blood; but the weight

of authority has not been able to over-balance my personal judgment that the opposite is too often the case. There have been many fine intellectual products of the mixture of black and white in Brazil, but too often negro characteristics of temperament seem to predominate.[2]

Italian immigration has been a boon to the country. There are now nearly 2,000,000 Italians in Brazil, and they have been a large factor in the development of business. Germans and Spaniards in the country number about 400,000 each. My own observation has been that the German is not a complete success in Brazil. The climate has had, in general, an enervating influence, and the average Brazilian German is not as industrious or thrifty as his brother in the United States. Japanese immigration has been tried recently on a small scale.

Two American colonies were established in Brazil after the Civil War—by slave-holders who refused to be reconstructed—and the results have been so tragic that one shudders to speak of them. Once wealthy and proud families of the South, the survivors now live in miserable poverty, and few of them possess more than the rudiments of an education. One of the original colonists, a little old lady whose body was emaciated and whose spirit was broken by suffering, told me once that could she but get back to the country she had spurned in her pride, she would kneel and kiss the ground and then die of joy.

Religion in Brazil has prospered since the separation of Church and State under the Republic. Although practically the whole country is nominally Catholic, Freemasonry and "liberalism" have claimed a heavy toll, and an American is scandalized at the indifference of a great portion of the men, supposedly Catholics, to the obligation of the Sunday Mass. The intolerance of our rash judgment is exposed, however, when we learn that great numbers of these "careless Catholics" receive the grace of the last Sacraments. God, the "Searcher of Hearts," knows where there is faith.

A helpful reorganization of the Church in Brazil was begun under Pius X. At that time there were but two ecclesiastical provinces in the vast country, and one of these, Rio

[2] A splendid discussion of the negro problem in Brazil will be found in Zahm's *Through South America's Southland*, pp. 39-43.

de Janeiro, had been erected only ten years before. In 1905 Pope Pius named the Archbishop of Rio, Most Rev. Arcoverde de Albuquerque Cavalcanti, the first South American Cardinal. His Holiness sent various investigators to the country, and called to Rome for personal consultation some of the most prominent ecclesiastics of Brazil, and acting upon their advice undertook a new division of the territory.

The first division was made in 1906. Bahia, a bishopric since 1555, an archbishopric since 1676, and recognized by the Vatican Council as the primatial see of Brazil, was divided, and the immense Caribbean coast was made into a separate province, with its archiepiscopal seat at Para, at the mouth of the Amazon.[3] The *hinterland* of Rio de Janeiro was separated from that province, and the bishopric of Marianna was elevated and made the seat of a new province with jurisdiction over the great interior States of Minas Geraes and Matto Grosso. The project for a third new province was not executed until two years later, when São Paulo was made an archdiocese, with suffragan sees in the southern States of Parana, Santa Catherina and Rio Grande do Sul.

Another division was made in 1910, and the provinces of Olinda, Porto Alegre and Cuyaba were added. The first of these lay between Bahia and Para, and included the jutting northeast corner of Brazil, which looks towards Africa. Porto Alegre is the capital of Rio Grande do Sul, and Cuyaba, which can be reached conveniently only by a river trip of 1,500 miles up from Buenos Aires, is the capital of the jungle State of Matto Grosso. Three more archbishoprics have been created since 1910: Parahyba (1914), Fortaleza (1915) and Diamantina (1917), re-dividing again, in the order named, the coastal regions of the south and north, and the interior State of Minas Geraes.

This wider distribution of ecclesiastical powers and division of responsibilities has brought new life to the Church in Brazil. The educational standards of seminaries and colleges have been raised, and the number of these institutions increased, although they are still quite inadequate to the needs of the country.

The Benedictines, Salesians, Jesuits and Brothers of Mary

[3] Under the difficult conditions of transportation at that time, Para was more accessible to New York than to Bahia.

are the principal religious orders engaged in the education of boys. The foremost Catholic college of the country is the Gymnasio São Bento, of São Paulo, conducted by the Benedictine Fathers. Its president is a keen-minded and affable German. Realizing the importance attached to American education by Brazilians, he has adapted our system to the needs of Brazil, and has had the satisfaction of having credits from his school accepted by some of the leading American universities for entrance without examination.

Although the Jesuit Fathers were first in the field in Brazil, their expulsion under Pombal, in the eighteenth century, destroyed many of the institutions which they had built up. The first college in Brazil was their College of São Paulo, which was placed by Father Nobrega, the founder, under the care of a young scholastic, José de Anchieta, who was destined to become one of the shining lights of the Order. Father Anchieta lived among the Indians, and gave his life entirely for them. He composed a grammar of the *lingoa geral,* or "general language," of the Brazilian Indians, and numerous other works in both prose and verse. It is said that on one occasion, during a period of captivity among the Indians, he composed a poem of five thousand lines, which he preserved by committing it to memory, since he had no paper on which to write it down. The beautiful traditions of Anchieta and his confrères were lost during the period of expulsion, and since the return of the Jesuits to Brazil they have been engaged in the seminaries and parishes more than in the secular colleges. Thus their work has not attained the prominence which it enjoys in other parts of the world.

The peculiar duties of the Salesian Fathers are worthy of special mention. Although Italian in origin, and of comparatively recent introduction into South America, this community has attracted more native vocations than any of the older Orders operating there. Their principal work in the cities is to conduct colleges and trade schools, where poor boys can receive an education free or at a nominal cost. Cabinet-making, lathe-work, printing, baking—all sorts of useful trades are taught, the only limit to their activities being the resources at the command of each particular house. Priests and Brothers work with students at manual labor and instruct them in the classroom, and this Christ-like humility

gives to labor a new dignity, badly needed in Latin America, while it fosters a touching affection for the religion taught by the laborers.

In the wilderness these humble priests and Brothers, and their affiliated Sisterhood of *Maria Aussiliatrice*, labor for the conversion of savage Indian tribes. Like their predecessors of three or four centuries ago, they realize that little can be done with the adult Indian, and they pin their faith to the children, for whose instruction they labor, in season and out of season, in the palm-thatched bamboo huts where they have their schools. And God has blessed their work in these missions! Thousands of Indians have embraced the Faith and live the simple lives of pious Christians. The skill of the children of the forest would abash many a white child of the coast towns; for illiteracy still prevails among eighty per cent. of the Brazilian population.

There is great need for parochial schools in Brazil. The public education laws of the various states are liberal, and the state governments, generally friendly to the Church, would look with favor upon efforts made by the clergy and religious Orders to relieve the prevailing ignorance of the poorer classes. Tropical lassitude is largely to blame for the unfavorable condition of popular instruction, and until laws make elementary education compulsory, little relief can be expected. The means are not wanting: they want direction. The hundreds of well-kept orphanages, hospitals, hospices and homes for the aged, testify to the warm charity of the Brazilian in relieving bodily distress; but the relief of ignorance among the masses has not yet attracted the charity of any great number among the wealthier classes.

Brazil is one of the show-places of the western hemisphere, and is well worth a visit. Until a few years ago, the trip to Rio de Janeiro required eighteen days, but the United States Shipping Board has cut the time to twelve days, placing fast, luxurious steamers on the route. The exposition in Rio will undoubtedly draw many Americans to spend the winter months in the summer of Brazil, and as the country becomes better known to the travel-loving public, Rio and Santos will undoubtedly rival the Florida coast as a winter resort.

The country itself is a paradise. Three-fourths of its vast territory lie within the tropics, where nature is most lavish

with scenic decorations; and the elevation of the great central plateau, which runs back from the sea-girt *Serra do Mar*, modifies the intensity of the tropical heat.

Travelers generally say that Rio de Janeiro possesses the most beautiful harbor in the world. At the entrance to the bay, rising sheer from the water to a height of 1,300 feet, is the bare rock of *Pão de Assucar*, or Sugar Loaf, placed there by God, as one traveler puts it, as an exclamation point to draw attention to the marvels that lie within the bay. Beyond Sugar Loaf rise Gavea and Corcovado, a thousand feet higher than the sentinel at the gate. Again beyond Corcovado rises Tijuca, another thousand feet in the air; and in the distance, when the mist does not obscure the view, the fluted sides of *Os Orgãos*, the Organ Mountains, can be seen at the lorldly height of six thousand feet. With the exception of Sugar Loaf, these mountains are all decked out in the verdure of the tropics, and if the ship makes the harbor at daybreak, the combination of dewy, glistening green, with the pink and gold of dawn, is indescribably beautiful.

Islands dot the bay and seem to play about its little coves and capes, as it recedes in the distance. Eighteen miles long and twelve miles wide, Guanabara Bay gives shipping at Rio de Janeiro as much accommodation as can be found at Seattle or San Francisco; but the loveliness of the setting makes one forget the commercial possibilities. These are recalled quickly, however, by the ships lying in the harbor, flying the flags of every maritime nation on earth.

The new city of Rio de Janeiro is fast becoming worthy of the matchless setting God has given it. Twenty years ago Rio was anything but fair to gaze upon, but a happy, artistic sense, backed up by courage, energy and capital, has wrought a transformation which makes the capital of Brazil rank far above the other beautiful cities of America.

As late as the early nineties, Rio was a pesthole. Yellow fever and malaria, cholera and smallpox, numbered their victims in thousands, and took turns in isolating the city from the world. Then a bold stroke brought health and beauty to the low-lying district near the wharves. A strip of land, a mile and a half long and six hundred and fifty feet wide, was condemned by the municipality, and although it ran through the most densely populated district of the city, every building in

it was leveled to the ground. Sections of the bay lay at either end of the strip, which now gave ventilation to the heart of the city. A broad and beautifully-decorated avenue was then laid out—the *Avenida Central*, now called Rio Branco in honor of a late Minister of Foreign Affairs—and the ground on both sides was sold, at greatly appreciated value, to compensate the previous owners of the condemned property. Buildings erected along this avenue had to have their plans approved by a municipal board of architects, to insure a high standard of artistic merit in construction.

Where the avenue met the bay on the east side, it was broadened into a boulevard—the Beira Mar—which now ranks without a peer among the world's panoramic drives. A white sea wall shuts off the bay on the left, and on the right a broad park, artistically strewn with tropical palms and flowers, gives fragrance and color and the effect of a rainbow to this crescent-shaped drive. A rock projecting to the water's edge breaks the sweep of Beira-Mar, and the boulevard is then continued along four similar bays which indent the coast.

Even the Canal do Mangue, a drainage canal built in 1906 to destroy the breeding places of the fever mosquitoes, has, by a combination of artistic sense with engineering skill, been made to serve its purpose in the decorative scheme.

The principal features to attract the tourist who has made the rounds of the boulevards will be the Monroe Palace, which was the Brazilian Building at the St. Louis Exposition, the National Library, the Municipal Theatre and the Botanical Garden. He will also want to ascend the peaks of Sugar Loaf—reached by an aërial tramway—Corcovado and Tijuca, and look out upon the natural splendors of Rio from these distinct points of vantage.

The visitor will also want to make the journey by train to São Paulo (a night's ride), and see this hustling, up-to-date, American city. Italians, Germans and Americans have all had their part in making São Paulo a lively city, but it still preserves its Brazilian caste in its tropical gardens and artistic buildings. Its most attractive show-place is the Museo de Ypiranga, but the tourist should not miss the Municipal Theatre, which is finer than any amusement place in the United States.

The journey from São Paulo to Santos is made over the

São Paulo Railway, eight miles of which, near Santos, present one of the most gorgeous mountain panoramas in the world. Santos itself, during the past ten years, has been transformed from an ugly business town into one of the prettiest spots on the coast. The business district is busier than New York, and the port offers cargo-handling facilities far surpassing anything our metropolis can boast. But the tourist will prefer to spend his time along the beaches, either on the land-locked island of Santos itself, or at Guarujá, on the northern arm of the mainland, which encircles the island. Everything is modern, and elegant with the profusion of the tropics. Santos, once the grave of white men and the boneyard of ships, has become a very popular health resort.

Happily, Brazil is only in its infancy, and it has a fair start on the road to greatness. Brazil welcomes American coöperation in its work of progress, and American Catholics especially are received with favor. The spirit of Positivism which has animated its statesmen has been tempered more or less by a traditional reverence for the Church, and the Catholic spirit prevails. Epitacio Pessoa, the President, whose term is just expiring, made a visit to the Vatican while President-elect of Brazil. His interview with Pope Benedict was looked upon as foreshadowing still more cordial relations between Catholics and the indifferentists, and the present development of Catholic life in Brazil seems to justify a spirit of optimism.

COMPTON MACKENZIE.

BY MAY BATEMAN.

I SUPPOSE that those of us to whom writing is the symbol of a vital force will look upon any collection of books with a certain secret reverence, quite removed from sentimentality, though sentiment has part in it. For, after all, very few books are written merely for the sake of commerce. Even in his most optimistic hour, no literary man can hope to achieve, at the cost of as little personal trouble, the quick returns of, say, a war-profiteer or a business magnate who conducts major operations. The writer may not have individually a very high motive in writing, but, like the spider, the web he spins comes from his inmost self. His books, for good or ill, are obviously the most complete form of self-expression; his choice of subjects, the shape and texture and quality of his work are all spontaneous revelations of "the real John," as he shows, not to the man he could conciliate, but to God. "This is . . . me: for the rest, I eat and drank, and slept, loved, hated like another; my life was as the vapor, and is not; but this I saw and knew." [1]

Essential as it is, then, that the critic who seeks to find the soul of an author in his work, should set about his task in all due reverence, duly "respecting its dignity," as Marcus Aurelius bade men in the past, he may surely expect the writer himself equally to respect the dignity of the reader's soul. A maker of books should keep before him, as he writes, knowledge of the vital stretch of his own power, and its creative properties; remember that, if what he says is worth saying at all, it is worth "putting the whole strength of his spirit into the saying of it," and that the germinating quality of the printed word has an almost terrible significance for those who know that the geographical boundaries, which mark the limits of its distribution, cannot confine it.

1 John Ruskin.

The new voice which was heard in the land at the close of the Victorian era, in rebellion against "mid-Victorian prudery and false sentiment," did not do full justice to, nor always ring with the clear note of those amongst its predecessors, who had spoken out without fear or favor, showing life as it was, and not as mere romance would have it. Undoubtedly, evils had flourished in the past; social evils, subtle evils, which conventionality had tried to hide out of sight. A hundred and one inconsistences of the period lent themselves to ridicule by a later generation; a hundred and one poseurs could profitably be stripped of their halos; a hundred and one would-be philanthropists shown up in their true colors; a hundred and one glaring wrongs set right. But Thackeray, Dickens, Charles Kingsley, Reade, Meredith, Browning and a dozen others, to limit our view to novelists and poets, had, each in his own way, thrown the limelight on these pictures, and they were men whose sincerity, even if it were occasionally prejudiced as in Kingsley's case, was unquestionable. Neither Meredith nor Browning could be accused of "softness" in presenting a case, nor did either hesitate to tear off the veils under which the Victorian traditions hid its garbage. Consistently, they made war equally upon the supine and inept, and the shame and base.

The "mob-spirit" of clamor came to the fore in the new revolt, and running riot obscured, as it so often does, the main object of legitimate rebellion. In its unbridled onslaught everything that was Victorian was derided or swept aside, without judgment or selection. The mere fact that it was Victorian put it, apparently, beyond the pale. Men with "cranks;" women with wrongs, real or fancied; fanatics with axes to grind, shrilled their opinions deafeningly. "Progress and enlightenment" was the slogan of the movement, but "license and egotism" would have described it better. In the realm especially of sex-psychology, all barriers of restraint were recklessly overthrown. Plain speech was demanded on any and every subject. Why, cried the revolutionists, should there be any "taboo" on any topic which secretly concerned or interested humanity? Novelists pricked up their ears. Here were new fields to be exploited, or if not new fields, refuse heaps.

Why shouldn't their literary morality go threadbare in-

stead of, as now, their personal garments, if immorality paid better? argued the novelists and dramatists. Mrs. Grundy, with her absurd fears for the young person's morals, had dominated the consciences of libraries which catered for the general public far too long. Let the young person go hang, or, better still, enlighten and emancipate her until—as the prophetic saw—she would (as now) be able to discuss Dr. Marie Stopes' processes of Birth Control, or measures to cure diseases which at that epoch were never mentioned publicly—and only privately amongst members of the medical profession—unperturbed, and without turning a hair, with a complete stranger of the opposite sex.

Experimentalists in many directions naturally took greater advantage of the new openings as time wore on. The style of the modernists began by being more crisp and terse than their predecessors had been, and less hidebound. And now, when the ordinary means of expression failed them, they began, in self-defence, to coin new words for themselves. Violently, they threw the old laws of construction and balance and punctuation to the winds. Many authors were ruthless, stark, and even coarse, with impunity. The majority certainly used words which expressed the meaning they intended to convey, but others, intellectual magicians, increasingly chose, in preference, words which, like the conjuror, "deceived the eye" and bewildered the mind.

What is wrong with most modern writers is typical of what is wrong with modern life. There was never a time when the cult of self-sufficiency had more devotees. It is impossible to label the majority of the experimentalists of the Edwardian, and our present era, as followers exclusively of any particular School. Each marches under his own flag. What links them is their effort each to assert his own individualism in terms which cannot possibly be misinterpreted, and, as a rule, their lack, or their distorted forms, of faith.

Bold adventure into unknown countries for some fine end is one thing, braggart quests quite another; and while many of our modern writers are honest enough, mental myopes, merely, who mistakenly view morals and faith from the wrong angle, there are too many who, impelled by the restless spirit of the day, deliberately change the range of their glasses so as to travesty the object focused. Men like these, to change

the metaphor, throw stones at what is good and pure for no better reason than that they innately hate goodness and purity. They are "blind mouths," [2] unable to croak any but the discords of perverted worship.

Mawkish, hypocritical and sentimental as the Victorian era shows to many of today's novelists ("the grave of our England was dug by the Victorians," says one of them),[3] the writers of that day had, as a rule, some definite constructive ethical standard of how life should be lived, to go by; some root principle or moral code by which to regulate desire. Meredith and Browning were not, after all, alone amongst their contemporaries in showing that the soul's welfare needs as much training and discipline as any athlete's body does, if it is to endure a test. Victorian literature, as a whole, was not out to show, as so much modern literature is, that material pleasures, and material objects, are so essential to man that he cannot conceive even of a future existence where he is independent of them.[4] Home-life, in the time of the Victorians, was still held sacred, and women would have suffered almost any private indignity rather than face the publicity of the Divorce Court. The cult of beauty as an absolute end was followed only by a few exotics of a School whose degradation was to be presently complete, and the worship of the body was still thought to be pagan. "Eminently respectable," the bewhiskered or bearded writer's views may have been in the days of our great-grandfathers or grandfathers, but with what almost passionate desire, at times, today, does one crave for the sight of that moribund quality!

At all events, in those days, man in general still openly or interiorly cherished the now next-door-to extinct belief that, great as he himself undoubtedly was, God, or whatever he chose to call the Supreme Power which had originally caused human life to be, was conceivably greater. The writer sensed his (occasional) limitations; was known to acknowledge that even he might grow. The recognition of spiritual values tinged his work, consciously or unconsciously, as the case might be. It was a background against which his little work, his little life stood in perspective.

2 John Milton. 3 *Sylvia and Michael*, by Compton Mackenzie.
4 *Raymond*, by Sir Oliver Lodge; Mr. Vale-Owen's articles in the *Weekly Dispatch*, etc.

Nowadays, "in a company of revolutionary souls, only the Sinn Feiner had religious associations with the name of Jesus Christ. . . . People's religions were so different when they had any," says our great satirist, Rose Macaulay.[5] Whatever he is not, the modern novelist, out-Heroding even the band of Herods, who used the pen as a sword to slay Victorian tradition, is supremely self-assured; as infallible upon questions of this world and the next as the Holy Father is only when he speaks *ex cathedra* as to faith and morals. . . . Who can know more than H. G. Wells? thinks H. G. Wells, complacently, having strayed far from that mood of temporary abnegation when he could pray "save me from little sins and small successes and the life that passes as the shadow of a dream." Most writers of today seem to have over-eaten of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge. Secure in their omnipotence, they feel quite able, with Noel in *The Saint's Progress*,[6] to instruct God.

I.

The Dutch are not alone in rating Compton Mackenzie's talents high, and placing him in the front rank of contemporary novelists. The action taken by certain libraries in connection with *Sinister Street* gave its author widespread publicity, and few writers are better known to the average man than Compton Mackenzie.

His brilliancy has many facets. One critic goes so far as to compare him with Thackeray as a creator of character: "Sylvia Scarlett is one of the few really great women in fiction—can indeed hold her own with Beatrix Esmond and Becky Sharp."[7] Another calls him "glittering. . . . All his fountains of fancy have colored lights at the back of them. . . . He is the Kiralfy of the younger novelists."[8] His work is spoken of as "possessing the permanency of a classic for all who value form in a chaotic era,"[9] and "his future" as being "bound up with what is most considerable in English fiction."[10]

Ever since the publication of *Sinister Street*, he has counted as a force in the literary world. Before that he had

5 *Dangerous Ages.* 6 John Galsworthy. 7 *Pall Mall Gazette.*
8 Ellis Roberts. 9 *Athenæum.* 10 *Punch.*

swayed a certain small section. He first tested his powers of influence, of leadership, at St. Paul's School, as a boy. (Boy-psychology, at root, is much the same everywhere; at Eton or Harrow, as at Charterhouse or Winchester.) In later life, his area of influence was sensibly extended, that was all. What in embryo had intrigued and excited boys of a certain type would, when developed, be likely to intrigue and excite the larger world of men and women of a certain type, too? It would emphatically "pay" to use that medium, when the type prevailed. And the young writer had, in his favor, a personality likely to captivate and capture an audience. The successful author must, like the successful dramatist, possess that indefinable quality which makes his work "get over" the footlights; confidence in his power to grip you, to keep you enthralled. Yet he must never lose himself so entirely in his work as to be unaware of the effect he is making. He has to be in it and outside it at the same time; never, merely because he knows what he wants to say and the exact grade of impression he wants to make, to think he is "getting home" when he is not.

Receptive, up to a point; sensitive, up to a point; mentally alert and brilliant; knowing somewhat, at least, of the claims art makes upon the artist—"everything has its drudgery: love produces household cares; art, endless work," he writes [11]—there were all manner of useful, marketable possessions stored up in that magic knapsack of Compton Mackenzie's when he set out in quest of fortune. He could note, with meticulous care and accuracy, not only precisely what another person was sensing in an emotional crisis, but the exact effect which that emotion was likely to have upon himself. He could, without strain, manage to be quite easily both in the picture and out. He could give, for instance, as much of himself as was necessary to make it appear that he gave all, while retaining intact the critical, detached, sardonic view of an experienced observer. This academic detachment gives him certain unique and often sardonic powers of observation, "as peculiarly his own as a voice or a laugh," [12] "in a style which is that of no other writer."

If, as a game, excerpts from his work were read aloud anonymously, I think his caustic or innately dramatic style

11 *Sylvia and Michael.* 12 *Athenæum.*

would be recognized, even if no clue were given to the identity of his subject:

> The embarrassment of death's presence hung heavily over the household. The various members sat down to supper with apologetic glances . . . and nobody took a second helping of any dish. The children were only corrected in whispers for their manners; but they were given to understand that for a child to put his elbows on the table, or to crumble his bread or drink with his mouth full, was at such a time a cruel exhibition of levity. . . .
>
> "Think of dear Grandmama looking down at you from Heaven, *and don't kick the table-leg*, my precious," said Edith in tremulous accents. . . .[13]

> Dorothy possessed a selfishness that almost attained to the dignity of ambition, though never quite, because her conceit would not allow her to state an object in her career for fear of failure; her method was invariably to seize the best of any situation that came along, whether it was a bed, a chair, a potato or a man: this method, with ordinary good luck, should ensure success through life.[14]

> Since you must be decadent, it is better to decay from a good source.[15]

> Had she been a poet, [she] would have sung of London, of the thunder and grayness, of the lamps and rain, of long, irresistible rides on the top of swaying tramcars, of wild roars through the depths of the earth past the green lamps flashing to red. She danced instead about the sea-girt orchard-close all that her heart had found in London. She danced the hopes of the many children of Apollo who work so long for so little. . . . She danced old age and the breathing night of London and the sparrow-haunted dawn. She danced the silly little shillings which the children of Apollo earn. Fifteen pirouettes for fifteen shillings, fifteen pirouettes for long rehearsals and long performances . . . fifteen pirouettes for no fame, fifteen pirouettes for fifteen shillings, and one high beat for the funeral of a marionette.[16]

Versatile as he is, and with the saving grace of humor, it is harder to condone in Compton Mackenzie, that "pre-

[13] *Poor Relations.*
[14] *The Adventures of Sylvia Scarlett.*
[15] *Sinister Street*, vol. i.
[16] *Carnival.*

ciousness" which makes him choose, at times, lengthy, archaic words when simpler ones would serve his purpose better. To come upon "noctambulatory cat" and "crenelated horizon" and "pianos tintabbulating" in the space of twenty-one lines, is to throw limelight on a clearer picture of Compton Mackenzie's real image than the photograph of his clean-cut intellectual features can conjure. "Style," is not "disembodied. . . ."[17] For the "task of illumination, the works of a writer are all that is required. . . . To the critic, the names of Mr. Shaw and Mr. Conrad should call up, not the image of two men with differently shaped beards, but two differentiated minds." "By their works ye shall know them" might well, without blasphemy, be applied here to the style, the subject-matter, the conceptions of an artist.

Worthy means tell best in the end. Pose denotes weakness, and lost sincerity means ultimate loss of grip. Imagine Thackeray filling in the gaps of his own incompetency by taking refuge in the hysterical asterisks, ". . . . . ," so greatly beloved by H. G. Wells and his disciples? Or the Brontés, or George Eliot or Henry Kingsley or Mrs. Gaskell, to cite a random list of writers with different temperaments and aims, deliberately making use of such words as "inquiline" or "reasty,"[18] because, presumably, as neither of them can be found in the *Concise Oxford Dictionary,* the reader is supposed to be proportionately impressed? Or again of writing "perdurable for ever," when, the meaning of "perdurable" being "permanent or eternal,"[19] the "for ever" is superfluous?

Verbal gymnastics are totally unworthy of a writer who can call Oxford, unforgettably, the city of "Dreaming Spires." All lovers of Oxford are Compton Mackenzie's debtors for that phrase. He knows its immortality: is moved profoundly, or he could not write with such simplicity of the *"ecstasy of submission to this austere beneficence of stone that sheltered even"* a Michael Fane, *"the worshipper of one day, with the power of immortal pride."*

[17] Edward Moore. [18] *Sinister Street.*

[19] Vol. II., *Sinister Street,* Author's note—Mr. Mackenzie's explanation is as follows: *"Inquiline"* . . . has not yet been sentimentalized like "pilgrim," and *"Reasty"* . . . seems exactly to describe the London air at certain seasons.

> St. Mary's tower against the sky opening like a bloom seemed to express for him a sudden aspiration of all life towards immortal beauty. One May morning, when the choir boys of St. Mary's hymned the rising sun, Michael . . . was granted on that occasion to hold the city, as it were, imprisoned in a crystal globe, and by the intensity of his evocation to recognize perfectly that uncapturable quintessence of human desire and human vision so supremely displayed through the merely outward glory of a repository. . . . Slowly, the sky lightened: slowly, the cold hues and blushes of the sun's youth, that stood as symbol for so much here in St. Mary's, made of the east one great shell of lucent color. The gray stones of the college lost the mysterious outlines of dawn and sharpened slowly to a rose-warmed vitality. The choir boys gathered like twittering birds at the base of the tower. . . . The moment of waiting was almost too poignant during the hush of expectancy that preceded the declaration of worship. Then flashed a silver beam in the east; the massed choir boys with one accord opened their mouths and sang . . . like the morning stars. . . . The bells, incredibly loud here on the tower's top, crashed out so ardently that every stone seemed to nod in time as the tower trembled and swayed backwards and forwards while the sun mounted into the day. . . . Michael, through all the length of that May day, dreamed himself into the heart of England.[20]

The description, too, of Venner's, and what Venner's stands for, and of Venner's rebuke to the "young gentlemen" when rebuke is necessary, is perfect in its way.[21]

Nobody can doubt Compton Mackenzie's brilliancy or dexterity. But he will only be the great novelist which some call him now, when he eschews unworthy lures. "Deep down," as the children say, he actually is a far more natural and sincere character than, as yet, still to use a childish phrase, he is "big" enough to let us see. The twist in his nature, which makes him deliberately exploit one minute section of the kaleidoscopic world in its alternating florid and scarlet, or squalid and drab phases, limits his observation and irretrievably restricts interest in his work. How is it that a writer who has traveled so widely and has, withal, such sensitive perceptions, can become thrall to an obsession, and

[20] *Sinister Street*, vol. II. [21] *Ibid.*

write and re-write part of the same story so continually? Over and over again in his different books, we find allusions to the same thing which happened to the same people—Michael and Sylvia, Michael Avery and Jenny, Guy and Pauline, Dorothy Lonsdale and Lily Haden, as the case may be, until he ends by provincializing the half-world itself. With hawk-like eyes that can see in many directions, he deliberately puts on blinkers; with the winged spirit of youth to carry him far, he lurks in the incredibly narrow ways of one small area of teeming life. How account for this limitation of power except by an unworthy explanation? The man who sells his birthright for a mess of pottage is neither true man nor true artist.

II.

Take Compton Mackenzie's books, less as ends in themselves than as "starting-points for an inquiry into the human spirit," [22] and where do they lead us or him? Mr. Ellis Roberts tells us that Mackenzie's actual "interest in a dirty pond is purely confined to the glitter made by the scum if you turn the right light on it." [23] A story of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps [24] tells how the heroine, whose poor drab youth was suddenly transformed by love and happiness, caught up her grubby small brother in her arms and cried, ecstatically: "Just see how the mud-puddles shine, Moppets!" But I question if the light on the little American girl's mud-puddles and the light on Compton Mackenzie's "dirty ponds" spring from the same channel.

For his work as it stands gives a half-view of English character, which is more false than a lie. The half-world is not the main interest of the average decent young Englishman's human education, although it may play a tremendous part in it. There are other absorbing interests; making a career; sport; responsibilities. The phases of erotic quest, which Compton Mackenzie describes so realistically, become, after a surfeit, inconceivably dull.

The life-stories of ladies of pleasure have a fatal similarity even if they are described with Compton Mackenzie's sympathy and insight, even when they record a struggle such as

[22] *Athenæum.* [23] *Bookman.* [24] A story in *Men, Women and Ghosts.*

Sylvia Scarlett had before her innately gallant soul won through. Indeed, only the magical color of her surroundings: in France, England, Brazil, São Paulo, Spain, Morocco and the East, save Sylvia's incorrigible egotism, from becoming as wearisome as the repetition of Mr. Dick's famous "King Charles' head." It is almost impossible to believe that a Catholic who had ever practised his religion could have seriously set down Sylvia's confession in *Sylvia and Michael,* and imagined that any priest would have allowed an egoist to dwell with such supreme self-interest, if remarkable candor, on that prolonged revelation of herself. Not humility, but intense interest in the affairs of a past in which, extremely cleverly, she manages, in spite of her plain speaking, to appear as the victim of circumstance throughout, was behind her self-analysis, although it was a development in her spiritual growth. But a non-Catholic, not knowing that Penance is a Sacrament, is likely to believe that this kind of confession is true to life because a Catholic wrote it. Artificiality like this is actually the more amazing in view of what, from time to time, Compton Mackenzie has written of kindred subjects:

> When the priest held the monstrance aloft and gave the Benediction, it seemed that the wind had died away: upon her soul the company of God was shed like a gentle rain which left behind it faith blossoming like a flower and hope singing like a bird, and above them both, love shining like the sun.[25]

And again:

> "I've been pitching my ideals at a blank wall like so many empty bottles and—"
>
> "Were they empty? . . . Are you sure they were empty? May they not have been cruses of ointment the more precious for being broken?"
>
> Catholicism is God's method of throwing bottles at a blank wall—but not empty bottles.[26]

Rich Relatives, Compton Mackenzie's last published novel, acts in a way as a pendant to *Poor Relations.* But it is a

[25] *Sylvia and Michael.* [26] *Sinister Street,* vol. 1.

satiric study of life from the opposite angle, the view of a girl who, left suddenly bereaved by the death of her artist father, with whom she has spent a happy-go-lucky existence abroad, finds herself, penniless, at the mercy of the cold "charity" offered by wealthy uncles and aunts in England. It deals with a number of unpleasant characters, and however caustic the wit which depicts such characters, too prolonged intimacy with them becomes tedious.

The full humor of the book will probably only be sensed by those who, from one cause or another, the depreciation of stock investments, or a bank failure, have found themselves in a similar position—dependent upon the fluctuating whims or fantasies of rich relations or friends. A world seen suddenly in the light of poverty instead of comfort certainly has uncommon features. If you have been accustomed, for instance, to be a prominent figure in the foreground of a picture, it is rather amazing to discover that you may be either instantly eliminated from it by a sweep of the artist's brush, or relegated to a position from which you can only occasionally be recognized with the help of exceptionally strong magnifying glasses. Only a very precise sense of proportion will make you realize that in the eyes of the "world," what was looked upon as "poise" or "finish" when you had a comfortable income, automatically becomes "unpleasant self-confidence" without a bank balance behind it. The spiritual view of our rocking world is not immediately apparent to the fainting soul that is trying to find foothold; and it takes time and insight to discover that what was taken away was not worth a tithe of what was, later, to be given in such overwhelming fullness.

But "to see" in this way is to pre-suppose a vision of "that without which life is a sucked orange," and Jasmine Grant, Catholic though she was by label, certainly did not apply any Catholic principles to the problem of her singularly disconcerting rich relations. It would be hard to find, in the whole realms of prosaic misadventure, a set of more "cranky" or annoying personages than her unknown "family" formed. Prevented from earning, as she wished, a "living" in Sirene, in sympathetic conditions, she finds the cup of "charity" a very acid drink.

Admirable as each separate piece of characterization is

in its own way, there is no reason this book, any more than ninety-nine out of a hundred other modern novels, should ever have been written at all.

III.

The subjects of fiction; the mere "story" which a novelist gives us, are of course only illuminating in so far as they reveal the habit of his mind, and show the nature of the power he is sending out upon the world. "To the psychological critic commonplace trivialities and meannesses," do not matter in themselves, but the author's attitude towards them counts.

Compton Mackenzie, with the great art of capturing youth, has used it often to unworthy ends. The spirit of individual books with their infinite possibilities is not a static, but dynamic force. The choice of the right books is every bit as important as is the choice of the right friends. This is why a writer with the power not only to "see true" himself, but to make others see it, acts culpably when he narrows his vision and looks too long on what is perverted and artificial.

But because I like to believe that the one fairy who was so unaccountably forgotten when the invitations to Compton Mackenzie's christening party went out, was a good fairy and not a bad one, I think that though she emphatically withheld her gift, as any self-respecting fairy would in such a case, she did so for a time, and not "for ever." Fairies surely possess, like politicians, the magical art of eating their own words—and that special fairy will, I think, see that to condemn a human being to go through life weighted with gaudy attributes and decorations when all he really needs is more simplicity and a child's heart, is punishment out of proportion to the original offence. Nobody, more than Compton Mackenzie himself, knows better how far short his little skiff fails of reaching the haven where it would be, nor how much personal ballast he has yet to overthrow before he wins there.

THOMISTIC AND AMERICAN RIGHTS AND LIBERTIES.

BY EDWARD F. MURPHY, S.S.J., PH.D.

THE politics of Aquinas could be epitomized in his doctrine on rights. Incidentally, such a synopsis would evince how modern this mediæval mind really was.

If we trail our eye over such a representative bill of American rights as Virginia's, which ranks so important in the story of our nascent days, and if we then turn to Thomistic pages, an eloquent harmony of ideas is discovered. If we consider the Declaration of Independence, and then mull over Thomistic texts, we discover that five centuries before Thomas Jefferson, Thomas Aquinas was just as true an apostle of liberty—and sanity.

The Angelic Doctor strikes the American keynote perfectly when he declares: "Nature made all men equal in liberty;" [1] "Men are not superior to each other according to the order of nature," [2] and "All men are equal by nature." [3] That men, on entering a state of society, cannot by any compact commit the injustice of depriving or divesting themselves, let alone their posterity, of their inherent rights, is instinct in his principle: "If a measure is opposed to justice, human will cannot make it just." [4] And so Aquinas seems to stand with Hobbes and Spinoza no more than did the Colonists.

His contention: "It is the property of the whole people or of the public person who has care of them, to make law," etc.,[5] so strongly indicates his belief in the popular source of civil power that any other interpretation of that text seems weak. In his *Contra Gentiles,* Book III., chapter 31, he criticizes power thus: the greater it is, the greater the number of those on whom it depends; and that which depends on many may be destroyed by many. Thus he suggests that the greater power in the State originally resides not in any individual or indi-

1 II. *Sententiæ,* d.44, qu.i. a.iii.
2 *Ibid.,* d.6, qu.i. a.d, ad.5
3 *Summa Theologica,* 2a 2æ., qu.civ. a.v.
4 *Ibid.*
5 *Ibid.,* 1a 2æ., qu.xc. a.iii.

viduals, but in the greatest number, *i. e.*, the people. And he warns the possessors of power of their relation to the source of it. In the *De Eruditione Principum*, a book of Thomistic influence,[6] we read: "If the head is higher than the human body, nevertheless, the body is greater. . . . Thus the ruler has power from the subjects and eminence. . . ."

The Doctor teaches as clearly as Virginia insists, that the object of government is the benefit, the protection and the security of the people, and that rulers must take these purposes to mind and heart.[7] He lays stress on the interior foes of social and civil life; for he considers these even more ominous than enemies from without. A united nation can weather a storm like an iron-clad ship. He takes care to unfold what he means by the good living which he deems it essential for the State to secure for its citizens; declaring that it entails whatever benefits are procurable by human effort, *e. g.*, wealth, profit, health, education.[8] And so, by the good life which must be the aim of governor for the governed, St. Thomas certainly signifies bodily, mental, economic and moral well-being for everybody—education and opportunity for all.

It is clear that the Angelic Doctor was as duly concerned with "the danger of maladministration," and security against it, as the Virginian sires of our Republic; for he teaches that government should be so disposed that occasion of corruption is removed, and that authority should be so circumscribed or curtailed that it cannot readily turn into tyranny.[9]

There can be little doubt that Aquinas holds that a pernicious or inadequate polity is justly at the mercy of the people, and that theirs is the right "to reform, alter or abolish it." If it is the right of a people to provide themselves a ruler, he sees no reason why they should not have the correlative right of deposition in the event that their appointed leader abuses his trust.[10] But his doctrine does not canonize Brutus, Cromwell or Charlotte Corday. Not by private presumption, but by public authority, must the procedure against abusive government be made; and even then only with great circumspection, for the cure of an excessive ruler or government may be worse than the malady. Further, St. Thomas maintains that, if a government be unjust, or usurped,

6 I., ch. 6. 7 *De Regimine*, I., 2. 8 *Ibid.*, I., 15. 9 *Ibid.*, I., 6. 10 *Ibid.*

or if the rulers decree unjustly, the subjects are not held to obedience, save accidentally to avoid scandal or peril.[11] Here his politics is in notable accord with the Virginia Assembly and the Boston Tea Party.

Aquinas believes with America, not only that "no man, or set of men, are entitled to separate or exclusive emoluments or privileges from the community" apart from merits and deserts; but he positively teaches that to grant them such honors is sinful.[12] He is one with Aristotle, Virginia and Columbia in the idea that honors should not be descendible when work and worth are not, and that the key to civil office should be kept in the public hand.[13]

It appears that the Angelic Doctor, under the spirit of Aristotle, would go even further than the Virginia demand with regard to the separation of the powers of government, and would have not only the judiciary "separate" and "distinct" from the legislative and executive departments, but the latter two also divided from each other.[14] He was aware, too, of the value of the limited tenure of office, so necessary to the preservation of democratic ideals, and introduced the idea fairly from Aristotle.

St. Thomas esteems the democratic form of government most highly. He adjudges it vital that the governed have some share in their own government. And he places the right of suffrage beyond doubt by tracing the kind of polity which must recognize it, to the divine plan.[15]

As for taxation and other such demands on the possessions of the people, Aquinas insists that the common good must always be consulted; and this means popular consent, for the people cannot rationally be unwilling to be benefited. But, ordinarily, on Thomistic principle, they are not to be deprived of their money or property in any way.[16]

That the people are the practical basis of just law, in themselves or in their representatives, is as indubitable in Thomistic politics as in the Virginia Bill of Rights. Every civil enactment must in some way come from them to be binding on them.[17] But while legislative power resides in the people or their representatives, Aquinas believes that the

11 *Summa Theologica*, 2a 2æ., qu.civ. a.vi.
12 *Ibid.*, 2a 2æ., qu.lxiii.
13 *Com. Polit.*, III., 14.
14 *Ibid.*, II., 1, and IV., 12.
15 *Summa Theologica*, 1a 2æ., qu.cv. a.i.
16 *De Regimine Judæorum.*
17 *Summa Theologica*, 1a 2æ., qu.xc. a.iii.

power of withholding legal force is in the hands of the ruler of the community, for obvious reasons. However, the ruler has no right to exercise the power always and at will, but only when the law falls short and ever for the good of the people. Moreover, only in the case of a law which "rests on his authority" is he privileged to dispense; and he is always the vicegerent of the people. If he represents them in making the law, equally he must represent them in suspending it or the particular application of it. The Angelic Doctor is explicit that the authority-wielder must not act arbitrarily in the matter.[18]

He proclaims the unlawful character of all civil measures against a man beyond those which strict justice requires. In this the right of a speedy trial is implied, and is further suggested in his sensible remark that, fettering a man, we hinder him "from doing not only evil, but also good." [19] The need of promptitude and facility in the administration of justice is referred to as self-evident in the *Summa Theologica*, 1a 2æ., qu.cv. a.ii.: "Since the necessity of judgments frequently obtains, access to a judge should be ready." [20] St. Thomas' contention that "good is to be presumed of everyone unless the contrary appears," [21] unmistakably suggests the right of the accused to be treated humanely and considerately prior to trial.

There are Thomistic texts [22] from which our modern idea of trial by jury is not far removed. The thought that the people should in somewise judge the people was Aristotle's, and passed through the Angelic Doctor's *Commentary* into mediæval influence. When Thomas teaches that a man may judge none others than his subjects, he is not counter to the jury idea; for the accused is always, in a manner, inferior to those who are appointed to pass a verdict on him.

Aquinas sets his doctrine rigidly against cruel and unusual punishments.[23]

It indirectly follows from his teaching that the home is a distinct institution, prior to the State, possessive of its own character and hence, we must conclude, of its own rights,[24]

18 *Ibid.*, 1a 2æ., qu.xcvii. a.iv.
19 *Ibid.*, 2a 2æ., qu.lxv. a.iii.
20 *Præterea*, VII.
21 *Summa Theologica*, 2a 2æ., qu.lxx. a.iii.
22 *Vide Com. Polit.*, IV., 15, and III., 1.
23 *Summa Theologica*, 2a 2æ., qu.cix. a.i., ad.1, and a.ii., ad.1.
24 *Com. Polit.*, I., 1.

that an undue invasion of it, even with civil sanction, is unjust. He deems the home the civil unit and a moral person.[25] Hence he would have the inviolability of the home, as well as of the individual, truly acknowledged. Under the name "home," it would seem, Aquinas includes private houses and places.

To be sure, the Angelic Doctor preceding Gutenberg and Faust in history by nearly two centuries, is silent about the liberty of the press. But he is eloquent on the right of liberty of conscience and speech. His thoughts on these subjects, conceived in a peculiarly religious age, are naturally bound up in the topic of non-Christians and recusants from the Faith. Here, particularly, his principle must be distinguished from its historical application. And his principle, democratically, is this: "Those who have never accepted the Faith are in no wise to be forced into it; for to believe is an act of the will." [26] His advocacy of freedom of conscience is not weakened in principle by his additional teaching, that those who have freely accepted the Faith are bound to fulfill its obligations.

Of speech, he plainly admits the right;[27] but he speaks rather on the abuse and misapplication of it, the better to keep it from brimming over into a license and into the vulgarity which once caused Lord Morely to describe the press as "a perpetual engine for keeping discussion on a low level." He urges that constructive criticism should be the aim of free discussion, and that disputants have no right to disrespect authorities greater than themselves. He offers monitions on the proper use and purpose of free thought and speech, thus assuming the right of them,[28] and raising it beyond cavil.

The Angelic Doctor views the State as a whole which should never be severed, and hence should be administered by a single legislature. In fact, whatever favor he manifests for monarchy springs from a defence of this very Virginian right itself: uniform government.[29]

The Virginian cry for justice seems but a reverberation of a deep Thomistic note. Obviously, justice, in St. Thomas' doctrine, is in causal relation to the common good.[30] He ob-

25 *Summa Theologica*, 2a 2æ., qu.l. a.iii.
26 *Ibid.*, 2a 2æ., qu.x. a.viii.
27 *Ibid.*, 2a 2æ., qu.x. a.i., ad.1,2.
28 *Ibid.*, 2a 2æ., q.x. a.vii., ad.3.
29 *De Regimine*, I., 1.
30 *Summa Theologica*, 2a 2æ., qu.lviii. a.v.

serves that there can be no harmony, security or consistency in human society unless each individual be granted his due. More than this, democracy could not ask nor a free government promise; and no less than this is the Thomistic demand and pledge. His stand for the virtue of temperance is as vivid as Virginia's.[31] According to him, intemperance renders the individual a slave. A man must be master of himself to be a fitting citizen in a democracy, which is really at the mercy of the individual. For in such a form of government every citizen has a hand.

As for the "frequent recurrence to fundamental principle," on which the Virginia Bill insists, the politics of Aquinas in its totality is a corroborative doctrine. Not once does he snap connection with ethics to indulge a dizzy, spectacular flight. His majestic concept of the natural law is the beginning, the guide and the end of his political thought. It is the consistent and immutable basis of rights, as well as the vindication of duties. It perpetually prescribes reason and approves all reasonable ideas of State. It teaches not only liberty, but law; not only culture, but service; not only peace, but prudence. So earnestly does Aquinas cling to its principles that he may be accused of impracticality. But such a judgment would be as unjust to him as to the patriots of Virginia, who set for their own State and our young Republic such noble political ideals.

Finally, like Virginia, Aquinas maintains that one's Christian attitude must not be limited by one's social sphere. The helping hand should not be exclusive, but warm with democracy.[32] The individual is to think and feel in large terms, breaking the husks of pusillanimity and recognizing that humanity is bigger than self. Here is not only democracy, but also the assurance and protection of it.

The Massachusetts Declaration of Rights (1780), as agressively American as the Virginian, is lengthier but substantially the same. The original third article of this Bill mingles civics and religion in a manner to make the anti-mediæval American wince; for right here in a document couched by the very goddess of Liberty, we see an admission of the moral in-

[31] *Ibid.*, 2a 2æ., qu.cxlii. a.iv.

[32] *Ibid.*, 2a 2æ., qu.civ. a.v.; qu.xxvi. a.iv., ad.3; qu.xxxi. a.ii., ad.1, and a.iii., ad.2.

fluence of Church on State, and an admiration for it. We instantly feel all the more certain that the rôle which Thomas Aquinas assigns religion in the State does not limit his appreciation of liberty in the least. A comparison between the Bay State Article and St. Thomas' doctrine on the place and service of religion in the State [33] would indicate that the former is the stronger and bolder, though written in the very heydey of the spirit of American freedom. It was later toned down and became Article XI. of the amendments. Governmental attention to expenses and coercion in the matter of religious instruction are not mentioned in the new version. In its softer notes, the article sounds even more Thomistic than before.

Massachusetts guarantees protection to the individual. Thomistic politics does as much and more. Not only protection, but subsistence, is the Angelic Doctor's insistence. The Bay State proclaims the necessity of religion in a republic if morality is to prevail. Aquinas says as much and more. He believes and teaches that virtue may be vitally conditioned by temporalities, and that government should, therefore, seek to assure every worthy citizen of a sufficiency of bodily goods. "Two things," he asserts in his treatise on rulership, "are required for a good life: the principal one is working according to virtue (for it is virtue by which we live well); the other is secondary, and in a way instrumental, viz., a sufficiency of bodily goods, the use of which is necessary to an act of virtue." [34] Aquinas apparently would no more have a hungry man in the State than a wronged one. His teaching would make the Massachusetts declaration sound tame.

Massachusetts vindicates for the people the right of assembly and discussion. Aquinas, too, holds the right of public assertion against civil wrongs, and hence implies the further right of the people to meet for such purpose.[35] In the case where a civil body is the buffer between the multitude and the chief official, Aquinas would have him dealt with through the agency of that body. But the important fact is that he teaches a practical relation of the people to their own welfare and their legislature, which is the essence of the Massachusetts demand.

The Angelic Doctor realizes both the stability and the in-

[33] *Ibid.*, 2a 2æ., qu.xcix. a.iii. [34] *De Regimine*, I., 15. [35] *Ibid.* I., 6.

adequacy of law, and teaches the necessity of remedying and perfecting it.[36] This, of course, includes the necessity for the legislative body to meet as frequently as the duties of making new laws and the amelioration, abrogation or confirmation of old ones require.

The Colonial stand against "taxation without representation" is forfelt in such texts of St. Thomas as: "To ordain anything for the common good is the prerogative of the whole people or of their representative;"[37] and "Rulers of the earth are established by God not to seek their own advantage, but the common good of the people."[38] Thus the substance of the shibboleth which blazed the way to the American Revolution had lain in Thomistic pages for five centuries before the Boston Tea Party.

These cursory observations sufficiently show that the Master Mind of the Middle Ages may not have been altogether remote from the birth of the American Republic. The seed of his politics sprouted in the centuries. He taught men what they could not forget. Besides, all the Popes, from Urban IV., his contemporary, down to Pius XI., used their sincerest sanctions to keep his voice, so eloquent of true democracy, a living thing in world thought; Catholic and non-Catholic writers, consciously or unconsciously, developed his ideas; so that the final political harvest was a foregone conclusion.

One has but to turn to the Declaration of Independence and compare it with Thomistic doctrine to be further convinced of the intellectual relationship of Aquinas to the liberty we enjoy. All "the self-evident truths" in this great American document are points of his politics.[39] We cannot but conclude from such a comparison that the mind of Aquinas was not far behind that of Thomas Jefferson when the bit of literature, powerful enough to free America, was couched. The Declaration already lay Latinized in the books of the ablest general scholar in the history of the Catholic Church and the best representative of its spirit and traditions: a satisfying proof that the thought of Roman Catholicism is

[36] *Summa Theologica*, 1a 2æ., qu.xcvii. a.ii.

[37] *Ibid.*, 1a 2æ., qu.xc. a.iii.

[38] *De Regimine Judæorum.*

[39] *Vide* II. *Sententiæ*, d.xliv., qu.i. a.iii.; *De Regimine*, I., 1, 6; *Summa Theologica*, 1a 2æ., qu.xc. a.iii.

inimical to tyranny and indeed friendly to the people, their rights and the rational reign of liberty.

We may even extend the parallel between American and Thomistic tenets to show that the Angel of the Schools taught the very principles which projected the existing Constitution of the United States, and which Peletiah Webster embodied in his "epoch-making tract" of February 16, 1783. Mr. Webster's principle that the supreme authority ought to be sufficiently powerful is advanced in St. Thomas' *De Regimine*, I., 13. His second principle (that the supreme authority should be limited) is to be found in the same work (I., 3 and 6). As for his third principle (that a number of sovereign states uniting into one commonwealth must hand over to the supreme power as much of their own sovereignty as is necessary to render the ends of the union effectual), St. Thomas has a number of texts which clearly show the relation of the less to the greater and the necessity of the less becoming even lesser in the greater in order to preserve itself the better.[40]

It is clear that Aquinas would have disapproved of a national condition which wrung from George Washington the complaint: "We are one nation today and thirteen tomorrow." His propositions made for the civil synthesis which, without destroying the individuality of the States any more than that of the individuals composing them, would "form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare and secure the blessing of liberty." In a word, he was the advocate of "the perfect community," which Peletiah Webster envisaged and our Constitution secured.

Two centuries before Columbus discovered America geographically, it would seem that a son of St. Dominic had located it politically. In Thomistic politics, our country is in embryo. The Angelic Doctor differs from the founders of our Republic and their achievement only as summer from springtime, or the full-blown blossom from the humble seed. To admit the democracy and merit of the United States is to concede the same of the presaging Thomistic thought. In the right-bills of our sovereign States, in the document of our

[40] *Summa Theologica*, 1a 2æ., qu.lxiv. a.ii.; qu.xxix. a.ii., ad.2; *Quæstiones Disputæ, De Caritate*, qu.i. a.iv., ad.2; *Com. Polit.*, I., 1.

Declaration of Independence, in the *rationale* of our Constitution, his finger appears. An invisible guest, he was present at the founding of our nation; as he is also present through its preservation. So long as she is true to justice and reason, the spirits in which she was conceived, our country cannot die. Justice and reason express the political apostolate of Aquinas, and are the very substance of his message. Ideally and practically, they are his theory of State. In justice the people must find their due, which is democracy. In reason, they must accept duty and claim right, which is the salvation of democracy.

ON A BIRTHDAY.

BY MICHAEL EARLS, S.J.

All on a fair morning
  At an altar place,
It was Our Lady's birthday
  Spoke for thee a grace.

High above the altar
  Lovely eyes looked down
All meek in white marble
  And a blue window gown.

Brighter than dawn sounds
  On a desert coast,
Bells in the Mass hour
  Hailed the white Host.

Christ lit the silence
  Like a still white Flame,
His Heart was a hid rose
  Eager for thy name.

All on a fair morning,
  Our Lady knows the place,
Thy name won a welcome
  And thy heart a grace.

FETTERS OF GOLD.

BY MARY A. CARNE.

I.

I FIRST met him in a Colorado canyon.

I was out there for my health, a T. B. suspect; one of those damaged, human cogwheels the great business machines of the East are continually sending back to God's Nature-factory to be mended, in the one place where it is still allowed free operation, the mountains and prairies of the wonderful West. I was progressing finely; the factory worked magic, and that day I had ventured a little longer tramp than usual—through one of the canyons I most admired.

A wild storm of wind and rain and thunder—one of the frequent house-cleanings with which Mother Nature succeeds in keeping Colorado air refreshing—drove me to seek shelter. I found it in the shape of a little shack, nestled deep in one of the gorges—just a shack, only one room and a little lean-to.

Its owner, a young man, was inside when I entered, bringing a wild dash of weather with me. I was welcomed, of course; it was a Western home if it was a shack. While the thunder growled, we talked.

Of the weather, first, and the Japanese immigration question, of course, and of politics in general—finally, of ourselves. I told him who I was and why I came, and was congratulated warmly on my improved health. Then I glanced at him, curiously, for he was surely no T. B. suspect; his healthy tan and broad shoulders mocking my newly-acquired color and freshly gained few pounds.

"Why are you out here?" for from some chance remark I knew he was not a Westerner. "You are not T. B.?"

He smiled and shook his head, then the smile faded into seriousness.

"I'm worse."

My curiosity grew. Worse? I glanced at his face again.

Even in the gloom of the cabin the occasional lightning flashes showed it plainly. It was clean, honest and manly, yet boyish. No crime, surely, lurked behind those honest eyes. The place was an ideal setting for a desperado, but he wasn't. I laughed as I made my next suggestion.

"Bandit?"

The gloom on his face did not lift.

"It looks worse to me sometimes," he said.

A sudden gust of wind and thunder shook the cabin, darkening it still more. Losing sight for a moment of the honest, boyish face, I felt a distrust steal over me. Who, and what, was this fellow? But I am no coward, and I spoke out sharply:

"What are you then, anyhow?"

The darkness seemed to deepen further; I could see nothing of his face—only the red light of his cigar. Then he spoke slowly, remorsefully:

"Darn it all, I'm a millionaire!"

Laugh! I don't think I ever laughed harder. The lightning lit up the cabin just then, showing the rude furnishings, the pine walls and the boy, in khaki shirt and corduroy trousers, beside me who said so remorsefully: "I'm a millionaire." But he didn't laugh. He was in earnest; I saw that at once, for I could see his face better now. The storm seemed to have lessened somewhat.

"You can laugh if you want to," he said, grimly, "but, tell me honestly, how many millionaires do you know?"

I couldn't truthfully say that I knew any. I was bookkeeper for a big lumber concern back home; my acquaintance with millionaires was confined, as I told him, to reading about them in the newspapers.

"I know," he said, moodily, "sepia pictures in Sunday supplements, their country homes, wives and children, prize dogs, golfing on the links and all that; full description of their philanthropy in another section—hospital endowments and that sort of things; political connections on the first page—oh, yes, that's the way you know millionaires. It sounds good on paper, but they're slaves, I tell you, they're slaves!"

He had risen from his chair now, and was pacing the little room with long strides that nearly reached the wall at either turn; they did not quite do it, and he had to give a quick, short

step to complete the walk. As I watched him, it gave the effect of a bar of jerky music, a long note followed by a quaver; he jerked out his sentences, too, now. He was in dead earnest and was unburdening his soul to a stranger, perhaps with greater confidence because he was a stranger; maybe, the semi-gloom made it easier for him.

"You know," he went on, "you *can* own other things. Your people and your friends—you can live in them and with them—your horse and your dog are part of you—you can own a house, and its yours—you can add to it—a window here, a porch there—and it can express you. You can do that with a yacht," he continued, "or a car, or anything like that—you can make them serve you, but not money. Not much money, I mean; you can own a little, but *much* owns you."

I ventured to remind him, as he paused for a moment, that with money he could buy the other things by which he could "express himself," as he called it.

"No, you can't," he answered. "I know what I mean. If you have a little money, yes, but too great an amount dominates you. I have lived among men of money, and I know. It is not you who buy the house, or the yacht, or the car. It is your money, and your money owns it. Tell me, when you look at Rockefeller's home, or Gould's, in the Sunday supplement, do you think of him or his money? When you see his car, you do not notice what make *he* prefers. You wonder with that much money what he will buy. When you see their wives and children you wonder what a millionaire's family looks like; even they don't represent *him* to the world, only his money. It grows so," he continued, and the quick, nervous pacing, which had stopped for a moment, began again. "It increases so horribly! You can't stop it—once it begins! Compound interest piled on compound interest—and stocks and bonds that just can't help making money. They drink it in! Other things seem hard to make money out of—but start *money* making money, and it goes on forever!"

I stared at him. The storm had ceased now; it was quite light, and I could see him plainly. The boyish look was all gone, or if there, it was rather the gaze of a terrified boy; his eyes were full of fear and depression, almost dilated; there were drawn lines about his mouth. I felt an intense pity as I watched him, and yet there seemed something ludi-

crous about it all to the hard business sense which the world had bred in me. Yet it was no stage-play; he was really facing a nightmare.

I asked a question; partly to break the look of tension on his face:

"Is that why you are out here, then; you are taking a vacation from stocks and bonds?"

A sudden smile lit up his face, sending the happy, boyish look again to it.

"Yes," he said, "this is my vacation; maybe my last. You see I am not a millionaire yet, not quite. I am only a prospective one; my grandfather brought me up, and he is on his last legs, poor old chap. The doctors only give him months now, and I know when he is gone the noose will descend on my neck. So I am out here—all by myself. Nobody knows me, and I haven't a thing around me but stuff like this," he waved his hand around him, "things that a tramp might own. There isn't a person within miles of me. I meet none but passersby like yourself. There is nothing between me and the sky. I sleep under the stars. I never come in except for rains, and not always then. I am going ere long into the chains that wealth will put on me, but for this time, at least, I am absolutely free."

His face lighted as he said the words into a radiance that was real beauty. My worldliness melted under it; for the moment the stocks and bonds—my own poor share of which I had always tenderly cherished—suddenly seemed to me really chains for this ardent young spirit.

"Why don't you chuck it all?" I asked. "After the old man dies, I mean. Can't you refuse it, or something?"

He looked at me seriously.

"I *have* thought of it," he said, "but you know I can't. We've been millionaires so long; it's in the family, you know, and I—I expect Grandad was afraid I might, and he made me promise to accept the money and not do anything foolish with it. So I am bound by it; the poor old man, you see! I am the last of the name, and I couldn't refuse him, but that is my big temptation. No, I've got to take it some day," and his eyes looked drearily ahead as if at a gray future, but the mouth never lost its firmness.

I could have laughed again at the bizarreness of it all

but for the pathos; the lad so heroically resolving, for the honor of the family, to accept the arduous portion of becoming a millionaire.

As I looked a sudden beam of light fell over him, lighting the sad, stern, young face with a sort of unearthly glory.

"By Jingo!" he cried. "Great Scott! Look, what a sunset," and, bursting open the crazy door, was outside.

I followed him, but to tell the truth, though a sunset is glorious seen from a Colorado canyon, I saw most of it in his face. He looked like a young demigod; he seemed to me the very incarnation of the whole scene; the wild freedom of the canyon, the blue sky framed above, the sunset glory, all seemed alive in this superb specimen of young manhood with the radiant face and the glowing eyes. Then all the splendor faded; he turned to me, his eyes still shining.

"Glory!" he said, "that was fine! It's grand to be alive here, isn't it?" and he threw out his arms and inhaled a long, deep breath of the sweet, free air.

I grew pitiful again as I watched him; he seemed so made for freedom; after all, it was cruel to put him in fetters of gold.

A sudden chill in the air that followed the sunset warned me. The doctor had cautioned me not to stay out after sundown. I must go home. I asked a few directions, and then bade him good-bye.

"It's not entirely good-bye, though," he said, "I am coming to see you. It will do you good to come up here, and I must not hide entirely from my kind. It will come harder when I put on my fetters of gold."

He had used my own words, but I tried to laugh at him.

"Come, now," I said, "don't be an absolute jackass. Most men would be only too happy to be in your place."

"Most men, perhaps," he answered, smilingly, "but I prefer it here if I am an absolute jackass. I am a millionaire here already—a millionaire of freedom."

When I reached the turn, I looked back. He was smiling still and waving, his splendid figure outlined against the sky some feet above me; a millionaire of freedom in his solitude, indeed. Then I turned and left him.

He had warned me of dangerous spots on the path, but my mind was preoccupied, and I stumbled a little, once, and

had just resolved to be more careful when—it happened. One moment I was on safe ground, just realizing it was a little crumbly there; the next, I was caught, mercifully, caught on an overhanging bush which alone saved me from dashing to death on the rocks of the river that foamed in the gorge below.

I could not remain there long; I knew it. I felt benumbed with fear; I dared not move. My faculties of prayer were a little rusty from disuse, perhaps, but I used them. I murmured something, the "Hail Mary," I think it was, and suddenly felt an agonizing pain in my shoulders as someone seized me in a grasp that was overpowering, and I was lifted—dragged—to the path again.

I think I must have lost consciousness, for when I opened my eyes I felt dirt and stones under my head and saw the blue sky above me. I was flat on my back in the path, and fumbling at my shirt collar to open it was my "absolute jackass."

"Are you better now?" he asked. Don't try to stand up yet. I hated to let you lie there in the dirt, but the path is too risky to carry you. You had a close shave. I just could reach you. No, don't get up."

But I was already on my feet, although I clung to him for a moment. I could see it all so plainly. There was the very spot where my feet had slid, for the earth showed it, and there was the gorge so many feet below and the kindly bush that had caught me, but, thanks to my rescuer, I was here. I think my hand grasp spoke for me. I couldn't. Americans are not demonstrative usually, and I was no exception to the rule.

"How did you ever do it?" I believe that was all I said in words. "Where did you stand?"

"Just there," he answered, laconically, "there was just room enough, and no more."

It was a fact; he must have put one foot on the path and the other on a place that could just be held by a resolute mind in a strong body. It was dangerous at that; one misstep, and there would have been two instead of one in the gorge below. I shuddered—

"You were in an ace of death yourself," I said, "and I am a stranger."

"Nonsense," he answered with a lorldly air that was yet friendly, "there are no strangers here. Rather, we are all strangers, that is it. Don't these canyons and mountains and big spaces give you a constant reminder that you are a stranger and a pilgrim, as my old grandmother used to say the Good Book said? The very vastness makes friends of strangers here. We feel our insignificance. As for death, I suppose I was near it, but what could I do? I could not stay here and let you go. After all, though," he went on, a touch of boyishness replacing his lordly air again, "I am glad it didn't happen. Think of it! One minute living, rejoicing, exulting; the next, gone, annihilated, nothing but a broken body down on those rocks. Great Scott! I'm glad it didn't happen!"

I stared at him, astounded again. I was a Catholic, although not a very strict one; one of the "shortest Mass on Sundays" and "Sacraments at Christmas and Easter" sort, but I was a Catholic. My young god of freedom was evidently a splendid pagan; for him death was annihilation. I would have liked to say something, but you cannot well enter into a religious argument standing by the side of a precipice with the man who has just rescued you. Besides, as I was aware, my religion was not very fervent, and I felt that I was not at all fitted for arguing with this mind which I recognized as superior to my own. But in spite of myself the words left my lips:

"You annihilated? Never!"

He did not seem to hear me, however, for just then he gave a sudden exclamation:

"There's just the man I want," and forming a trumpet with his hands, he began to shout: "Doc—tor Dal—ton . . . Doc—tor . . . Dal—ton . . . hey—there—" and a carriage just entering a path below was stopped, and Doctor Dalton, who happened to be my physician, speedily reached us.

I received a tremendous scolding and was ordered to drive home with him.

"You must come and see me, though," I pleaded with my young rescuer. "You saved my life, remember."

"Yes," he answered, "I told you I was coming, and maybe I shall ask a favor of you some day. I did save your life even if you do consider me an absolute jackass."

"Now," said the Doctor as we drove off, "I like that

young fellow. He is fond of doing good turns. Why in thunder did you call him an absolute jackass?"

But I did not answer. I was looking back to where my absolute jackass tramped back to his mountain home, alone.

He did come to see me, but I was not at home. He left a bunch of mountain flowers, however, and his card, and I discovered that his name was Richard Saunders. My own, by the way, is Jack Graham—I had forgotten to introduce myself—this is his story, not mine.

I had no second chance to see him, for the next day I received a summons from the East. My father was ill, and I must return. It was thought safe, as I was so much improved in health, and I left the West without meeting him again. He was in my mind, however, in spite of my own anxiety, and I wondered what would become of him.

As I rode East, I saw him a thousand times in fancy. As a young demigod with the sunset glory around him, then as a haunted man with the shadow of his dread of his wealth in his eyes; above all, with that stern look of renunciation on his face as the sunlight fell upon him like a young martyr, but, alas, a pagan martyr. What would befall him? Would his golden fetters enslave the nobility that dwelt in him, or would his paganism force him to burst them. What lay before my young pagan martyr with his longing for freedom? I could not answer, for only God knew.

II.

Only God knew, but nine months later He made me a sharer in that knowledge.

For the interest suddenly born, more suddenly and strongly cemented, met, to my surprise, an equally sudden revival, and one May afternoon I again sat smoking and talking with my young millionaire. Millionaire of wealth this time, for we were seated on the veranda of his Hudson River home, his own property now. Before and around us stretched the park-like beauty of his well-cared-for acres, and through the long French window behind me I could see the elegant appointments of the study we had just left. The whole house, and I had seen most of it, was the sort of palace I had often seen pictured but never entered before.

Astonishment at doing it now was still rife within me.

I had scarcely gotten over the surprise of the letter I had received two days previous from "your true friend, Richard Saunders," dated from Monskford-on-Hudson. It told me of his grandfather's death some time before, and reminded me that he had told me on the day on which he had saved my life that, in virtue of this, he might some day ask a favor.

"I want it now, old fellow," the letter ran, "I am very much alone. Somehow, it seems easy to confide in you. I told you a whole lot about this absolute jackass in a Colorado canyon one day. Will you come to a New York millionaire's home and hear the sequel? A fellow must confide in some one, and you know I saved your life. That gives me a claim on you, doesn't it? And now I have another, which I will tell you when we meet. You *will* come, won't you?"

Of course I would, and I did.

So here we sat, smoking and talking, in the May sunshine amidst the costly appurtenances of wealth, as once we had smoked and talked in a Western cabin during a Colorado thunderstorm nine months before. Of many things again; of politics once more, and of my father's health and my own—both now restored—and again, finally, of himself.

I had noticed him from the first moment, keenly, and I had seen some things that pleased and some that puzzled me. He was no longer the young Westerner in khaki, but the faultlessly dressed New Yorker in his spotless flannels, and he was at home in this environment, too. He was to the manner born, and his wealth fitted him like a glove. He seemed to ennoble it; it had certainly not lowered him; there was no hint of its mastering him, as he had so dreaded; it seemed, rather, only a background to his personality. I noticed another thing, too, and while the other pleased, this puzzled me. His wealth seemed a fitting background, yet it was only a background. He was detached from it and stood away from it, and his air and manner perplexed me, too. He was not less virile, less earnest than before, rather more so, but there was another air to his virility—a repression of strength that seemed to render it stronger. He was changed, slightly, in looks, too: he had lost his tan and his face was slightly thinner, and he had at times an expression which I could not understand.

This impression lessened somewhat as we sat talking of

the world and its affairs, and I fell under the spell of the potent influences around me. The atmosphere delighted me. I began to revel in this sense of luxury, and he seemed to become its type to me.

"Say, Dick, old fellow," I broke out at last, "do you remember the nonsense you talked out in Colorado? I was blunt with you then, but it was the Western air, I believe. I called you an absolute jackass. When you realize what all this means to you," and I waved my hand around comprehensively, "don't you think you were?"

His face grew serious at once. Not with gloom; this was a gentle seriousness, tinged with another look—peaceful and pleasant to see.

"Yes, old chap," he said, slowly, "I think I was—not exactly as you mean, though—an *absolute* jackass."

A sudden smile lit up his face as he said the words.

"That's what I wanted you for," he said. "That's the story. I'll begin," and tossing away the butt of his costly Havana, he picked out another from his heavily-carved silver case and passed the handsome affair over to me. "Oh, you've finished yours, too. Smoke another, do."

I accepted gladly. Cigars like these I had never smoked in my life before. The blue haze of their smoke rose between us as he spoke again:

"So you think this life suits me, do you?"

"Admirably," I said. "Why, it fits you to perfection. A millionaire! It is what you were made for!"

He laughed.

"You like the place, do you? Had a good time? I'm glad, for I can't ask you again. You see, I leave myself tomorrow."

"Leave? You are going traveling for a while?"

"I'm not leaving for a while, but for good. I'm going to chuck it all, as you once advised."

"But your promise to your grandfather," I gasped, "how about that? And this represents power . . . You shouldn't lightly—"

"It is not done lightly," he interrupted. "That promise no longer binds me. I did accept it, and I leave it in good hands. It will have power still, strong power, for good. And I will be free."

Free! So his paganism had not stood the test of renunciation. After all, how could it? But he was speaking:

"You know I have always longed for freedom. It has been almost a passion with me, and I am going to have it now. I shall be freer than I ever dreamed a man could be. I am going to break every human tie, cast aside fetters of gold and all fetters, and in a solitude, deeper than Colorado's mountains, find freedom absolute."

The second stage of his paganism. His liberty would be license, and he was going to resort to savagery in the extreme of his nature-worship, but no man has a right to cast all human bonds aside. I was not pious, but once more I had to speak:

"But, after all, is that right? We are not entirely our own. We owe something to man—and God."

A sudden radiance lit up his face, reminding me of an alabaster lamp that I had seen illuminated in an old museum. He echoed the word softly, "God!"

"Can't you guess?" he cried. "'The glorious liberty'"—then he broke off suddenly and took my hand. "Jack, I said a new tie bound us. I have known you were a Catholic ever since I unfastened your collar and saw your scapular that day in the canyon. I am one, too, now. I was received into the Church in Kentucky two months ago."

Again I didn't say anything, but my hand-grasp did. He returned it and went on:

"You understand, then, don't you about my being free?"

I only stared.

"Of course," I said, "there is no freedom broader than Catholicism, but I don't understand you exactly."

"Oh, I thought you would," he said, boyishly and seemed disappointed. He got up from his chair and took two or three quick, nervous turns up and down the veranda, tossing his half-smoked cigar away. He watched its spark glow among the grass for a minute, then came back and stood with one hand resting on the back of his chair. He reminded me of when I had seen him out in Colorado, only the haunting dread and the pained air of renunciation were both alike gone; there was a look of exaltation on his face.

"I thought you would know," he said. "You're a Catholic. I am going to seek the real freedom. I want freedom

from the cares of both poverty and wealth, from joy as well as pain, freedom not only from others, but from myself; freedom absolute, 'the glorious liberty of the children of God,' so I leave tomorrow for the Abbey of Gethsemane, in Kentucky. I am going to be a Trappist monk."

III.

A Trappist monk! My head whirled.

I was a Catholic, and a slightly better one than formerly, but—a Trappist monk! I never had seen much use in monks. I regarded them, with my twentieth-century wisdom, as a venerable antiquity which the Church did not well know how to get rid of, as a bit of mediævalism rather curiously retained. I could appreciate the active orders; I had been nursed by Sisters of Charity and admired the Christian Brothers very much, for I had been taught by them once for a while. But monks—I had always thought a monastery a resort for the feeble-minded, or perhaps a good place for a man with some terrible sin on his conscience. I had sometimes wondered, half unconsciously, why the Church did not suppress them as suited to other times, but utterly out of date. Indeed, I had heard that novices were few in American monasteries, and it seemed reasonable; they didn't fit in with our free institutions and modern business ideas at all.

And now, here in New York State, in a place which was the essence of modern civilization in every appointment, to hear a man who owned millions and smoked cigars that cost more than my lunches, calmly informing me that he was going to be a Trappist monk. He was going to give up all this for a narrow cell, for bread and water, for everlasting silence and prayer. I knew that men had done it; I had read of it, but the fact had never touched me before. One thing about it was stranger still. His craving for freedom had been his passion. Now he was going to put on fetters, not of gold, but of iron; he who had loved freedom so madly was going to pass his days in confinement that made a prison seem almost free. And he said he was seeking freedom. Was he mad?

I looked at him. One thing struck me at once, hit me between the eyes. It was the absolute calmness of his look,

the serene sanity of his gaze. Whatever else might be true or not true, he was not mad, and he was not moved by a whim of fancy; he was calmly and resolutely going to do something which he believed would give him what he sought. In the face of such facts, what could I say? I surrendered entirely.

"Dick," I said, slowly, "I see you want me to congratulate you, and I do. I don't know why and I don't know what for. My experience tells me that you are more of an absolute jackass than ever, but when I look at you I know you're not. I'll tell you truly that I always thought—I suppose my Catholicism isn't exactly what it should be—I always thought that Trappist monks were fools or repentant criminals, but you seem to have grasped something that I haven't."

He smiled as I went on and drew his chair close to mine and laid his hand in boyish fashion on my knee.

"Old fellow," I said, "I've been a Catholic for twenty-eight years and you've been one for two months, but you're in the highest class. I'm coming to you for instruction. Tell me what it means to be a Trappist monk and how it can make you free. To me it looks as though you were resigning freedom, putting on fetters for the rest of your life."

"Putting on fetters!" He spoke slowly—half painfully—to my surprise and a sudden look of restraint crossed his face. "Yes, you're right, Jack. I am—putting on fetters, but"—he leaned over, suddenly, and took a small volume from a carved table beside him. Turning the pages, he read slowly:

> " 'Upon his will he binds a radiant chain;
> For Freedom's sake he is no longer free.
> It is his task, the slave of Liberty
> With his own blood to wipe away a stain.
> That pain may cease he yields himself to pain
> To banish war he must a warrior be.
> He dwells in night eternal dawn to see
> And gladly dies abundant life to gain.'

"Jack," he had laid the book down now, "Joyce Kilmer wrote of a man who put on war's chains to gain peace's freedom; I put on fetters that I may myself be free. I'll have to tell you the whole story, but not here—not now. After din-

ner I'll take you to my den, for you shan't leave until the last minute. I'll send you home in my car."

I could hardly wait; dinner seemed a farce, although it was a sumptuous repast, and afterwards I entered his den. It was a cheerful little room, with a narrow iron bed, a bookshelf, a prie-dieu, some chairs and an ancient crucifix, a masterpiece of carving, above the mantel. The night had turned chilly, and there was a grate in which a fire had been lighted.

Seated before it, he told me all I longed to know. I'll let him tell it in his own way. The very words seem to linger in my memory.

"My meeting with you was the first link in the chain. Yes, even in the chain I mean to wear. You know you were not home when I came, so I came again. You were gone then, but I fell in with a young lad at my second visit, whom I pitied. You were a T. B. suspect, Jack, but he was a certainty, and a dead certainty, pretty near. He knew it, and he was nearly mad. Not at dying, not that—but he wanted to go home. The very vastness I loved overpowered him, and the mountains seemed to hem him in; the strange rocks, those freaks of nature, tortured him. He wanted the rolling hills of his own Kentucky, her smiling meadows and his little country home. He couldn't go back, for he had no one to go with him. His mother was a widow, and old, and she couldn't come, and, finally, one night someone played 'My Old Kentucky Home' on a violin as I sat with him on the porch of the boarding-house, and the lad laid his head on my arm and sobbed. *'My Old Kentucky Home!'* That finished him, and me, too, pretty near.

"I fought the devil like a wildcat that night. I knew I was giving up, maybe, the last of my freedom, but I couldn't let that boy die homesick like that. So I got him and came East. I never took such a journey; you know how the mountains look when the sun goes down, that absolute grayness—and have you ever been in a sandstorm and felt the grit in your mouth? That was my life just then. He didn't even know it. I was glad of that. I must have kept up, because when I got him home, he told me I was an awfully jolly fellow and that he'd had a lovely trip. The little mother, too—gee, she was glad!

"The sun came out for me then, and I left that cottage happy, but when I got back to my hotel a telegram awaited me—my grandfather was dying. I had only a few days more. I knew I ought to go back, but I couldn't make connections at once, and I was glad of it. I had one day still. It sounds heartless, but we had never hit it off and he had been paralyzed for months and just lying there helpless, so I couldn't grieve. I would have to leave the next day, however, and the thought tightened like a noose about my neck, but—I had one day more.

"I walked like a madman, I think, up the Kentucky hills, losing myself, finding myself again, tramping on, first up, then down, trying by drinking in what I could of the sweet intoxication of the day to drown the memory of what the morrow must bring. Nature brought me healing. I felt better after my first mad tramping was over; there was a promise of hope in the sunny sky, the sweet-scented grass and the fragrant winds. Life could not be all barren, else these would not have breathed of joy.

"I was just beginning to feel comforted when, suddenly, I tripped and stumbled on some loosened stones lying by the roadside. My foot twisted oddly; I was conscious of a cruel pain in my ankle, and I fell, face downward on the little path. I don't think I fainted, for I was aware all the time of the pain in my ankle; it was caught, and I must wrench it free. I did it at the cost of agony. It must have been trapped in some of the loose stones. I had to set my teeth and pull hard to free myself, and I expect I did faint then.

"When I opened my eyes again, I had evidently, in my struggles, dragged myself from the path and I was lying on my back in the sweet clover. I tried to rise. It was no go. I couldn't, for my ankle would not bear me. There was no one within call, I felt sure of that, for I must have walked far from any human dwelling, and there I lay with my face turned upwards towards the sunny sky, so glaring and pitiless now.

"A myriad of little insects buzzed around and tormented me. I was in agony, too, with my foot, and I had never known much pain before. My outdoor life had kept me healthy, and now this feverish throbbing in my ankle, the glaring heat on my unprotected face and those stinging insects

formed a torturing combination. It is said, Jack, that, 'Nature never did betray a heart that loved her,' but she betrayed me then. She was a friend no longer, rather my worst enemy. I felt it, too, almost personally. I had practically made an idol of nature; was this my goddess?

"Then there was the humiliation of my utter helplessness —I had always been so vigorous and free. It seemed as if a voice was taunting me, too. 'Free!' it said. 'Yes, you're free, aren't you? You couldn't even stay free on your last day!'

"My last day! Yes, this was my last day, and I had lost it. A sudden bitterness rose in my mind. If I only hadn't brought that lad back home! He was going to die so soon anyway; it was a darn fool trick, and by it I had lost all the days of freedom I might have had and put myself here. I had never been a cursing man. Perhaps—it sounds ironic, and, well it is—because I was not a Christian. No, Jack, don't blush. Say never again, old man. At that moment, however, one of the blackest of oaths leaped to my lips. I longed heartily to curse the dying lad, pity for whom had put me where I was. Thank God, I didn't. It was physical force, I think, that kept it back. I grabbed a handful of that sweet clover and chewed hard, forcing the words back on my lips. 'I did it myself,' I thought, 'Poor lad! I'll not harm him now even in fancy.' God is wonderful in the greatness of His rewards to slight efforts. I was still chewing the clover when the glaring sun above was refreshingly shut out; someone was leaning over me. A kind face met my gaze, a thin face with close-shorn hair and pitying, almost tender, eyes.

" 'Poor lad!' the accent was slightly foreign. 'Poor boy! You're hurt, maybe.'

"I explained the situation, briefly. With his help, and clinging to him, I managed to rise, despite the cruel pain. I experienced a slight shock as, standing upright, I realized that the sleeve which I clasped belonged to a monk's habit. He did not notice my surprise.

" 'This way, son,' he said, gently, 'our Abbey of Gethsemane lies just below. I must take you there. 'Tis the nearest place.'

"I was too wearied out with pain to protest, no matter where he took me. I was led down the narrow path. I don't remember many details of that journey. The air seemed

sweet again, then, suddenly, tall buildings and iron gratings loomed before me. I was helped into a small, sparsely furnished room, of which spotless cleanliness and bare simplicity were the chief features. I noticed no more, for my kindly guide, after seating me, began to take off my shoe.

"I fainted without doubt, then. It was an agony, sure. I had broken some small ankle bones, and Jack, old fellow, if you value comfort, break your neck if you want to, but leave your ankle bones alone. I came to and then went off again. I know they gave me ether, finally, or else chloroform, while the monk, who was a surgeon, set those bones. I lived through torture, and I am not sure, but I think it was about forty-eight hours later when the world began to revolve again.

"And such a world! Did it revolve, or did it stand still? Perhaps it was, partly, the anæsthetic—I had never taken one before—and the shock of physical weakness to one usually so strong, combined with the dread I felt of the future, but I felt benumbed. I had tasted desolation in my journey East, agony there among the clover, now I seemed frozen. The monk-surgeon had told me I would be forced to stay three weeks with them, as my nervous system seemed so upset and any journey, even by automobile, would be bad for the healing of my ankle. So I stayed. As I said, I was bewildered; it didn't matter. The whole thing seemed a gigantic mockery of me.

"To be free, that had been my one craving, and now my chains were being forged about me in this place, the home of men who lived in iron fetters. I couldn't bear to look at them at first, for the very sight of them filled me with dread. I used to lie awake and look at the moon through my little window. It showed the plain, severe furniture, the crucifix on the wall—I never dared look at that either—and the bare floor. That moon—I used to wonder if it was the same, flaming, glorious lamp that had lighted my mountain passes. Everything seemed dead; when I got better and could go about on crutches I saw the monastery itself, with its noiseless footed monks, the refectory where all ate in silence, and the long, quiet corridors; it seemed like an abode of the dead, a kingdom of slaves.

"I grew sullen, presently; I don't know why I didn't protest and force them to send me home. Perhaps, I realized

that my strength was not fit for it; maybe I was becoming a slave to my own fears; anyway, I stayed. I had had no news from the outside world, and had been in no state of mind to seek any. Finally, one night, the crisis came. I was feverish and the little room seemed alive with mocking voices. Every laughing breeze, every rippling brook, every wild bird I had ever heard seemed to join the chorus.

"'You wanted to be free, you wanted to be free! Free! Free! And these are your last days, your last days, and you're spending them in a prison—among slaves!' A sudden, sick disgust swept over me; my own weak helplessness mocked me. Just then a young monk passed the door, a lantern in his hand. The flaring light shone plainly on his coarse habit; what a splendid figure of a man he was, tall, straight, vigorous, just what I had been. I stared after him in bewilderment. 'You had what I had and you *made* yourself a slave!'

"With the thought a glow rushed over me. After all, my fetters of gold were kingly chains; alongside of this man's folly they looked like freedom. Did not wealth mean freedom, and even sovereignty? A sudden thrill of power swept through me. Oh, for morning to come, for morning to come, that I might taste the first fruits of my power.

"I would send to the nearest city for other doctors. They would take me from here, and if poor old Grandad was dead my freedom was complete and my reign would begin. Nature had betrayed me, my goddess was no real one; I would serve gold now, or rather it would serve me. Flushed with the thought, I waited triumphantly for morning.

"When it came, I greeted my old friend, Father Anselm, with a smile, a lorldly smile. I could afford to feel a contemptuous pity for these slaves of poverty—I was a millionaire. He was more than willing to send by messenger to the city for me. 'None of the brethren can leave,' he told me, 'but there is a little lad from the hills, Ben Davis, here on an errand. I will send him to you, son.'

"Ben Davis proved to be a typical mountaineer, ragged of clothing and slow and drawling of speech. I gave him my message, accompanying it by a lavish gift of the money that now seemed the key to my freedom. 'And hurry, sharp now,' I bade him. 'No fooling.' Ben promised, and slowly strolled off.

"My satisfaction increased as, newly released from crutches, I crossed out into the monastery courtyard. Below the monks, poor slaves, crept to their daily toil; while I—I squared my shoulders. The sun seemed made to warm me today, the air to fan me. Before I had worshipped at nature's shrine, now she semed to bow before me, for I was a king.

"A sudden and unpleasant end came to my glorified musings. Ben Davis had not even left the neighborhood. In the road, outside the gates, he calmly played at marbles with another lad. I was wild to get away, and I felt that I was losing precious time. Striding out with a step that sent the marbles in all directions, I demanded:

" 'Hey there, when are you going on that errand?'

"He lifted a smiling face.

" 'Oh, afteh while, when Pap hitches up, Mistah. We-alls don't hurry much up heah.'

" 'We-alls don't hurry,' and this to me—a millionaire. Not hurry on my errand, and *he* was a member of the po' whites without a shoe even to his foot and *I* was one of the largest of stockholders in banks and railroads which he had never even heard of. An oath sprang from my lips this time; my temper sprang, too, to my eyes and hands, for I struck him a blow that sent him reeling in the dust and stones.

" 'You young hound, you,' I cried, 'I'll teach you—' I stopped, stunned.

"I *was* a millionaire, but down in the dust a little lad, with a bleeding cut on his forehead, shrank from me, hiding his face with frightened sobs. I had wounded a fellow-creature, who shrank from me in terror.

"I had him in my arms in one moment, wiping the blood from the slight cut on his brow. I hushed his sobs; I believe I kissed the chubby, dirty face. I gathered up his marbles and filled his hands with flowers. I couldn't bear to touch that *awful* money to offer him that. I was in no hurry, I assured him, so Pap needn't bother; tomorrow even would be time enough and, finally, I left little Ben Davis smiling and turned towards the gates once more.

"Slunk rather; I felt eager for them to rise around me and shut me in. I longed for a cell even to hide me from the world and myself. I had thought myself a monarch and

the first act of my reign had been to strike a little child. A terror of myself possessed me.

"As I entered, slunk rather, as I say, within the gates, I came face to face with a monk. I looked full in his face, and one thing struck me. Not his coloring or features, or anything like that, but his air of freedom, of detachment; it was the face of a king. I, who had so longed for freedom, was looking at someone who *was free*.

"I stopped him; I threw out my hands in my agony.

" 'Father,' I cried, 'tell me, for I believe you know. Is this a place where a man can hide from himself?'

"The smile that lit up the calm, strong face was like sunlight as he spoke:

" 'Man is so great,' he said, slowly, 'he has been made so great that there is only one place where he can hide himself, and that is in God. But in this house, thank God, He lets you hide in Him.'

"I grasped his arm still tighter.

" 'Father,' I said, 'I want to be a Trappist monk.'

" 'You!' and the smile deepened. I knew now it was the guest-master, the one who had found me and brought me there, but I had scarcely looked at him since. 'You? Why son, you are not even a Catholic!'

" 'I'll be one, then,' I said, stubbornly, 'tell me what to do. I'll be anything you like, but, Father, listen, I have loved freedom, and I want to be free. I have tried every way earth offers and they are all failures, and just now I have found out that I never can be free until I lose myself. I do not understand what you mean, but I am afraid of myself, and if to be free I must hide in God then ask Him to let me hide. Let me live here in your chains and find freedom.'

"Jack, there isn't much more to tell. He found out I was in earnest, but it seemed odd to him at first. He had known men to become Trappist monks after they were Catholics, he said, but never one that became a Catholic in order to be a Trappist monk. Of course, I had lots to learn and unlearn before I finally made my profession of faith, but it worked out all right. Then I came East and divided my patrimony among many sources of good, and tomorrow I leave to become really free.

"And I shall be. The narrowness of my cell will be the

encircling Arms of Him, Who is wider than the universe; the scanty fare will be sustaining, for I will receive it from His Hand, Who is all-bountiful; the long hours of prayer and labor will be short, for they will be one with the prayers and labors of Him, Who once trod the earth He made. I own all things now, really. Nature speaks again in love to me, now that I know she is a servant and not a mistress, and I find friends in that sun and moon, those winds and streams, which are His ministers and serve and gladden us for His sake. Even wealth is blessed when you break it, like the alabaster box of ointment, on His feet, in the person of His poor.

"Jack, you're the heir of all the ages in owning the wonder of the Church's sacred gifts; don't misuse them. And, old fellow, remember, I saved your life, so—pray for me. It is a hard life if it is a happy one. Losing self is a hard matter even in a cell, so—pray for me. Fetters, yes, I am going to put them on, but they are not fetters of iron; they are love's fetters of gold."

The words lingered with me after I bade him a final farewell, for once in his monastery I would hear his voice no more. "Fetters of gold." It echoed through the night; that was God's answer. That was His path to freedom, the wearing of the two great chains—His love and His fear. And He had not made this soul to crave freedom so strongly without meaning it to be free. My pagan martyr was fast becoming a Christian saint.

I vowed sternly to myself to use my wealth of Catholic privilege with greater joy and care. Not in hiding as deep as he, but, after all, we must all seek some cell of the soul. The monk was right:

"Man is so great; he has been made so great that there is only one place where he can hide himself, and that is in God."

Aye, and putting on fetters, find his freedom.

A DIALOGUE OF DEVOTION.

BY HELEN PARRY EDEN.

T came to pass on Sunday morn
When the Parish Mass was done,
Then men of Woodstock all went home,
And the women every one,
But Hugh the Glover set out north
By the banks of Glyme alone.

The sun shone hot on stem and stone,
The robin sang on the thorn,
The last mist lifted off the grass
Was tree-top high that morn,
When he doffed his shoes by Wootton Church
That stands high on a rocky perch,
Where the Glyme runs into the Dorne.

And barefoot still, by vale and hill,
He took his pilgrim's way,
For the King's Glover of Woodstock
Sought a great grace that day—
To learn of the Anker of Dornford
Wherein Devotion lay.

Now Hugh the Glover was a rich burgess of Woodstock, high in the favor of King John and his peers. He had a fair, cheerful wife; six sons and two daughters; and a large two-storied house with an arched door and a gabled roof. But for all this he had been ill at ease for a long time, because he did not know the meaning of the word "Devotion." I do not say he could not hazard a guess at it—most of us could do as much—but he did not think that was the right way to ap-

proach so noble a word. And every time he heard Mass—which was almost every day of his life—and the priest prayed for Hugh the Glover and all the other bystanders, "*quorum tibi fides cognita est, et nota devotio*"—whose faith is known to Thee and known their devotion," it troubled the good burgess not a little, that he who held the Faith so clearly should have so dim a grasp of Devotion. So he set out to speak to the anchorite (or anker, as he called him), who having given up more to God, he thought, than anybody else in the neighborhood, was sure to know more about such high matters than those less dedicated to Perfection. And herein the Glover of Woodstock judged wisely; for, all things being equal, the solitary's life is (as St. Thomas says) the most perfect life of all.

The abode of the Anker of Dornford was a square stone cell, with windows in the front and flanks, and a walled orchard in the rear. The north window was covered with horn, and let in a dim but constant light. The east window was heavily shuttered and barred, and curtained with leather, and let in what speech the Anker had with the outside world and what food was bestowed on him by the faithful. And the south window was quaintlier shuttered and lightlier barred, and curtained with an old banner of the Holy Face; and this let in the Light and Food of his soul whenever the Anker received Our Blessed Lord at the hands of the Curate of Wootton. The Glover knocked at the shutter of the east window; and as soon as it was unlatched, which was not for some little while, for the Anker within was busied with his psalms and orisons, he knelt on the worn earth under the window and asked the holy man's blessing. Then, without more ado, he began as follows:

HUGO.

"O Blesséd Recluse, I would know
What thing Devotion is?
Much of the matter I have heard,
All twisted and amiss;
Then how beholden should I be,
Wouldst thou but show me this."

Cor sapientis quærit doctrinam.

ANCHORITA.

"Devotion standeth in man's soul
With shoes of swiftness shod,
'Tis thy prompt will to yield thyself
To the high hests of God,
'Tis the surrender of desire
To serve His lightest nod."

Devotio nihil esse videtur, quam voluntas quædam promptè tradendi se ad ea quæ pertinent ad Dei famulatum.

HUGO.

"'Yield' is a word I know of old
And plainly understand,
I yield me to the touch of Love
As the first curves of a shapely glove
Yield to a gentle hand;
'Surrender' hath a craven sound!
To hand me over gagged and bound!
How may so base a doom be found
With a man's pride to stand?"

Non trades servum domino suo.

ANCHORITA.

"No true Devotion can there be
If will is overborne,
Thou must surrender like a bride
Upon her wedding-morn,
Like a city opening wide its gates
At the sound of a king's horn."

Attollite portas principes vestras, et elevamini portæ æternales; et introibit rex gloriæ.

"Thy will is all the wealth thou hast
To give or to withhold
For He Who takes, as thou may'st see,
This thing or that away from thee,
Leaves thee thy soul's full liberty
Secure and uncontrolled.

Devotion keeps not back one grain;
She is God's loving-cup to drain,
His managed steed to spur or rein;
His purse to spend (if He but deign)
To the last piece of gold."

Tua sunt omnia, et quæ de manu tua accepimus, dedimus tibi.

HUGO.

"Aye, that is plain, beyond a doubt,
But how to bring this will about,
Which is so rare to find?
Is it God's work or man's own wit?
Hath man no part but to submit?
Or may he help or hinder it,
According to his mind?"

Oblatus est quia ipse voluit.

ANCHORITA.

"Two causes give Devotion birth,
Both God and man take part:
The Spirit bloweth where He will,
And man may greet or grudge Him still,
Welcome or shun the dart:
But blest are they that hear the Word
And keep the message they have heard,
Pondering it in their heart."

At ille dixit: Quinimo beati, qui audiunt verbum Dei et custodiunt illud.

" 'Tis Meditation, then, shall wing
Devotion for her flight—
For every willful deed doth spring
Out of some sort of pondering
On what is wrong and right.
Thy thought of God shall lay the fire
His Grace shall set alight
Devotion clap her hands for mirth
And bring more wood to keep the hearth
Kindled both day and night."

In meditatione mea exardescet ignis.

HUGO.

"The thought of God lay in my mind,
A seed too small to see,
(Lost in my towering lust and pride
And greed for mastery)
Which now hath thrust such branches forth
And grown so great a tree."

Quod minimum quidem est omnibus seminibus; cum autem creverit maius est omnibus oleribus.

"Like a vast cedar in my soul
It holds the ground alone,
And all my wishes haunt its shade,
This carols like a thrush in glade,
This hath a ring-dove's moan;
Now sorry is my soul, now glad,
Two notes my heart hath, gay and sad—
Which is Devotion's own?"

Lætamini cum Jerusalem, et exultate in ea omnes, qui diligitis eam: gaudete cum ea gaudis universi, qui lugetis super eam.

ANCHORITA.

"Chiefly Devotion causeth joy,
But grief thou can'st not miss;
Thoughts of God's goodness first awake
Thy will to put thy life at stake,
And all thou hast for His sweet sake,
There is great joy in this.
But sorrow follows hard apace,
Because thou hast so long a race
To run before thou see'st His Face
Who is thy Only Bliss."

Nam et in hoc ingescimus, habitationem nostram, quæ de cælo est, superindui cupientes.

"And if thy failings and thyself
Be first and foremost shown,
Then nought but sorrow seems in sight,
So hard and hopeless is thy plight
To strive for such a crown;

But joy unbounded shall succeed,
For God is greater than thy need,
And Adam's sin, O blithe misdeed!
Hath brought thy Saviour down."

O felix culpa, quæ talem ac tantum meruit habere redemptorem!

HUGO.

"Here, too, a mist unscattered clings—
For if in thought of holy things
Devotion hath most skill,
The wisest wit, the theme most high,
The sage that writes his ink-pot dry
Upon the Blessed Trinity
Should sweetliest yield his will,
Yet know I many a simple dame,
Or crack-brained beggar, old and lame,
That scarce can lisp the Holy Name
Loves Our Lord better still."

. . . quia abscondisti hæc a sapientibus et prudentibus, et revelasti ea parvulis.

ANCHORITA.

"Two answers hast thou here besought—
What kind of thinker and what thought
Best find Devotion's clue?
The greatest thought is God above,
And He, Almighty Truth and Love,
Has most of all our mind to move,
If He were clear to view;
But we for weakness cannot see
Without Our Lord's Humanity,
Who taught us "Whoso seeth Me
Seeth the Father, too."

Et qui videt me, videt eum qui misit me . . . nemo venit ad Patrem, nisi per me.

"The thought is strong, the thinker weak,
Yet if a man can keep him meek,
All mortal wit and wisdom eke
Devotion's wide estate;

Thou see'st the witless serf adore,
Thou see'st the learned vaunt their store,
Thou think'st they therefore love God more
Whom nothing can elate.
Yet saint on shining saint has shown
That by each gift a man may own,
Sought, held and used for God alone,
Devotion grows more great."

Ait illi Jesus: Diliges Dominum Deum tuum ex toto corde tuo, et in tota tua, et in anima tota mente tua.

HUGO.

"Aye, there again—I hear men pray
And with Devotion, as they say,
To that saint or to this;
Is it Devotion we bestow
On God's high favorites here below
And in the courts of bliss?"

Non habebis deos alienos coram me.

ANCHORITA.

"Men are devout, as thou hast said,
To all God's friends alive and dead,
For love of Him Whose love and dread
Have filled them to the brim:
He is the virtue of each gem,
His saints are but His vesture's hem,
Devotion does not end in them
But passes on to Him."

. . . et tetigit fimbriam vestimienti ejus . . . et ait Jesus: Quis est qui me tetigit.

"For He thy God, the Lord of lords,
Himself hath taught by deeds and words
Devotion to mankind,
Who gave the world up to our will
With all its wealth to save or spill
As each man had a mind."

Tradidit nobis terram lacte et melle.

"Then as a man who far doth fare
Leaves treasure in his servants' care
To squander or control,
He added to our mortal dower
All mortal beauty, wit and power,
And an immortal soul."

Vocavit servos suos et tradidit illis bona sua.

"And when the world and we therein
Were brought to nought by willful sin,
He yielded up His Son to win
Our souls and set us free;
Who sought in all things to fullfil
Our welfare and His Father's will,
From Bethlehem's stable to the hill
Of bitter Calvary."

Qui dilexit me et tradidit semetipsum pro me.

"And He before that worst of ends,
As one who from a world of friends
Unwillingly departs,
Yielded Himself to dwell in bands
The captive of His own commands,
Surrendered to anointed hands
And to adoring hearts."

Hoc est corpus meum quod pro nobis tradetur.

When the anchorite had said this he had said everything: and Hugh the Glover knew he had heard the last word on Devotion. So he asked and received another benediction, and with a light heart betook himself home.

O. HENRY: AN APPRECIATION.

BY P. A. SILLARD.

THE great American novel, the novel of American life and manners, so long expected, so eagerly looked for, has not yet been written. Indeed, it never will be written. Life is too composite an affair, too complex, to be expressed within the compass of a novel. Even Balzac with his *Comédie Humaine* has hardly expressed all of French life. While human nature is fundamentally the same from China to Peru, its expression varies with different nations; its manifestations have the racial characteristics of each country. America is too vast, its people too heterogeneous for even a great American novel, could it be written, to comprehend it.

The writer known to literary fame as O. Henry never attempted the long novel: he concentrated on the short story. He studied and portrayed New York life as it never had been done before. What Bret Harte did for the pioneer life of the West and the mining camp, O. Henry has done for New York. With the vividness and the compression of a Kipling ballad, he presents in a short story a picture so true to life, so realistic, so simple that its art seems almost artless. In limiting his area of adventure to the city on the Hudson, as with some exceptions he did, he by no means narrowed his mind or the scope of his vision. The universality of his genius had that truth to nature that made it kin with the whole world, and warrants comparison with de Maupassant and other masters of world fiction.

Unlike Edgar Allan Poe, America's other great short story writer, O. Henry deals with the realities of life. His pages are almost photographic in their realism. He does not, after the manner of Poe, seek to raise our hair, or to make our flesh creep. Instead, he gives us the humor, the pathos, or, mayhap, the tragedy of everyday life as his genius sees it. His laughter is often the laughter with tears in it, as when he tells of the young wife who cut off and sold her beautiful hair

to have money enough to buy a long-planned Christmas gift for her husband. The secret of his wonderful success is his sympathy. He looks on human nature with a kindly eye, unlike Thomas Hardy who, in his masterly short stories, *Life's Little Ironies,* makes of Destiny a mocking devil delighting in the misfortunes of his victims.

O. Henry served no apprenticeship to his craft. He played the sedulous ape to no literary model. For him the ready word sufficed. An observing eye, a nimble wit and a facile pen, with abundant knowledge of human nature and extreme sophistication made him a master of his art. With a few illuminating touches the sordid tragedies of ignoble lives and the unselfish devotion and patient heroism of everyday people are revealed to us. Stevenson's story of *Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde* owes as much to the weirdness of its subject as to its laborious perfection of style. With O. Henry, style and matter are inseparably interwoven. The manner is exactly adapted to the particular kind of story he is telling. Whether it is an episode in the day of a *Chevalier d'Industrie,* or merely the narrative of a new dress that a poor shopgirl has pinched and scraped to buy with her meagre salary; or a pathetic little love story like "The Skylight Room"—there is nothing otiose, nothing out of the picture. His stories are the fruit of close study of life. He has no cut and dried formula. Man is not always selfish, nor woman always false. He makes no new discoveries of old truths. The eternal verities are unchangeable.

After all, there are really no new stories. All that a writer can do is to tell the old stories in a new way if he has the genius; and that O. Henry had genius, no discriminating critic can deny. His stories may be grouped, in the language of the theatre, into tragedy, comedy, farce and burlesque. Life, as Horace Walpole said, is often a tragedy for those who feel, and a comedy for those who think. Sometimes, indeed, it seems to be a jest, as the poet, Gay, professed to have found it. Puck and his frolic elves still wanton merrily, and the game of cross purposes has always new players. Mariana still waits in the moated grange, and untold love pales the ruddy cheek.

It is not to be supposed or expected that all of the two hundred or more stories that O. Henry wrote are of unvarying

excellence. Very many are unworthy of his reputation; and only a complete collection justifies their preservation.

Measured by the span of years, O. Henry's life was a short one. But, as Sir Walter Scott so eloquently says:

> One crowded hour of glorious life
> Is worth an age without a name.

William Sydney Porter, to give him his real name, was born in Greensborough, North Carolina, in 1862, and he died in New York in June, 1911. Between these dates, he was successively a druggist's assistant, a rancher in Texas, a bank clerk, an editor and a cartoonist. If he did not amass wealth, he acquired a fund of experience; and he achieved that freedom from restraint which either makes a man a vagrant or gives him poise and *savoir-faire*. As soon as he began to write stories he discovered his true *métier*. He had the "story sense" and the trick of telling them well. Besides a marvelous fecundity of invention, seemingly inexhaustible, he had the art of leading up to a wholly unexpected *dénouement* which even the blasé reader hardly could anticipate. This is most strikingly manifested in the tragic story, "The Furnished Room," which has an inevitability and fatefulness that mark it as a masterpiece. Its motto might have been *"Magna civitas, magna solitudo,"* for none knew better than O. Henry its desperate truth. This story of a young man, who searches vainly and long for the girl he believes lost in New York, and who meets his death in the same room in which she met hers a week previous, and by the same means, impresses itself ineffaceably on the reader's mind. The note of impending doom echoes through it from the beginning. The cumulative effect of each minute detail, from the renting of the room to the tragic climax, is to picture a scene and a situation of utter hopelessness and despair.

In a wholly different vein, humorously tragic, if the collocation may be allowed, is "The Gift of the Magi," a story of a young wife and a young husband who parted with their greatest treasure to give each other a joyful surprise at Christmas, and found their gifts rendered useless by the very sacrifice that procured them.

"A Service of Love," while idealizing mutual affection

and self-sacrifice, shows how two young aspirants to Art were brought to earth, and found their fate there.

Several phases of New York life are epitomized with amazing vividness and acumen in "Dougherty's Eye-Opener," which, had it not been so aptly named, might have called a lesson to husbands.

Without attempting to traverse the entire field of O. Henry's achievement, it may be remarked that the sly humor and delightful comedy of the stories named, pervade many others, such as "The Third Ingredient," "Confessions of a Humorist," "The Song and the Sergeant," "Transients in Arcadia" and "Lost on Dress Parade." But, perhaps, his artistry is nowhere better shown than in "A Retrieved Redemption," which is worthy of the art of Guy de Maupassant. In technique, it is almost perfect. There is hardly a superfluous word. It develops naturally to an unexpected climax. Nowhere does the author obtrude himself. It shows the ultimate triumph of good in a man when he is responsive to the prompting of his better nature. Stories such as these prove O. Henry a master of his craft. They show him at the apex of his achievement. In them he is the equal of the greatest—*primus inter pares.*

Like a true artist, O. Henry respects the intelligence of his readers. He postulates their imagination. There is much more in his stories than appears on the printed page. For instance, "Hearts and Hands," one of the shortest among them, reveals between the lines, with consummate skill, the social tragedy of a young man's blighted career and a woman's unspoken love. He can arrange as pretty a complication, and untangle it as deftly as Dumas, *père,* or the author of "Sherlock Holmes." His wit, humor and drollery were irrepressible. To the rogue's gallery in fiction, he has added a few delectable characters, whose adventures in getting possession of other people's money make delightfully amusing reading. Montague Tigg might not have disdained acquaintance with such resourceful rascals as Andy Tucker and Jeff Peters. His stories, depicting consular and other phases of life in South American Republics, if not absolutely veracious, have, at least, verisimilitude; the languorous and lotos-eating existence south of the equator, as he describes it, has the seductive charm of reality.

Comparisons of O. Henry with Guy de Maupassant are not always to the advantage of the author of *"Boule de Sœuf,"* and *"Mademoiselle Fifi."* O. Henry made no effort to acquire the Martian point of view—the detachment of de Maupassant. His wise sympathy and kindly tolerance for weak human nature forbade.

> Then gently scan your brother man,
> Still gentler sister woman,

sings Robert Burns; and, like the wayward Scot, O. Henry was slow to condemn; for

> To step aside is human.

O. Henry was keenly observant of sociological conditions, and the inequalities of fortune which give to misused wealth a maleficent power. In stories like "Elsie in New York," "An Unfinished Story" and "The Trimmed Lamp," we glimpse the perils that beset the lone dweller in a great city: the struggles for rectitude that so often seem predestined to defeat: the quicksands that abound on every side, engulfing the unwary. But our author was no propagandist. He was not obsessed with any notion that he had a mission or a message. He was a man of letters, who found in fiction his fitting form of expression. As his day's work, he wrote his story, sometimes humorous, sometimes tragic, often seemingly a page torn from life; but always clean and void of offence. While so many writers of fiction misuse their talents, debase the currency and poison the wells, it is O. Henry's distinction that, for all his marvelous fecundity and variety, his work is wholly free from any trace of vitiosity.

THE INCIDENT OF SALOME AND HER SONS.[1]

BY J. SIMON, O.S.M.

MATTHEW'S version of this incident is that of an eyewitness. This Evangelist, writing for the Palestinian Jews, brings in Salome, known by his countrymen to be a near relative of Christ. He does not mention the names of the two disciples, Salome's children, as they were familiar to the Jews as the "Sons of Zebedee." He repeats the very words of the conversation between Christ, Salome and her children, employing the apocalyptic, "Thy kingdom," instead of Mark's more Hellenistic, "Thy glory."

Mark, according to his custom, relates summarily the account he had heard probably from St. Peter. Salome, as having no special interest for his Roman readers, and perhaps also to avoid drawing attention to the human relationships of the Incarnate Word, is not mentioned: her words are laid in the mouth of her sons, from whose ambition they had originated. This may be concluded from the plural of Matthew xx. 22: *"Nescitis quid petatis."* Mark, moreover, supplies the opening sentence of Salome's petition, indicated by Matthew's, "asking something of Him." Though, in plural form, its characteristically feminine whimsicality is unmistakable: "Rabbi, I want you to do for me whatever I am going to ask for." [2]

James and John had never forgotten the ravishing glories of Christ's Transfiguration which, with Peter, they had been privileged to witness about a year previously. They had noted then that the Transfiguration had directly followed upon and been connected with Christ's prediction of His Passion, and this, in turn, they had been taught to consider as the necessary preliminary to His glorification. Hence, when Christ once again, with even greater clearness of detail, spoke to His Apostles of His proximate Passion,[3] before the eyes of the brothers, James and John, rose up the vision of the Transfiguration. And what then had been but a transitory glimpse,

[1] A Commentary on Matthew xx. 20-23; Mark x. 35-40.
[2] Mark x. 35. [3] Mark x. 33, 34; Matthew xx. 18, 19.

though ravishing even unto ecstasy, they concluded would now soon become a permanent reality in which all Christ's disciples should share. Did they, perhaps, even emulate the positions of Moses and Elias?

Moreover, the sons of Zebedee had not forgotten Christ's words to Peter when that Apostle had asked what the disciples' reward for following the Messiah would be: "To you I say indeed; that you who have followed me, when the time of the re-creation of the world comes (ἐν τῇ παλιγγενεσίᾳ) and the Son of Man shall sit upon the throne of His glory, you too shall sit upon twelve thrones, to judge the Twelve Tribes of Israel." [4] It would seem that even now, in this last year of their following of Christ, the disciples' comprehension of the Messias' mission and function was still at times clouded by foolish apocalyptic Jewish preconceptions. Their principles were still too often "of the earth, earthy" carnal, "according to the will of the flesh," [5] "of blood"—that is, they made much of blood-relationship to the Messias, as was the mind of the Jews: "We are the seed of Abraham." [6]

Basing themselves upon such considerations, James and John had apparently some justification for their petition to occupy posts of honor in the Jewishly conceived Messianic Kingdom. For, it is probable that by their mother, Salome, through St. Ann, they were the only disciples related to Christ. Besides that, they together with Peter had been selected as witnesses to the raising from the dead of the little daughter of Jaïrus,[7] and also had been present at the Transfiguration. These same two Apostles previously had manifested fiery zeal in the service of their Master by willing to call down fire from heaven upon certain inhospitable Samaritans.[8] Them also Christ Himself had distinctively named "Sons of Thunder," *i. e.*, The Thunderers, probably for the brilliancy and power of their preaching. Then also John, possibly the youngest of the Apostles, had always been treated with special affection by Christ; he was indeed the favorite of the Master, "the disciple . . . whom Jesus loved." [9]

But James and John were not going to base their petition for primacy upon their own personal standing alone. They had not forgotten the exemplary rebuke administered when

4 Matthew xix. 28. 5 John i. 13. 6 John viii. 33; Matthew iii. 9; Luke v. 8.
7 Mark v. 37. 8 Luke ix. 54. 9 John xix. 26; xxi. 7.

once before Christ had been directly appealed to in a contention for the honors of His Kingdom.[10] Hence astutely, as became the sons of Zebedee, they would employ as mediator a person to whom Christ was deeply obligated in temporal matters, and who was at the same time their own mother, namely, Salome. In the Gospels she is ever given a prominent place among the benefactresses of Christ and His Apostles, to whom she ministered of her substance.[11] This lady, who had given her two sons to Our Lord, because of her husband's comparatively well-to-do position (he hired men in his fishing business) could afford, with other women of means, to follow Christ in His missionary travels, and to contribute toward His living. Salome, the mother, then, was made a party to the ambitious schemes of James the Elder and John the Favorite,

MATTHEW XX. 20-23.

20. Then came to Him the mother of the sons of Zebedee with her sons, adoring and asking something of Him.

21. Who said to her: What wilt thou? She said to Him: Say that these my two sons may sit, the one on Thy right hand, and the other on Thy left, in Thy kingdom.

22. And Jesus answering said: You know not what you ask. Can you drink the chalice that I shall drink? They say to Him: We can.

23. He saith to them: My chalice indeed you shall drink; but to sit on My right or left hand is not Mine to give to you, but to them for whom it is prepared by My Father.

MARK X. 35-40.

35. And James and John, the sons of Zebedee, come to Him, saying: Master, we desire that whatsoever we shall ask, Thou wouldst do it for us:

36. But He said to them: What would you that I should do for you?

37. And they said: Grant to us, that we may sit, one on Thy right hand, and the other on Thy left hand, in Thy glory.

38. And Jesus said to them: You know not what you ask. Can you drink of the chalice that I drink of: or be baptized with the baptism wherewith I am baptized?

39. But they said to Him: We can. And Jesus saith to them: You shall indeed drink of the chalice that I drink of: and with the baptism wherewith I am baptized, you shall be baptized.

40. But to sit on My right hand, or on My left, is not Mine to give to you, but to them for whom it is prepared.

Christ's little party was approaching Jericho on the last

10 Matthew xviii. 1; Mark ix. 33; Luke ix. 46.

11 Luke viii. 3.

annual trip to Jerusalem for the celebration of the Pasch. An air of gloomy foreboding hung over the devoted men and women following the Master Who, according to His habit, walked somewhat ahead in solitary communion with His Father.[12] The Saviour halts upon the way,[13] calls the Twelve about Him, and with greater detail than upon the two previous occasions announces to them His proximate Passion: "Lo, we are going up to Jerusalem, and all things which have been written through the Prophets concerning the Son of Man, shall be fulfilled. He shall be betrayed to the chiefs of the hierarchy, and to the Scribes, and they shall have Him sentenced to death. And they shall hand Him over to the Gentiles, by whom He shall be mocked and scourged and spit upon and crucified and put to death—but on the third day thereafter He shall rise again." [14]

Then the Master walked on ahead once more in solitary contemplation of the horrors awaiting Him, whilst the Apostles dropped back a respectful distance to discuss among themselves this doleful prophecy and to communicate it to the others of the party. There was much shaking of heads and wagging of beards, but all to no purpose. They believed, indeed, what the Master had told them, but could see no reason therefor: the Passion pages of the Prophets were sealed to their understanding until after the Resurrection.[15] "And they grasped none of these things, and this matter remained obscure to them, and they did not understand the things said." [16]

As for the two Sons of Thunder, though their understanding of the Passion-phase in the economy of the Messianic Kingdom was probably no less defective than that of the others of Christ's followers, nevertheless, their nimbler wit seized upon the outstanding fact of some imminent change—and of the Resurrection. Moreover, from their previous experience, Passion prophecy on the part of the Master was intimately associated with Transfiguration glory. Now, therefore (τότε), to their minds it appeared high time to make secure the fulfillment of their ambitious desires. They consult with their pious mother. Thereupon Salome, accompanied by her two stalwart sons, leaves the rest of the disciples and hastens

12 Luke ix. 55; x. 23; Matthew ix. 22.
13 Matthew xx. 17—Greek.
14 Matthew xx. 18, 19; Mark x. 33, 34; Luke xviii. 31-33.
15 Luke xxiv. 25-27.
16 Luke xviii. 34.

forward toward the Master still walking alone ahead. He stops on noticing her approach. She falls to her knees, whilst her sons stand shamefacedly by. Then she opens their plea in wily feminine form:

"Master, I desire that Thou wouldst grant what I am about to ask of Thee!" [17]

How great the simplicity of heart of this fond mother striving to assure a signal favor to her sons! What familiar confidence toward Christ, to attempt to catch Him in her artless, feminine trap of a blind blanket promise!

The Master looks upon her kneeling before Him, but does not, perhaps, glance at her sons. He asks her gravely and kindly:

"What dost thou desire?" [18]

Christ would not scold His favorite warm-hearted followers, much less cause the least grief to their good mother. Salome bursts forth with her plea:

"Promise that these two sons of mine be enthroned, the one on Thy right hand, the other on Thy left, in the coming Kingdom of Thy glory!" [19]

Then the Master's glance passes to His two brave Thunderers, standing timorously by whilst their mother pleads their ambitious desire. But Christ's face is not stern; its gravity is even illumined by a quiet smile, as He addresses the two youthful Apostles, letting them know by the plural of His language that He was quite aware of their so carefully arranged scheme:

"You do not understand what you are requesting." But He will likewise take advantage of the occasion to put their enthusiasm for Himself to the test and to draw from them a meritorious pledge of their faithfulness. Therefore, He continues:

"Can you drink the bitter chalice of humiliation which I am about to drink, or be baptized with the fiery ordeal of suffering wherein I am about to be plunged?"

The Thunderers' enthusiastic loyalty to their beloved Master flashes forth in one quick word:

"We can!"

The eyes of the Master light up in pleased appreciation of their faithfulness, even though He knows that its source is as

[17] Mark x. 35c. [18] Matthew xx. 21a. [19] Mark x. 37; Matthew xx. 21.

yet, for the most part, but blind personal enthusiasm. There remains much still to be purified and perfected by the Holy Spirit, Who "will teach them all things." But Christ's vision also looks ahead far into future years, and there beholds the generous carrying out of the challenge, so bravely accepted, on the road to Jericho. He sees James slain as the first martyr of the apostolic band by the sword of Herod Agrippa I.;[20] He sees John apprehended at Rome, cast into the cauldron of boiling oil and, miraculously saved, laboring as an exile in the mines of the isle of Patmos. With this vision before Him, the Master could indeed prophetically announce:

"The chalice which I shall drink, you indeed also shall drink, and with the baptism wherewith I am to be baptized you also shall be baptized." [21]

But, though the unhesitating acceptance of Christ's challenge to suffering with Himself deserved His appreciation, the spirit and the principles which had actuated the sons of Zebedee in precipitating this scene was none the less worthy of censure—or rather, it demanded an exposition of the correct principle of God's distribution of supernatural rewards. Therefore, the Master went on:

"But the honor of sitting on My right hand or on My left it is not for Me to give except unto those for whom this has been prepared by My Father." [22] The meaning of the last clause might more definitely, though less literally, be expressed: ". . . except unto those whom My Father has prepared for this."

Our Lord informs James and John that He as Man has to act within the scope of His own providential decrees as God. It is a basic axiom of theology that all the divine *opera ad extra* are wrought by the three Persons of the Trinity acting together, or, perhaps better stated, they are wrought through the one divine Nature. Nevertheless, by certain analogies of fitness, divers external operations are specially ascribed to certain of the divine Persons: thus creation, providence, predestination are more particularly referred to the Father, as redemption is to the Son and sanctification or perfection to the Holy Ghost. In this sense, likewise, the Son cannot assign heavenly honors except as their recipients have already been designated by the Father's predestination. From the

20 Acts xii. 2. 21 Mark x. 39c. 22 Matthew xx. 23c; Mark x. 40.

closing texts of this incident the difficulty has been raised that Christ seems to deny having power to confer the dignities of His glorious reign upon whomsoever He pleased. A contrast seems to be drawn between the power of the Father and that of the Son, apparently in favor of the former.

This apparent contrast between the dispositive powers of the Father and the Son seems to be indicated by the Vulgate reading *"vobis,"* but quite disappears when the Greek text is considered, where the best MSS. and many of the Fathers omit "to you." But the Vulgate *"vobis"* serves to draw attention to the real contrast which is implicitly drawn between the sons of Zebedee, straightforwardly petitioning for certain Messianic honors without even a suggestion of qualification therefor, and the destinatories of heavenly dignities receiving them through predestination, which is ever *"in prævisis meritis."*

For the "preparation" of honors in heaven, so frequently mentioned in Scripture, is surely to be taken with St. Augustine rather in the sense that Christ *"parat . . . modo mansiones, mansionibus præparando mansores."* [23] The free predestinational decreeing of certain supernal honors for any individual includes at the same time the decree of their being correspondingly merited by that individual, just as it includes the giving of the necessary graces by God. From man's standpoint, then, an individual's degree of honor in heaven is not derived from the *Willkür*, arbitrary decision, of God, but inextricably bound up with his own merits. And merit consists not in mere empty desire, but in good works according to capacity. For "not every one that saith to me: 'Lord! Lord!' shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, but he that doth the will of My Father;"[24] and only "he that shall conquer, shall thus be clothed in white garments," [25] and "he that shall conquer, I will make him a pillar in the temple of My God," [26] and again only "to him that shall conquer I will give to sit with Me on My throne, as I also have overcome, and am set down with My Father on His throne." [27] When penning those lines, a generation later, did the Seer of Patmos recall that incident of his youth and express the basic lesson it had inculcated?

23 Tract. 68 in Ioan. 24 Matthew vii. 21. 25 Apocalypse iii. 5.
26 *Ibid.* iii. 12. 27 *Ibid.* iii. 21.

In the Gospel incident Christ ascribes the conferring of supernal honors to His Father, by predestination inclusive of merits to be earned; in the Apocalypse He vindicates the conferring of these same honors as His own proper function as judge of the merits acquired in life's battle, according as He had said in His lifetime: "Neither doth the Father judge any man, but hath given all judgment to the Son." [28]

[28] John v. 22.

LE MOMENT INFINI.

BY ARMEL O'CONNOR.

WHITE swans were sailing down the stream
Slowly. Deep silence was preferred
By all things here; and in this dream,
Music was realized unheard.

Music was made of open skies,
Of russet hedges, mellow fields,
And those untroubled memories
The unsuspected moment yields.

Through autumn colors, immanent
The couchant sun was, golden-hued.
Over the water, great trees bent
Blessing the perfect solitude.

The Lord was holding up His earth,
Loving, watching immortally
Death, transmutations, life at birth—
River and trees, white swans and me.

AMERICAN RECOGNITION OF ALBANIA AND THE BALTIC STATES.

BY HERBERT F. WRIGHT, PH.D.

THE World War brought into being many new States, but the road which a new State must travel before it is welcomed into the family of nations is not always an easy one, in fact, it is frequently fraught with many difficulties and delays. It took Portugal nearly thirty years to secure the recognition of her neighbor, Spain, from whom she had been separated since 1640. And to come nearer home, it was only in 1782 that Great Britain recognized our own United States.

The United States, however, is ever in the van in the recognition of the aspirations of other peoples for sovereign and independent existence. The case of Hungary in the late forties is an instance in point. In March, 1850, President Taylor in a special message declared:

> My purpose . . . was to have acknowledged the independence of Hungary had she succeeded in establishing a government *de facto* on a basis sufficiently permanent in its character to have justified me in doing so, according to the usages and settled principles of this Government; and although she is now fallen, and many of her gallant patriots are in exile or in chains, I am free still to declare that had she been successful in the maintenance of such a government as we could have recognized, we should have been the first to welcome her into the family of nations.

Consequently, the student of diplomatic affairs was not much surprised by the announcement in the morning papers of July 28th of this year that the Department of State, in two separate statements, had recognized the Governments of Albania, on the one hand, and of Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania on the other. Finland and all the so-called "Succession States"—the States which succeeded to the German Empire and the Austro-Hungarian Dual Monarchy—had already been recognized, and there remained but the logical step of according the other Baltic States and Albania a similar favor.

The importance of recognition by a foreign State is not to be lightly considered. As Secretary of State Seward wrote to the United States Minister to England in April, 1861: "To recognize the independence of a new State, and so favor, possibly determine, its admission into the family of nations, is the highest possible exercise of sovereign power, because it affects in any case the welfare of two nations, and often the peace of the world." But in just what does recognition consist? Alphonse Rivier, in his *Principes du Droit des Gens,* makes the statement that recognition is the assurance given to a new State that it will be permitted to hold its place and rank, in the character of an independent political organization, in the society of nations. Of course, the rights and attributions of sovereignty belong to the State independently of all recognition, but it is only after it has been recognized that it is assured of exercising them. And since regular political relations exist only between States that reciprocally recognize them, recognition is useful and even necessary to the new State.

In the present instance, the recognition of the Department of State was announced, in the case of Albania, by the following statement:

> The Government of Albania has been recognized by the principal Governments of Europe, including its immediate neighbors, and in extending recognition on its part, the Government of the United States takes cognizance of the successful maintenance of a national Albanian Government.

The same statement contained the announcement that "Mr. Maxwell Blake will continue to act as Commissioner of the United States in Albania, with the rank of Minister."

It may be remarked, however, that perhaps the World War is not to be credited with the creation of this State, because the independence of Albania, a former province of Turkey, was proclaimed at Avlona, on November 28, 1912, and a provisional government was then formed under the leadership of Ismail Kemal Bey. On December 20, 1912, the London Conference of Ambassadors agreed that there should be an autonomous Albania, and later approximately defined the frontiers of the new country on the Adriatic Coast. This Conference also appointed Prince William of Wied as sov-

ereign *(m'pret)*, to be supported and advised by an International Commission of Control of six members. Prince William, having accepted the crown of the new country from an Albanian delegation, which offered it to him at Neuwied, February 21, 1914, six months before the beginning of the World War, arrived at Durazzo on March 7th of the same year, but after the outbreak of the War fled from the country with most of the members of the Commission.

An attempt made by Essad Pasha to set up a military form of government failed (October 5, 1914), and Albania fell into a state of anarchy. In 1915 and 1916 the Austrians overran Albania, and it was only on June 3, 1917, that the Italian general in charge proclaimed Albania an independent country, and a provisional government was set up. On December 17, 1920, Albania was admitted to membership in the League of Nations, and at the present time is ruled by a Council of Regents, composed of a representative of each of the religious bodies in the country (Bektashi Moslem, Sunni Moslem, Catholic, Orthodox Greek), together with a Diet, although it has been reported that the Albanians desire an American as their sovereign.

Durazzo is the provisional capital and Scutari the principal town. The predominant religion is Mohammedanism, about one-third of the population being divided between the Catholic and the Orthodox Greek Churches. There are few schools, no railways, no roads, no banks and no currency. The country is generally rugged, wild and mountainous, and, for the most part, uncultivated. So much for Albania.

In recognizing the three Baltic States of Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania, the Department of State issued the following statement:

> The Governments of Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania have been recognized either *de jure* or *de facto* by the principal Governments of Europe and have entered into treaty relations with their neighbors.
>
> In extending to them recognition on its part, the Government of the United States takes cognizance of the actual existence of these Governments during a considerable period of time and of the successful maintenance within their borders of political and economic stability.
>
> The United States has consistently maintained that the

> disturbed condition of Russian affairs may not be made the occasion for the alienation of Russian territory, and this principle is not deemed to be infringed by the recognition at this time of the Governments of Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania, which have been set up and maintained by an indigenous population.

Accompanying this statement was the announcement that "Mr. Evan E. Young will continue to act as Commissioner of the United States in these countries, with the rank of Minister."

A few remarks, therefore, about these infant States may be in order. After the Bolshevist *coup d'état* in Russia, Esthonia, which comprises the former Russian Government of Estland, the northern part of Livland, the northwestern portion of the Pskoff Government, and the Islands Saaremaa (Oesel), Hiiumaa (Dago), and Mahumaa in the Baltic Sea, on February 24, 1918, declared her independence, and in the same year, in rapid succession, was accorded recognition as a *de facto* independent State by Great Britain, France and Italy. The following year *de facto* recognition was granted by Japan, Sweden and Poland, and in 1920 *de jure* by Russia and Finland. It was not long, therefore, before the Supreme Council of the League of Nations followed suit (January 26, 1921).

For a time, pending the elaboration of a permanent Constitution, Esthonia was governed according to a Provisional Constitution adopted by the Constituent Assembly on June 4, 1919. But on June 15, 1920, a permanent Constitution was adopted, which has been in force since December 20, 1920. By the terms of this document, the sovereign power is assured to the people by means of the elections to the Legislative Assembly, the referendum and the initiative, while the executive power is exercised by the State Head and the ministers.

The area of Esthonia is about 23,000 square miles. Its eastern and southern boundaries have been settled by treaties with Russia and Latvia, respectively. The population is approximately 1,750,000, predominantly Lutheran, although there is no State religion. Its capital is Reval, at the mouth of the Gulf of Finland, and one of its chief cities is Dorpat, the seat of the University. Primary education is compulsory and free, while there are the usual secondary and technical schools. The chief industry is agriculture,

Just south of Esthonia, as one descends the Baltic littoral, is Latvia, consisting of three districts, known at various times under the names of Livonia, Latgale and Courland, respectively. The inhabitants are called Letts, and the country has recently considered the advisability of changing its name to Lettonia. Lettish public opinion in favor of the separate existence of Latvia was expressed as early as 1917, and was officially announced in the Russian Constituent Assembly in the following January. A provisional government was formed, and the independence of Latvia was proclaimed on November 18, 1918. Recognition by many of the Powers was not slow in following, and admission to membership in the League of Nations was granted on September 22, 1921. The Constitution, adopted in the following month, provides for a republic, with a president and a unicameral legislative body.

The area of Latvia comprises about 25,000 square miles, with a population of approximately 1,500,000, about fifty-eight per cent. Protestant, with the rest distributed among the Catholics, the Orthodox Greeks and the Jews (the latter, about five per cent.). Riga, the capital, is situated on the Gulf of Riga, and is the seat of the Riga Polytechnic, recently raised to the status of a University, when the University of Dorpat, which had formerly served all of the Baltic provinces of Russia, became an Esthonian institution. Among its chief cities are Libau, on the coast, and Dvinsk, in the interior. The up-to-dateness of this little Republic is shown by the fact that the metric system has been established there by law.

Next along the Baltic Coast comes Lithuania, a country still comparatively little known, despite its preservation of its ethnical unity and unique language, which is neither Slav nor Teutonic. For a long time, the history of Lithuania is linked with that of its neighbor, Poland, and, like the latter, it fell under a foreign foe, Russia. In 1917 a Lithuanian Conference of two hundred representatives at Vilna elected a Lithuanian State Council and demanded the complete independence of Lithuania, which was proclaimed on February 16, 1918. Recognition was subsequently accorded by many of the Powers, including Soviet Russia, and on September 21, 1921, admission to membership in the League of Nations was granted.

A provisional constitution was adopted on June 2, 1920,

providing for a democratic republic with a president as executive head, and a permanent constitution is about to undergo its third reading. The area of Lithuania, according to the claim of the Lithuanian Government, is about 60,000 square miles, embracing the whole of the former Russian Province of Kovno, most of the Province of Vilna and a part of the Provinces of Grodno, Suvalki and Courland. The boundaries on the north and east are regulated by treaties with Latvia and Russia respectively, while the southern boundaries are still in dispute with Poland. The inhabitants number about 4,800,000, seventy-five per cent. being Catholics. The capital is Vilna, and among the chief towns are Grodno, Kovno and Memel. There are the usual primary and secondary schools, while early this year the University of Kovno was opened. Like its two Baltic sisters, it is preponderantly an agricultural country.

No statement concerning the Baltic countries would be quite complete without some mention of the northernmost one, Finland. This country was disjoined from Sweden and united to the Russian Empire in 1809. It continued under Russian control as an autonomous grand duchy, with some constitutional reforms, until the dissolution of the Russian Empire during the World War. On December 6, 1917, the Lantdag, a unicameral legislative body, unanimously proclaimed Finland an independent and sovereign State, and recognition as such by many of the Powers was not slow in following, not the last of which was the United States, which has exchanged diplomatic representatives with Finland for some time. Shortly after the Armistice, the Constitutional Committee completed its labors, and a permanent constitution was ratified on June 21, 1919. A feature of this document is the provision for two national languages, Finnish and Swedish, which is worked out to such an extent that conscripts, as far as possible and unless they desire otherwise, are to be assigned to troops speaking their language, although Finnish is the language of command.

The area of this Republic is approximately 150,000 square miles and the population is estimated at about 3,500,000, of which the vast majority are Lutherans. There is an established church, but freedom of conscience is guaranteed. There are two universities, one Finnish, at the capital, Hel-

singfors (Helsinki), and one Swedish, at Turku. The educational system seems to be very highly developed. Agriculture forms the chief occupation, although there are over 4,000 factories. The system of internal communication is remarkable, consisting in lakes (joined by canals), roads, railways, post-offices, telegraph and telephone—almost all State owned.

The apparent slowness of the United States in recognizing all of the Baltic States (except Finland) is perhaps due to their early leaning toward Sovietism, but their steadfastness in democratic ideals in the face of Russian inducements has finally been rewarded, so that, with Poland and Czecho-Slovakia (which have already been discussed in the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD), they form an unbroken bar against the entrance of Sovietism into the rest of Europe.

POTTERY.

BY ETHEL KING.

"No other arts with potter's art compare,
We make our pots of what we potters are."
—*Inscription on an Old Jug.*

WELL, jug, then so you and I they say
Are fashioned out of the self-same clay.
The potter has shaped you true and fine.
The Master wrought me in a mold divine.

But break we must both at last some day,
And come once more to be common clay.
The potter must needs be skillful then,
To build from your ashes as well again.

The Master *my* shattered bits can take,
And out of *my* dust a wonder make.
For such is the grandeur of *His* art,
His touch can make me of Heaven a part.

THE IRISH IN IPSWICH (1630–1700).

BY GEORGE F. O'DWYER.

ALONG the Massachusetts coast in the latter part of the seventeenth century were scattered probably twelve settlements, inhabited mostly by English, Irish and Scotch (many of the Irish under the disguise of English names), and comprising about 20,000 men, women and children, not including Indians. North from Boston, and some distance to the South, stretched the Puritan or Congregational church settlements; south from the limit of the Massachusetts Bay Colony stretched the Plymouth Colony with its exclusive settlement of Pilgrims. Beyond this still lay the Roger Williams settlement in Rhode Island.

The majority of these people emigrated mainly to get away from the hated oath of allegiance to the English Church; their main desire was to go to a country where they would have freedom of speech and a chance to practise their own ideas of religion. But on arrival here, the very principles of intolerance from which they fled, were put into effect by the elders and officers of the congregations. After subjugating the various hordes of Indians, killing a certain number of wild animals and taming the forces of nature to suit the purposes of the settlements, they proceeded to subjugate anyone who professed to follow a different religious belief than their own. Various little bands of well-meaning Quakers, Episcopalians, Catholics and others were forced to join the Congregational church or leave. In 1651 this church amalgamated with the government. An oath of allegiance to this government and the forces of the church, forswearing all previous religious ties and habits, was necessary to become a freeman or citizen of the settlements. Palfrey's *History of New England* states:

> Persons were received into the several churches in the Massachusetts Bay Colony by the consent of the officers and the members, on a relation of their previous religious experience or other satisfactory evidence of their Christian character. They were then admitted to the Lord's Supper and their children to baptism. Thus, it belonged to the several churches to confer the franchises of the State, for no person could be a freeman without being a church member. In point of fact, it would very rarely happen that a communicant in a church would fail to be a freeman of the company.

On the records of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, bearing the date, the seventh of March, 1643, is this statement:

> It is ordered that the lands and the estates of all men, wherever they dwell, are lyable to be rated [taxed] for all town charges where the lands and the estates lye; their persons to be rated *to church and commonwealth* in the places where they dwell; but, in case they remove out of jurisdiction, then their estates to be rated to all charges.

At the session of the Massachusetts Legislature, on the tenth of May, the same year:

> It is ordered; concerning members that refuse to take their freedom; the churches shall be writ unto, to deale w'th them.

Accordingly, the Irish men and women who were deported to the settlements of the Massachusetts Bay Colony in the latter part of the seventeenth century by order of Cromwell and his co-conspirators, were admitted as freemen or owners only in recognition of the above conditions—a complete subservience to the established church. Now the majority of these first Irish emigrants were experienced husbandmen, weavers and fishermen. They arrived in the Colonies at a time when labor was scarce, and workmen in the above trades were generally received with open arms. As the first manufactures and commerce of the Massachusetts and Ipswich Colonies were centred in Boston and Ipswich, both places appealed immediately to hundreds of the above deported emigrants, and, hence, we find that in the latter part of the seven-

teenth century there was a distinctive proportion of Irish names among the freemen and owners of the towns named. In Ipswich and around the shores of Cape Ann, there were more names on the vital records than any town north of Boston. It is very probable that the officers and the members of the church there were less intolerant and had more sympathy for the oppressed Irish exiles. Whether this was because of the material aid given by these exiles to the towns, or whether their well-springs of kindness were opened, is a matter of conjecture. At any rate, as the years went by, and the settlements along the North shore grew into dignified towns and cities, it was easily evident that this confidence was not misplaced. But, as a sort of compensation for living in the settlements, the early Irish settlers were also asked to join the Congregational church in the towns—there was no other to go to! Accordingly, we find that a certain proportion of the Irish exiles were enrolled on the church books. In pledging this allegiance, they practically foreswore their religious birthright, whether they were Protestants or Catholics. This strict intolerance in church allegiance seems to have been ingrained into the very consciousness of the Puritan forefathers. Every officer of the established church constituted himself a court of last resort in religious matters, and appointed himself a sort of keeper of his brother's conscience. Ipswich had its quota of these "scriptural theorists," as an impartial writer has stated.

The result was that the early Irish men and women who drifted into the settlements by boat or by land, were forced either to absolutely conform to the established church or to get out into the wildernesses beyond the Colony.

When the younger John Winthrop was casting about to induce desirable people to start his settlement at Ipswich, he thought of his friends in Ireland and England, and even went to Scotland for likely farmers and tradesmen and—above all —pliable young people and children. The methods of seducing these young people from their parents and relatives, and the men whom Winthrop employed in his recruiting enterprises, makes interesting reading for the student of history at this momentous period. The main reason given to the parents, guardians and relatives of these young people was the vital necessity of propagating the infant Colony for

the cause of God and Congregationalism. In his recruiting travels through Ireland—and Winthrop and his agents had a warm spot in their hearts for the people of that country—the younger Winthrop ran across his old friend, Sir John Clotworthy, one of the most wily, astute religious politicians of that degenerate period. As evidence of what was running in the mind of that Scotchman, we give the following reprint of a letter written June 5, 1634, to John Winthrop, Jr., regarding the transport of young Irish children to the Ipswich and Massachusetts Bay Colonies. The letter was dated Antrim. Evidently Clotworthy had been working up interest in Winthrop's Ipswich Colony in Antrim and the northern towns of Ireland. Clotworthy wrote to Winthrop:

> Whatt course yu & y'r freinds together can ppose [propose] for ye transmission of younge children vppon tearmes of aprentishipp on ye conditions I haue spoken to y'r selfe off. Or any other way as y'r Lo: [Lordship] shall dyrect.
>
> Further, Mr. Francis Allin, jeweller, who dwells against St. Dunstan's church or Mr. Emmett, who dwells in Lumberte Streete will geiue ye notice of some Irish merchants yt [that] may be bound for Dublin by these be pleased to dyrect y'r l'rs [letters] &c to Mr. Lake, merchant, in Dublin, in ye Castle Streete.
>
> JOHN CLOTWORTHY.

One notes that Clotworthy states in his letter, "younge children." The wily Puritan pioneers inaugurated their proselyting campaigns well. And, as history indicates, the Clotworthy-Winthrop combination, assisted by exhorters, who were well compensated later, were successful in inveigling hundreds of young people at impressionable ages. Thus new blood was added from time to time during the early years of the Ipswich and Massachusetts Bay settlements. And the discerning student can see why the Celtic influence tended to vitalize and stabilize the coast towns of the infant Colony.

From time to time, at this period of the infant Ipswich Colony, meetings, at which Clotworthy was the principal exhorter and promoter, were held in Antrim and the towns surrounding. As a result, when John Winthrop, Jr., the original promoter of the Ipswich settlements, reached Antrim, in the course of a recruiting campaign through Ireland in 1635,

he found the path pretty well cleared by his hustling agent, Clotworthy. It would be enlightening, and of more than ordinary interest, to know who were the persons that composed that gathering in Clotworthy's house in Antrim when Winthrop arrived. For their decisions and their actions must have had more than a passing influence on the migrations of the men, women and children three years later, when a little bark left the port of Carrickfergus in the north of Ireland for New England.

From the sailing of this little shipload in 1637 dates, it is safe to say, the continued influxes of Irish into the Ipswich and Massachusetts Bay Colonies. From 1640 onward, one reading the names on the vital records of the old Colony at the mouth of the Merrimac and around the shores of Cape Ann sees, on page after page, surnames of Celtic origin; one, looking over the land and court records, discerns the strong influence of the early Irish influxes into the settlement. And the same holds true of the Massachusetts Bay settlements. Indeed, of all the settlements of the Atlantic Coast. Thus the honest reader can note that the Irish race exerted, and has since exerted, more than a passing influence. Of the number of Irish in the towns along the North shore in the vicinity of Ipswich, Salisbury and Newbury, there is no certain authority. But, in an affidavit, made in 1654 by one Major Samuel Symonds of Ipswich, in a court case in Boston which concerned the buying of Philip Welch and William Downing, Irish servants from one George Dell, a shipmaster, Symonds made this statement, in the course of his testimony:

> *That there has come over many Irish before that tyme (1654)* and the plaintif p'ceived that some questions were stirring in ye Court whether it were not best to make some stop (in reference to people of that nation) [Ireland] which occasioned the plaintif [Symonds] to make a p'viso for good assurance as it is, in the first part of ye said writing [the contract with Dell for bringing over Welch and Downing in his vessel].

In the appendix to Mr. Felt's *History of Ipswich* is the following account of the kidnapping of Downing and Welch in 1654, who were brought over in the ship *Goodfellow* [Dell's vessel]:

> Among the crying wrongs to some of our race was that of stealing young people, transporting them to America, and selling them into servitude. Two of such sufferers were sold in 1654 to a respectable (?) gentleman of Ipswich (Symonds, mentioned above) for 9 years, for 26, in corn and cattle. They were represented to him as transported by the order of the State (of England). They were William Downing and Philip Welch. They, with others, living in Ireland, all of whom were forcibly taken from their beds at night by men dressed as English soldiers and compelled to go on board the vessel in which they came in. The persons who practised such a crime were called Spirits. A royal order of England was passed against them in 1682.

At the preliminary trial of Symonds before the Salem (Mass.) Quarterly Court on the twenty-sixth of June, 1661, John Ring, an Irish servant, employed by different persons in Ipswich and Salem at this period, testified as follows:

> . . . That he, with divers others, were stolen in Ireland by some of the English soldiers out of their beds in the night and brought to Mr. Dell's ship when the boate lay ready to receive them; and in their way, as they went, some others they tooke with them against their consents and brought them aboard the said ship [the *Goodfellow*] where there were divers others of their countrymen, weeping and crying, because they were stolen away from theyr friends, they all declaring the same; and amongst the rest were these two men, Philip Welch and William Downing, and there they were kept, until upon a Lord's day, in the morning, the Master [Dell] set sayle and left some of his water and vessels behind—for haste, as I understood. (Sworn in Court, 26th of June, 1661.)

Here is another instance from the records of the Plymouth Colony Court:[1]

> 10th June, 1661—Prence, Governor—Vpon the complaint of William Hiferney, Irish man, seruant to John Hollot of Scittuate, that hee is bounde to his said master the tearme of twelve years, haueing been stolen away out of his owne country and engageing to soe long a time when hee was unacquainted with the English tongue, the Court haueing heard what the said master and seruant could say in pmises

1 Plymouth Colony Records.

haue pswaded the said John Hollot, and hee, by these psents, hath engaged to the Court that if his said seruant shall and doe perform vnto him faithful service and carrye himself as he ought to doe, that hee doth and will remit two years of his time and likewise, will perform the conditions of his indenture to and with his said seruant.

The "Spirits," mentioned above, did not confine their operations to Ireland, but even ravaged England and Scotland—anywhere that they get hold of stray children or adults who would listen to their persuasions. As an evidence of their work in London and vicinity there is an interesting memorial written by the Lord Mayor and the Court of Alderman of London in 1664, addressed to the Privy Council. It is as follows:

> Certain persons, called "spirrits" do inveigle and by lewd subtelties entice away youths against the consent of their parents, friends or masters, whereby oftimes, great tumults, uproars, etc are raised within the city to the breach of the peace and the hazard of men's lives; which the Memorialists request their Lordships to take into consideration and devote some course for the suppressing of them, either by proclamation or otherwise.[2]

Even the nobility were affected by the depredations of the child-stealers. Lady Yerborough wrote in 1664 to Lord Williamson: "A poor boy, of whom she had care, has been stolen away by spirits, as they call them, who convey such boys to New England or Barbadoes. Begs a warrant for the bearer whose apprentice he was, to search ships for him." [3]

In 1668 one George C——— (name torn out in record) wrote to Lord Anthony Ashley Cooper as follows:

> Has inquired after the lost child John Brookes, and last night, he was, after much trouble, and charge freed again: he relates that there are divers other children in the ship, the "Seven Brothers" enticed away from their parents. Hears she is bound for Virginia and is fallen down to Gravesend. Hears of two other ships in the river at the same work and, though the parents see their children in the ships, yet without money they will not let them have

[2] Dom. Charles II., vol. ccccviii., no. 17.
[3] Dom. Charles II., vol. cix., no. 23. Cal., p. 140.

> them. The woman and child will wait on him. It is believed that divers strangers and others are carried away, so that it were good to get the ships searched. Begs him to move it in the House to have it a law to make it death and is confident that his mercy to those innocent children will ground a blessing on himself and his own. Not to let his great affairs to put this work out of his head to stop the ships and discharge the children.[4]

The discerning student can easily see from a study of the above instances of man-stealing and selling that Cromwell and his agents and successors did not hesitate to stoop to any means, fair or foul, to inveigle young people out of their native country to accomplish their nefarious purposes. That these methods were still in force from this period until a century later is evidenced by the following extract, found in Mr. Felt's *History of Ipswich*, in the appendix:

> William Cunningham, keeper of the provost jail in New York (where many American prisoners were huddled) while under the British forces during the Revolution, confessed that he had been engaged in such nefarious employment (kidnapping Irish people) and that he embarked for our country in 1774 with some individuals of Ireland whom he kidnapped.

Ipswich was not the only settlement to which Irish bondslaves and children were sent. Every settlement along the Atlantic Coast had big quotas of these poor unfortunates. Today their blood is flowing in the veins of some of the most distinguished men and women in the country, although some of these men or women would look their lofty disdain if the fact were brought up before them. But fact it remains that the noble blood of these Irish hirelings and bondslaves has not ebbed and died out. It is even true that distinguished citizens in positions of trust, who have unquestioned English names, are nowadays wont to boast of "some Irish blood in the family away back," and that they "are proud of it."

It is a historical fact that the early Irish settlers of Ipswich and other Massachusetts coast towns came to these towns with a large majority bearing their names, disguised

[4] Endorsed, "about spiriting," p. 1. Col. papers, vol. xxii., no. 56.

on account of the unprincipled English laws put into force by Cromwell and his accessories to the fact. These laws, under heavy penalties, "obliged all Irishmen in certain towns in Ireland to take English surnames—the name of some English town, or color, or a particular trade or office, or of a certain art or cult." Thus we find among early vital records of Massachusetts towns such names as Dyer, Smith, Carpenter, Proctor, White, Black, Redding, Wright, etc. Further, in those degenerate days, English plunderers tore children from their fathers and mothers, and rushed them to vessels lying in English ports, where they were forced to take these English family and trade names. As, for instance, "Polly Richardson" was one of eighteen Irish girls on board an English bark captured by a French privateer off Cape Breton, while en route to New England in the early part of the eighteenth century.

The influxes of the Irish into the Massachusetts Bay and Ipswich Colonies was at its height in 1651, when "Cromwell and his complaisant commissioners ordered the deportation of recalcitrant Irish to the American plantations, and enterprising English merchants from Bristol and London carried on a lucrative business in shipping and transporting their victims to their destinations." [5] In some cases, the masters of these vessels and the men operating the companies, by connivance with English military governors and others, "were given leave to fill their ships with destitute and homeless inhabitants from the different counties of Ireland. Between 1651 and 1654, 6,400 such exiles were deported on these vessels. Men and women were openly sold into slavery in Cork and vicinity during the latter part of the seventeenth century, so that the plantations and colonies along the Atlantic Coast might be filled up." These Irish people, purposely made defenceless, before starting, were forced into English merchant vessels like so many cattle. What wonder then that a certain proportion of them, landed in a strange country where stern decrees of narrow laws and religious intolerance were in force and confronted them no matter where they might choose to settle, eventually assented to these laws and intolerance. Human nature was weak, and a certain proportion gave in to the hard-hearted demands of their new masters.

[5] Condon's *Irish Race in America.*

At the dawn of the eighteenth century, the Irish race was strongly intrenched in Ipswich and reached out into the settlements along the Merrimac River and into the province of New Hampshire. Enterprising yeomanry and husbandmen and weavers from the northern and southern counties of Ireland also blazed the roads and new settlements along the North shore, and the old postroads leading from Boston and Ipswich and Salem and Lynn were dotted, here and there, with families from the ancient land. Today the towns and cities of what was the ancient colony are still vitalized by constant influxes of Irish, not only from the motherland, but also from other parts of this land. From the first, the ancient race has never faltered in its allegiance to the western land of promise, and Massachusetts of today—the Plymouth, Massachusetts Bay and Ipswich Colonies of yesterday—is stabilized by the blood of thousands of Celtic extraction!

MY WISH.

BY ELIZABETH VOSS.

HAPPY the goldenrod
That lifts her shining head
To Thee, and brightly smiles.
The self-forgetting rose
Consoles Thy outraged Heart,
So I would love impart.
The violet humbly wafts
Her fragrance up to Thee,
Like her, I fain would live
In sweet humility;
I would I were a flower,
To bloom and die for Thee!

WHAT CAUSES HARD TIMES?

BY J. H. SCHACKMANN.

IT was in the club car of a transcontinental train, that place of all places where men may express opinions and discuss things freely under the protecting cover of anonymity, and where rarely there is met anyone who admits occupying a position of a lower grade than president of some large bank. The news vendor had just gone through with the April 1st morning papers. The miners' strike was the leading news item of the day, and further back the usual markets page had its price lists and market comment.

With long journeys before them, the men in the car read the papers more thoroughly than usual. Grouped together were four men, neither of whom had ever seen the other three; their names were respectively: Wealthson, Yunger, Knowlton and Elder. Their appearances indicated nothing in common either in their occupations or avocations. Wealthson was a large man, about forty, well-groomed, and suggested inherited, rather than personally achieved, riches. Yunger was of the college student type, twenty-five would cover his age, athletic, lithe, and with an eagerness of expression so often associated with an enthusiastic and visionary temperament. Knowlton, on the contrary, might have been Yunger's teacher, perhaps a decade his senior, thin mobile lips, rather deep-set eyes, and precision of thought and action written into his every feature. All the conditions for the outbreak of a spontaneous discussion were present; and the discussion came.

"Well, I see the miners are out," said Elder, a moderately dressed, partially gray-haired man. He was looking at Wealthson.

"Yes," answered Wealthson, "but they'll learn their lesson before it's over. Strikes, strikes, strikes; that's about all one hears and reads about these days. Labor must be taught its place again. It was spoiled by the War; but now the other side holds the whip hand. There's no use in kicking against the goad of inexorable economic law. There must be a defla-

tion of wages as there has been in the prices of other commodities." Then there was silence for a while as both men looked at the fast-flying countryside.

"Yes, prices have dropped somewhat in some markets, and where wage scales have not been reduced, wages have sometimes been abolished entirely by the simple process of closing down the plant," observed Elder. "But the causes of Labor trouble, I believe, lie deeper than we generally suspect, deeper than the vision of those immediately concerned can penetrate. The problem is intricate. The miners may be justified. I am holding my judgment in suspense."

Wealthson eyed him sharply as though trying to see Elder's mental background.

"Are you a Labor sympathizer?" he asked.

"No," shot back Elder, "nor a Capital sympathizer either," and there was just a tinge of indignation in his voice; and then he added: "In my day, I'm past sixty-five now, I've been both employee and employer. Few men can be fair judges in their own cases. I've had, by experience, the viewpoint of each; my boyhood was not poverty-stricken, but poor; I know manual labor by practice, not merely by theory; the shortness of view of the uneducated mind was once mine; I tell you the sense of oppression breeds a terrible feeling of resentment; and if one's vision extends only to the limits of material things, nothing except expediency can restrain from violence. Experience has taught me that, if nothing else. Had you ever thought that there were two sides, that there must be two sides, to every Labor dispute?"

Before Wealthson could answer, Yunger pulled his chair around, laid aside his paper, and with a "pardon my intrusion," asked if he might get into the discussion. Both nodded assent and wondered what he might have to say. He said:

"I couldn't help hearing your conversation, and I did not resist my inclination to listen. I studied economics in the schools, just enough to become interested. Since then I've read about everything I could lay my hands on—dry tomes written by closest students of the so-called dismal science, badly-thought-out and exaggerated writings of sincere, but obviously prejudiced, men, and volumes upon volumes which bore the earmarks of having been written under instruction, either to attack or to defend the present system of private

ownership and economic organization. In addition to that, I've read daily the columns of comment written by the paid writers of the financial press. I've read Labor journals, too. On either side there seemed to be the echo and reëcho of the same old economic fallacies. Result: confusion for the unprejudiced inquirer, and the unpreventable conclusion that few, if any, writers understand their subjects thoroughly, and fewer still write honestly about them." And thus, with a questioning look at Elder and Wealthson, Yunger closed his remarks.

Knowlton from the beginning had listened to the discussion. Without asking leave and without apology for thrusting himself into it, he asked:

"Do you think there has been any intentional bemuddling of the public mind, any set purpose to mislead and misinform, any willful determination not to be fair to the other side, whichever side the writer may be on?"

Yunger thought a moment.

"Considering the importance of correct information to the public in a country governed such as ours is," he answered, "it is a grave thing to suspect that almost all writers on either side are willfully determined not to be fair; but when vital facts opposed to the immediate interests of the groups with which they have allied themselves, glance off their heads like raindrops from a duck's back, can one avoid the suspicion that they have oiled their mental feathers against them?" Thus Yunger answered Knowlton's question by asking another, which calls attention to another important phase of this large and difficult Labor problem.

For months the newspapers and financial periodicals had been filled with items regarding the industrial and commercial depression, and the lack of work for a large army of men and women. The President had called a conference on unemployment to meet at Washington, at which it was estimated that several millions were idle. Strikes and Labor troubles were common in all centres of industry. Thoughtful men everywhere had become concerned, and had formed opinions regarding causes, each according to his own interests, prejudices and knowledge.

"I've been asked the question a few minutes ago," said Wealthson, "if I had considered that there were two sides to

these Labor disputes. I have. But these Labor fellows seem never to have done so. To them there is but one side, and that is theirs. More pay and less work seems to be the centre and circumference of their philosophy. They never consider the losses which employers sustain, the capitalists who give them work, and who by their brains, initiative and foresight have become the owners and directors of our large productive and mercantile enterprises. Why, just examine the income statements of our large corporations for the year 1921. Their losses have been enormous, simply enormous. Prices fell; markets failed; plants had to be closed down; production could not go on. The cost of production, of which the largest single item is wages, must be reduced before we can get out of this slump."

The emphasis of finality was in this last sentence. Could anyone doubt the fact that business men had been heavy losers? Didn't the income statements settle that matter once for all? Was there anything further to be said?

Knowlton then asked what caused these large losses, "bookkeeping" losses, as he called them, and whether Wealthson knew anything about bookkeeping. Wealthson replied that as a business man of no small enterprise, he knew enough about it to read balance sheets and income statements, and that the chief cause of the large losses was the fall in the value of the inventory because of the fall in prices. Knowlton thought this a fair reply and just what he had expected to hear. Then he wanted to know if Wealthson had ever given any consideration to the value of money. Wealthson said he had, and that he thought its value as money depended altogether on its purchasing power.

"Then I'm going to ask you to try to crack a little bookkeeping nut for me which is simple yet not so easily answered. Let us assume a fictitious business man who shall symbolize all business men and property owners in the country, and let's call him Uncle Sam. Let us also assume a fictitious commodity which shall symbolize the things necessary for material welfare, food, clothing, shelter and the others. For the want of a better word, let's call it fooclosheltter. Are those assumptions difficult?" Wealthson nodded a "no." "Then let us assume further," continued Knowlton, "that the price level for this fictitious commodity is one dollar per unit, and

that Uncle has a supply of seven billions, also that he has three billion dollars in money. What are his total assets?"

"Ten billions," answered Wealthson without hesitation.

"Let us assume further that there are no liabilities," continued Knowlton.

"But when there are liabilities, why assume that there are none?" asked Yunger, who had been following the discussion closely. He had taken the words out of the mouths of both Wealthson and Elder, as each had a mind to ask that very question.

"Because," answered Knowlton, "the liabilities of some must be the assets of others. If our assumed business man represents all business men and property owners, and if we ignore such assets as debts *owned* we can also ignore the debts *owed*, because the one must necessarily equal the other, as both are but different sides of the same thing. We can likewise ignore debts owed to foreigners, because these are at least fully offset by foreign debts owed to us. Is the matter clear now, and have you the assumptions well in mind?"

The three answered yes.

"Now, after a year's business," continued Knowlton, "Uncle finds that he has on hand the same quantity of fooclo-shelter as at the beginning of the year, but for some reason not entirely clear to him the price has declined to fifty cents per unit, so that the inventory value in money of his stock on hand was only three and one-half billions. He had the same amount of money as at the beginning. What were his total assets at the close of the year?"

"Six and one-half billions," they answered in chorus.

"Has there been a loss?" asked Knowlton.

"Surely," answered Wealthson, who customarily thought in dollar marks and figures.

"None," answered Elder, who never lost sight of realities. Knowlton looked questioningly at Yunger.

"Depends on how you look at it," replied Yunger, "what do you yourself say?"

"That's it, it depends on how you look at it. From one point of view there has been a loss; from another, none; and from still another, a gain."

"A gain, how can you possibly arrive at such a conclusion," asked Wealthson.

Knowlton looked steadily at Wealthson for a few moments expecting that Wealthson's mind, on second thought, would answer his own question; but Knowlton was doomed to disappointment. Wealthson could not so quickly shift his mental position.

"He had as much goods as at the beginning, didn't he; and on your own idea of the value of money, his money was worth twice as much, wasn't it?" asked Knowlton.

Wealthson saw some light and admitted that this phase of the matter had never occurred to him. By degrees it dawned on him that a fall in prices represented as much of a gain to some as it represented a loss to others, and that, therefore, the country as a whole could never, directly, become richer or poorer by one single cent from that cause, unless there were debts owed to foreigners which were not offset by foreigners' debts owned by us.

"I'm becoming interested in economics for the first time in my life," he said as he pulled four cigars out of his pocket, handing one to each, together with a match. "I find when the air is filled with good tobacco smoke, to which I am contributing my full share," he continued, "I am more inclined to be considerate of interests opposed to my own."

Cigars were lighted, and then Elder in a reminiscence said: "I remember the crisis of '73, a crisis followed by a severe and prolonged depression. I was only sixteen then. My father lived on a farm. He would read to us out of the weekly papers the accounts of the bread lines, and of the fruitless search for work by thousands of men in the large industrial cities. I asked him what caused hard times. He didn't know. That's been a half century ago. Since then we have had other crises and other depressions; but what causes them or how to prevent them seems as far from solution now as then."

Wealthson had no definite recollections of either '73 or of '93, as he had been born into a family who possessed wealth. Yunger was not old enough to have known anything of either period except what he had read about them afterwards in books. But with Knowlton it was different. He had been about the same age in '93 as Elder had been in '73. But unlike Elder's father, his father was a factory hand. The factory was closed down, and—but let Knowlton tell it himself:

"I'll never forget that night when father came home. Mother knew what had happened before he entered the door. 'Well, Mary,' he said, 'the factory's closed,' and then he walked dejectedly into the kitchen to put away his tin dinner pail. Mother threw her arms around him and kissed him again and again, but said nothing. There were eight of us children, I the eldest. Father's savings were small. With ten at table, they would soon be exhausted. Then came week upon week of fruitless search for other work. Oh! the uncertainty of it all, the uncertainty! Then and there, was burned into my mind the determination to learn the reasons why men, able and willing to work, could find nothing to do; that determination has remained fixed in my mind unto this very day."

As he was speaking, the others began to observe more and more that there was behind his voice a deep reservoir of pent-up emotion, and this gave credence to his words.

"And have you succeeded?" they asked him.

"Last call for luncheon," cried the ebony-hued waiter as he swayed his way through the car. All reached for their watches in order to make sure that their ears were not deceiving them. None had perceived any previous calls.

"Yes," said Knowlton, "I have succeeded, at least as to the chief causes. I believe I have convincingly shown you that a fall in prices is not the cause of hard times, because it does not decrease by one bit the wealth of the country. I believe I have also shown you that the large losses we hear so much about are more in the nature of 'bookkeeping' losses than of real losses."

Before anyone else had time to speak, Wealthson did the gracious thing of asking them all to take luncheon with him. "After luncheon," he said, "I will want to discuss this problem with you gentlemen in greater detail."

New Books.

PHILOSOPHY AND CIVILIZATION IN THE MIDDLE AGES. By Maurice De Wulf. Princeton: Princeton University Press. $3.00 net.

This volume is composed of the lectures delivered by Professor De Wulf at Princeton University on Mediæval Civilization. The author has made this period of intellectual effloreseence peculiarly his own. He has carried out many independent researches into its history and its philosophy; has broken new ground in the course of his investigations, and published texts which had lain in manuscript for centuries. Some of his works, *e. g.*, his study of Godefroid de Fontaines and his *Histoire de la Philosophie scolastique dans les Pays Bas,* have been crowned by the Academy of Belgium. The present work aims at showing how the philosophy of the Middle Ages and their entire civilization in art, architecture, literature, science and sociology interlock, act and re-act upon one another. Thirteen chapters and an epilogue develop this theme in suggestive and well-documented dissertations. The author makes no claim to completeness, but he points the way to many interesting studies and fascinating trains of thought. And while he admires his chosen period, on which his own researches have thrown a flood of light, still he is no hynoptized chauvinist, nor is he blind to its numerous faults and shortcomings. Especially interesting is the seventh chapter, where Mr. De Wulf establishes that philosophy in the Middle Ages, and in the hands of the best Scholastic doctors, was an independent science, with its own methods, aims, problems and solutions; and not by any means a mere handmaiden to theology. Nor was this philosophy an academic exercise confined strictly to the classroom. It permeated the realms of art, literature and everyday life. Distinct echoes and reminiscences of it can be discerned in the *Roman de la Rose,* in the *Bataille des Sept Arts,* in Chaucer's *Parlement of Foules* and *Canterbury Tales,* and even in Shakespeare's plays.

Scholastic philosophy, the author sums up, is the work of Western Races and is an original product. Its first characteristic is its insistence on the worth and value of the individual, who is immortal and indestructible. Its second note is its intellectualism, which makes Reason the Queen and Guiding-Star of human activity. This passion for clarity, distinctness of vision and accurate, exact definition has profoundly affected the vocabulary

of modern languages. The third mark of Scholasticism is its spirit of moderation, its splendid, healthy sanity, and its consequent distaste for far-fetched solutions and fantastic speculation. Professor De Wulf concludes that the thirteenth century is the watershed of European genius, and that modern philosophies and thinkers are far more indebted to Scholasticism than is commonly supposed.

THE WOMEN OF THE GAEL. By James F. Cassidy, B.A. Boston: The Stratford Co. $2.00.

We have here a unique production, being, as the author tells us, "a more extensive tribute to the daughters of the Gael than has hitherto appeared in print." It is a thorough, admirably written, historical study of Irish womanhood from pagan days to the present time. It is a noble record of the dominant position of woman in Irish life, in all its phases, throughout the ages, maintained by steadfast loyalty to the highest ideals in religion and patriotism, of courage and endurance, learning, intellect and charm. Father Cassidy lays much emphasis upon the fact that the distinguished individuals he cites in illustration are not to be considered as exceptions, but representatives of their race and civilization.

The book is concise to a fault. The author seems to have been over-fearful of occupying too much time and space; consequently, he deals but briefly with many points on which fuller information would be highly acceptable.

A portion of the content, not the least attractive and interesting, is contributed by Padraic Colum in the form of an introductory article, inadequately termed a "prefatory note."

CHRIST, THE LIFE OF THE SOUL. Spiritual Conferences by Rt. Rev. Columba Marmion, O.S.B. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. $4.00 net.

In its original French form, this collection of conferences by the Abbot of Marsedous, in Belgium, not only won golden words of praise from Cardinal Mercier, but received the quite unusual tribute of a personal letter of commendation from the late Holy Father. The English translation, furthermore, is prefaced by a letter from Cardinal Bourne, in which he very earnestly recommends it to the clergy, both in the world and in the cloister, to religious communities of women, active and contemplative, and to the devout laity. It would be the height of impertinence for a reviewer to attempt to add to such authoritative expressions of approval. Rather must he be satisfied with giving a brief sketch

of the subject-matter, that all may recognize a new source of nourishment for the life of the spirit.

The conferences number nineteen; the first six deal with the place of Christ as the centre of the divine economy. Of these, the strongest is perhaps the fourth, in which the Right Reverend author drives home a point which, amid a multiplicity of ascetical methods, one is in danger of forgetting, namely, that Christ is the efficient cause of all grace. Christ is not one of the means of the spiritual life; He is all our spiritual life. The next twelve conferences are concerned with the Christian life under the double aspect of death to sin and life for God. The source of this life, of course, is to be sought and found in the Eucharist and prayer; and the love of a soul who possesses "life more abundantly," according to Our Lord's own promise, will overflow in charity to all members of Christ's mystical body, but primarily to the Virgin Mother, who, by her coöperation with the Divine Will, entered into the very essence of the Incarnation. The last conference shows that the full flowering of this charity, the "fullness of the mystical body of Christ," is reserved for the beatitude of Heaven, which, indeed, it may be said to constitute.

Such is a summary outline of this truly inspiring book. A synoptical table of contents and a very full analytical index enhance its value greatly. The conferences grew from conferences and instructions delivered during retreats, and, as the author testifies in a short preface, were not intended for publication. It was then a most happy inspiration, as Pope Benedict remarked, to publish them, so that not only the original hearers, but very many others, might be helped along the way of perfection.

A NEW MEDLEY OF MEMORIES. By the Right Rev. Sir David Hunter-Blair, O.S.B. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $5.50 net.

Urged by friends and critics to continue his reminiscences beyond the earlier *Medley of Memories,* which he closed with his jubilee birthday in 1903, the well-known Scottish Benedictine has set down in the present volume his recollections of the succeeding decade, concluding with the outbreak of the World War. Seldom has anyone been able to crowd so many activities into ten years. Besides his labors in S. Paulo, Brazil, and his duties as master of St. Benet's Hall at Oxford, and later as abbot of the monastery at Fort Augustus, Scotland, Sir David found time for innumerable visits to his relatives and friends, trips to monasteries, churches, castles, country houses, attendance at receptions, weddings, lectures and college theatricals. All of these he

records with unfailing interest and zest; but he is never so happy as when recalling some odd circumstance that struck his quaint fancy or his sense of humor. Now he visits some friends in a castle near St. Andrews and says Mass in a billiard-room that has been converted into a chapel. Again, on a sultry midsummer day in London an illustrated lecture on the South Pole by Shackleton makes him feel almost cool; and the groups of solemn penguins, shown in the lantern pictures, in their black-and-white, pacing along the shores, are "quite curiously reminiscent of a gathering of portly bishops—say a Pan-Anglican Congress." He conducts an Oxford Local Examination in a Dumfries convent-school—the only available place—and is amused by two Protestant mothers, who sit all day in the corridor outside the schoolroom keeping watch over their daughters, lest they are "got at" between the papers by the nuns and influenced in the direction of Popery.

Hardly a page is there that has not an anecdote or an odd bit of lore; not infrequently the genial humor and whimsical erudition overflow the text, and must needs be accommodated in footnotes. In one instance, an appendix is required: in talking classics with the Oxford Corpus Professor of Latin, he learns what Cicero's last words were; whereupon he displays his compilation of the last words of forty other famous men. One other appendix completes this most diverting book: to prevent modern readers from pronouncing as "unkind and ill-mannered" his statement that Darwin was an unbeliever in revelation and in Christ, he produces the scientist's own words. For good measure, he adds the similar *credos* of Huxley, Mill and Arnold.

THE JEWS. By Hilaire Belloc. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.00.

It is generally conceded that Belloc is a bold writer; and Belloc on the Jews would seem, at first sight, to rival certain exploits of Prince Rupert or Jeb Stuart. Those who take up the book with such expectations will, however, be disappointed by the sober caution of the narrative. The subject is hazardous because everybody is talking about it when everybody is supposed, by a queer rule of manners, never to have mentioned it. This situation and the danger for the public welfare which it involves, is one point which *The Jews* establishes almost beyond a doubt. Naturally, the fundamental issue under discussion, "Is there a Jewish Question?" may still seem to invite a negative answer, but we are inclined to believe that Belloc's ringing affirmative will satisfy most impartial people. That granted, the remainder of his argument is as interesting and effective as any single man's

opinions on so tremendous a theme could well be. There is a Jewish "nation," he says, nomadic and rather secret in character, living within the domain of numerous other nations, separated from them by a totally individual concept of social existence, and pursuing, with obvious sense and success, its own purposes. History shows that whenever the Jew has reached considerable financial and political eminence he has been attacked; and contemporary feeling, based on opposition to Hebraic financial power and the rise of Bolshevism, and fed by a ridiculous Anti-Semitism, is alarmingly headed for another such attack. The only preventive, argues Belloc, is to bring the question into the open, and then to create mutually a new attitude of understanding that will find expression in custom and legislation adapted to guarantee peace.

These general considerations, set down with fine candor, intelligence and generosity, should influence profoundly the public mind, although numerous matters of detail might well be disavowed. We do not feel, for example, that Belloc's analysis of the Jewish situation in the United States is even relatively complete. But, all in all, *The Jews* is written by an unusually sympathetic and lenient Belloc—you will find the old fighting debater only in sentences which touch upon secondary issues like prohibition and the press—who is at the same time very fascinating. The book can easily be misquoted; has, in fact, been misquoted with an ignorance rather plainly deliberate. But that will not keep away readers inclined to admit the author's statement: "Bolshevism stated the Jewish problem with a violence and insistence such that it could no longer be denied either by the blindest fanatic or the most resolute liar," and to wonder in which of the two classes his vehement denunciators will belong.

THE FALL OF MARY STUART. By Frank A. Mumby. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $5.00.

Mr. Mumby, whose former studies and researches into the early life of Henry VIII., of Elizabeth, and of the relations between Elizabeth and Mary Stuart have resulted in the publication of several fascinating volumes of original letters, has added to the number by covering, in the present volume, that phase of Mary's life immediately preceding her flight into England. We have here the murder of Rizzio, Darnley's courtship, marriage and brief career ending with his murder at Kirk-a-Field, Bothwell's stormy courtship and marriage, the kidnapping of Mary, her escape from Loch Leven, and the Civil War with its evil days which followed.

Mr. Mumby has threaded his way with delicacy and fine judgment through the maze of original letters, documents and reports

which bear upon these tense days. Sometimes damaging rumors are presented in one letter, only to be contradicted in another. All the virulence and suspicion of the time appear. Distrust, hatred, envy, unswerving devotion and the base treachery which surrounded the unhappy queen, live again in Mr. Mumby's pages, telling their own tale in the quaint language of the period. Against this dark background, lit up luridly by the flames of murder and treachery and vile passion, the figure of Mary stands out vividly, and, whatever the reader's conclusion may be regarding her stainlessness or her guilt, she remains an alluring and, at the same time, a pathetic figure, in whose behalf men who believed in her were glad to sacrifice estates, position and life itself.

Mr. Mumby has performed with unfailing skill and tact the difficult task to which he addressed himself. He has shown discrimination and fairness in the selection of the documents and letters to be presented, and the reader, whatever his personal judgment may be regarding the character of Mary, is given an impressive and unforgettable picture of one of the most tragic figures of Scottish history.

IMMORTALITY AND THE MODERN MIND. By Kirsopp Lake, M.A., D.D. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $1.00.

The Ingersoll lecture for the current year was delivered by a scholar eminent in Europe as in America, master of a graceful style, and conversant with the most advanced thought of the modern mind. For many reasons it deserves attention, particularly on the part of those who find in modernity no sure guarantee of truth.

Briefly, Professor Lake holds that the traditional teaching of immortal life has been proven a vain imagination, and that the new dogma of philanthropic altruism is gloriously reigning in its place. "Men regard the permanent survival of their personality," he says, "much as they look at schemes for their permanent rejuvenation: a pleasant dream, impossible of fulfillment." He outlines the evolution of the concept. Man's imagination first constructed the vision of a possible triumph over death, and in due time this hopeful imagination gave rise to two other doctrines: the resurrection of the body and the immortality of the soul. Primitive Christianity taught only the first. The second passed into Church teaching from the Greek philosophies, and in the course of time quite forced its predecessor out of recognition. Today the one and the other are discarded. Science has disposed of the doctrine that "a worn-out body would be re-assembled . . . for souls, some of which had existed many centuries without

them." And as for the soul: "The theory that the body is a mechanism operated by the soul, which is a material entity composed of a lighter and more ethereal substance, has nothing to commend it when viewed by the cold gaze of modern science." Even the Society for Psychical Research has done nothing more than re-open the old question on a new, but still doubtful, basis.

After the negation of the historical concept of immortality, Professor Lake makes his own *confessio fidei*. He still believes in the Immaterial—in Life, as distinguished from individual living. He notes that men are laboring for "the improvement of the world in which our children are to live. It is an unselfish object, and the pursuit of a better world for our children to inherit has become the surrogate for the hope of a better world for ourselves to enjoy." This altruistic life of service brings moments akin to the ecstasy of the artist, of true friendship, or of mysticism. The hampering bars of our individuality drop away, and the Life within us knows itself as one with the Life of the world, one with the Life of others. There is "assurance that I and my friends share in a common life that is ours, rather than mine and theirs . . . the sense of individuality is swallowed up in unity. . . . And, at times, I have thought that I have seen a glimpse of the great light of eternity transfiguring the mountains of time."

One who reads the thirty-seven pages of this lecture with memories of Scholastic precision of language and thought will be bewildered and amazed. One finds a new distinction drawn between individuality and personality. In the sequel, individuality is scarcely other than materiality, and personality is resolved into the most impersonal, pantheistic Life. The soul is several times defined, but always as a material wraith, never the immaterial substance of the older teaching. Hence, it is that the arguments proferred against the resurrection of the body are deemed conclusive in disposing of the immortality of the soul. Surely, this is a paralogism that would amaze St. Thomas.

The modern mind, however, will permit no caviling at new definitions; and indeed Professor Lake's purpose is other than to establish in set terms the meaning of the words he uses. His lecture in larger outline has two parts—the one historic, the other pragmatic. Both are open to question.

Is it historically true that Christ taught only the resurrection of the body, and that the dogma of the immortality of the soul was imported from Greek philosophy? A host of texts and the whole message of the Gospel read the contrary. Again, the Church indeed taught that each man must seek in all things the salvation of his soul. But is it true historically that thereby "the

charity of the Middle Ages was less often inspired by love of man than by love of heaven" and that, "in general, there was produced a type of selfishness all the more repulsive because it was sanctified?" And is it fair, in view of Christ's unceasing teaching of constant responsibility to God for every thought and act, and His doctrine of individual judgment and reward or punishment, to interpret Matthew x. 39, as teaching: "He that shall seek his 'soul' shall lose it?"

In the practical order, too, altruistic devotion to humanity, unceasing effort to make a better world for our children to inherit, these are noble ideals. They have long been known as but another version of Christ's command to love our neighbor. Professor Lake urges these, however, without the basis of divine charity, without even the saving measure of the high and eternal dignity of human personality. Can history or everyday experience afford us any hope that such a foundationless, purposeless altruism will ever be a motive force in human life? Someone has well said that a man will labor for himself, his contemporaries, and a generation or two more; but that a fifth or sixth generation is so remote as to cause him no concern, as never to influence his slightest act.

It is a well established law of Group Psychology that doctrines first promulgated among the erudite, gradually filter down into the lives and thoughts of the average man of the streets and the fields; and that, in the process, all the safeguards and qualifications of the first formulation are lost and forgotten. Witness Rousseau and the French Revolution, Marx and famine-stricken, plague-ridden Russia. We have warning, then, that the fair phrases and the alluring ideals with which the literati of today cloak their destructive teachings will one day be torn away. A future age will see in the "modern mind" only a strengthening and deepening of the unreligious material spirit that is the curse of our world today.

THE LE GALLIENNE BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE. (From the Tenth Century to the Present.) Edited with an Introduction by Richard Le Gallienne. New York: Boni & Liveright. $3.50.

After all there is no one like a poet to pick poems—just as there is no one like a cobbler to make shoes. And Mr. Le Gallienne, aiming in the present collection "to bring together as much of the best poetry as it is possible to include in one companionable volume," has done his work almost superhumanly well. His choice begins with "Merrily Sang the Monks of Ely" and ends with

brief lyrics by Robert Nichols and Robert Graves; and if the personal equation has inclined him to include more of modern, even contemporary, English verse than is customary in these judicial anthologies, few contemporary readers will quarrel with him for that. In fact, most of us will find it quite as it should be that the tradition which spoke through Chaucer, through Spencer, through Shakespeare (whom one finds here represented not only by detached lyrics, but also by brief, immortal pages from the plays), should be followed not only into Swinburne, Tennyson and Browning, but also into "The Hound of Heaven," the revealing reticences of Alice Meynell, and even into the tentative minors and very-minors of today and yesterday and tomorrow.

There will be a welcome on many a library table for this new anthology—the latest, of course, of the interesting "Modern" Series being issued by Boni & Liveright, and one of their most commendable publications. It is a delectable book, small enough to slip into a steamer trunk, yet large enough to console a poetry-lover for being marooned on a desert island—or in a city hotel in midsummer.

THE SOUL OF AN IMMIGRANT. By Constantine M. Panunzio. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00.

This is an extremely interesting tale of an Italian boy of good parentage who, because of his love for the sea, enrolled in the crew of a brig bound for America, Australia and the South Sea Islands. Because of the cruelty and unreasonableness of the ship's captain, the lad abandoned the boat at the first port, Boston, and thus found himself a stranger in America, ignorant of all American customs and unable to speak the language. We follow him through all his adventures—with pick and shovel, in lumber camps, on a New England farm, in an American University working his way, in settlement work in Boston, and, finally, through the War as a Y. M. C. A. worker. It is a personal narrative told in the first person in an unusually vivid and realistic style. There is no waning of interest. Because it is personal, it is engrossing. But for the same reasons it is impossible to draw any general scientific conclusions on the broad problems of immigration and Americanization. Possibly, the experiences of this one man may cause all who read them to be more sympathetic and understanding with the strangers in our land. If so, the book has accomplished a purpose, and the hours spent in reading it will have been profitable, as well as pleasant. However, no great scientific value can be placed on the work. Unique and individual experiences cannot be considered as general conditions.

The complete omission of any mention of the Catholic Church as a factor in the lives of Italian immigrants, would indicate that a narrow view had been taken of the situation. Surely, in his Italian settlement work in Boston he must have come in contact with some church influences. Very early in the book, he professes his disinterestedness in religion and actual distaste for whatever Catholic practices were forced upon him by his family. He does not seem able to realize the need of an individual for any formal religion.

Mr. Panunzio's early experiences in America were anything but pleasant and, it would seem, not destined to arouse any love or admiration for our country. The policemen he came in contact with were nothing short of brutal. The turning points of his life, his great resolves, never seemed to be the outcome of thought or the natural reaction of circumstance, but rather emotional inspirations which welled up while standing on Plymouth Rock, or walking through the Boston Common at night, or on viewing the Stars and Stripes waving gloriously in the breeze. Perhaps, this is characteristic of the romantic race, but it leaves us a little skeptical of the sturdiness of his sentiments. We are, however, in no doubt as to their sincerity.

The book contributes nothing to the general fund of information on immigration and Americanization, but it is interesting and without pretense. It is a personal narrative, and masks as nothing more.

MORAL PROBLEMS IN HOSPITAL PRACTICE. By Rev. Patrick A. Finney, C.M. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. $1.25 net.

Father Finney has essayed a very difficult task. He has tried to formulate in fifty-seven questions all the practical moral problems arising in hospital practice, and to answer them briefly and clearly for laymen. Then, in a second portion, he repeats the questions and answers, adding a discussion of the principles underlying each case.

The author's wide experience in hospital work, through his association with the Sisters of Charity, gives him a great vantage ground in the practical appreciation of these problems, and he has achieved a notable measure of success. But we fear that he set himself an impossible task. There is no royal road to wisdom, and there seems no way of enabling those who have had no training in moral theology to answer immediately and categorically some of the most complicated problems in the field of morals.

Father Finney tells us that "discussions of various opinions

upon certain points involved have been studiously avoided throughout the manual, because it was judged that such discussions would serve only to create new doubts, instead of removing those which it was the primary purpose of the manual to settle." But where the discussion of any problem has not brought unanimity among Catholic moralists, and a doubt still remains, we do not think that Father Finney is justified in ignoring it. He should not answer with an unqualified Yes or No.

Desirable, therefore, as it is for hospital Sisters to have a manual that will answer all their problems quickly and clearly and unconditionally, we do not think that Father Finney has given it to us—nor, indeed, that such a thing is possible.

A DREAM OF HEAVEN. By Robert Kane, S.J. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.00 net.

The many friends of Father Kane, S.J., who have read and enjoyed earlier collections of his sermons and lectures will welcome this new volume, which brings together seventeen discourses given on certain important occasions between 1896 and 1918. Most of the discourses are sermons preached on events of historic interest: the Seventh Centenary of the Foundation of the Dominicans, the Golden Jubilee of the Foundation of the Missioners of the Most Holy Sacrament, the Beatification of Madame Barat, and of the French Carmelite Martyrs. The sermon which gives the title to the book, strangely placed at the end, is a New Year's discourse. There is a sane and wholesome lecture on "Fiction: A Fine Art" and one on "An Ideal of Patriotism," insisting on the need of the supernatural element in any nation's ideals. All the sermons and lectures were given in Ireland and England.

NOVISSIMA VERBA *(Last Words).* By Frederic Harrison. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3.00.

The final opinions of any man who has lived for ninety years in the thick of English literary and political life, will be of value to Americans if the subjects dealt with are interesting beyond the author's domestic circle. In this book of crisp piece-meal reflections, Frederic Harrison talks courageously—almost rashly—about such universal concerns as poetry, government and the Peace. Generally, the criticism is amiable, excepting when it treats of Mr. Wilson, Lenine and the British Labor leaders. There is present the resigned optimism of a rather eccentric, but wide-awake, writer who has borne the standard of Comte and the Positivists so long that he seems inseparable from them. Indeed, Mr. Harrison is probably responsible for the fact that Positivism

strikes us now as a doctrine considerably more English than French. It is an unsteady point of view, of course, but it has not prevented him from being notably candid and fair, even when Catholic principle, which he does not understand, enters the discussion. His friends will find this last book typically Harrisonian; others may be led to spend an hour or two agreeably with a man who prides himself on being a Victorian looking upon the very modern year, 1920, with open eyes, and whose comment has the piquant advantage of reminiscent conservatism.

DUBLIN UNIVERSITY AND THE NEW WORLD. By the Rev. Robert H. Murray, Litt.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

As the author explains, it has long been the custom, in Trinity College, Dublin, to preach a sermon in memory of its distinguished alumni on Trinity Sunday. Last year, the preacher was Dr. Murray, and of the four scholars of Trinity whose careers were outlined, three—Samuel Mather, Increase Mather and John Winthrop the Younger—are figures prominent in the history of New England. When the College asked that the sermon be printed, Dr. Murray took advantage of the opportunity to expand it to a handy volume of nearly one hundred pages.

He is to be thanked for having done so, for while the discourse as enlarged may have greater appeal to Protestant than to Catholic readers, it is a valuable contribution to the literature of early Puritanism in America. It is doubtful if one could discover, within such small compass, a better revelation of the motives and aspirations of these three worthies who claimed Trinity as their *alma mater*. The style is fluid, yet scholarly; the method is critical rather than fulsome, and the impression left is of tolerance born of understanding.

SPIRITUAL HEALTH AND HEALING. By Horatio W. Dresser, Ph.D. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $2.00.

Dr. Horatio Dresser sets forth in this volume his version of the Spiritual Health Evangel. It is a very vague and unsatisfactory faith, so fluid and protean as to defy strict statement. The reviewer, anyhow, has not been able to discover in Dr. Dresser's pages the slightest remedy for any ill—no, nor even a thought that might help to beguile a toothache. The work professes to be based upon Scripture, and in point of fact numerous texts are quoted, especially from St. John. But these receive interpretations and applications, which set at defiance all rules of exegesis, linguistics and even common sense; and the con-

viction is irresistibly forced on the reader that the author must never have been given a scientific grounding in Biblical analysis. Nor do logic and metaphysics fare much better than hermeneutics. Philosophical and theological terms, such as "Person," "Personality," "Principle," are employed to denote different concepts; concepts and ideas are equated, which belong to absolutely diverse realms of thought.* For these reasons, it is extremely difficult at times to disentangle the author's real meaning; but his prevailing drift would appear to be towards pantheism.

Chapter III. entitled, "The Christ," teems with theological enormities, and unproven and unprovable statements. "We may begin," Dr. Dresser says, "by regarding the Christ as universal divine love and wisdom" (p. 28). If this be not mere empty rhetoric, it is certainly rank pantheism. Indeed, three pages further on (p. 31), the author, commenting several detached passages of St. John, says: "The Christ is here a principle such that it *(sic.)* can abide in all who are faithful to the precepts and the love set before the disciples as an ideal." And then, hard on the heels of the foregoing, we have the astounding statement that the Christ is a person and is God the Father! "We know," says the author with superb self-assurance, "that no man alone can save his fellow-men, that the true Saviour is God the Father, is the Christ. This wisdom is, in a sense, over and above each one of us as a person, inasmuch as we may all abide in the divine love as branches of the true vine" (p. 39). Dr. Dresser's knowledge is extensive, and his faith is the faith which can move mountains. We, however, fail to understand how the same entity can be personal and impersonal, a vague abstraction, God the Father and the Christ!

MAN—THE ANIMAL. By W. M. Smallwood, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

If it possessed an index—and no book ever cried louder for one—we could give almost unstinted praise to this work, for it is marked by a sanity and a reserve that might well be imitated by other biological writers. The author is not afraid to say that such and such a question cannot yet be answered, and in his desire for facts, rather than thin-spun theory, he has our hearty sympathy. "We seem to be living," he writes, "in an age when facts are not especially wanted. They interfere with our generalizations. Real progress cannot ignore them." These words deserve to be printed on cards and hung up in various studies and work-rooms. We may commend also his treatment of the Laws of Nature, a subject on which there is lamentable ignorance on

the part of the reading public, and as a result a complete misunderstanding of a great deal of the work of science today. This is not a book for children, but parents, especially male parents, will read it with great benefit and, above all, teachers of the young should make it their business to familiarize themselves with its pages. The author does not touch on the subject of the soul—that his title expressly excludes—and so he does not attempt a treatise on mental training. In his preface, he defines his position and adheres to it very faithfully. Eugenics is a subject which is touched upon, but cautiously, and we are spared a great many of the crude surmises masquerading as facts as to early man and his supposed doings, which appear in too many books purporting to convey information of the kind contained in this book.

ECONOMIC CIVICS. By R. O. Hughes. New York: Allyn & Bacon. $1.25.

Mr. Hughes has attempted to combine civics and economics for high school pupils. The idea is certainly good, and his treatment is excellent in many ways. His definitions are clear and his discussions interesting. Suggestive questions are inserted from time to time, further reading is outlined, and at the end of each chapter is stated a number of problems for papers. Typographically, the book leaves nothing to be desired. The only adverse criticism is that the economic element is out of proportion to the civics. We note with satisfaction that the author is not afraid to mention the Creator.

THE MAN OF SORROWS. By Robert Eaton, Priest of the Birmingham Oratory. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. $2.25 net.

The Archbishop of Birmingham says in the preface to this work that the author needs not to crave pardon for adding another to the already long list of studies on the Passion. As the Church points out in her hymns on the Holy Eucharist and the Holy Name, no tongue nor pen can frame an honor equal to the love Our Lord has shown to us. The method Father Eaton follows is to accompany the Saviour, step by step, along the way of the Cross, arranging the incidents narrated by the various Evangelists in orderly sequence, with appropriate and suggestive comments. The details as given by each of the gospels are arranged in a tabular form in an appendix. The brief outline of the sacred text must necessarily be filled out, as in all books of this kind, by the fruit of the author's pious meditation. The author is never unpleasantly dogmatic in his hypotheses as to

what Our Lord must have felt or must have said on occasions where the gospels are silent. One word only would we venture in adverse criticism: the more of the inspired word in such a book the better, but Father Eaton sometimes includes, within the same quotation points, literal quotations from the New Testament, cognate passages from the prophets, sometimes literally quoted, sometimes paraphrased, and subjective reflections of his own. No great harm is done by this practice, but the confusion is a trifle distracting. With this very minor reservation, we recommend the book most heartily.

THE STUDY OF AMERICAN HISTORY. By Viscount Bryce, O.M. Being the Inaugural Lecture of the Sir George Watson Chair of American History, Literature and Institutions, with an Appendix relating to the foundation. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Of this little volume, significant, diplomatically and politically, rather than historically, the preface and appendix are most interesting. Here we have an account of the origin of the Watson Foundation, and its importance to a greater knowledge and appreciation of the great "Transatlantic Commonwealth of English-speaking people." The chair, founded by Sir George Watson, was to provide annual lecturers, English and American scholars, the first to be Viscount Bryce and the second ex-President Hadley of Yale University.

On June 27, 1921, Lord Bryce gave the inaugural lecture, a well-worded, cautiously advanced statement of the philosophy of American history in a thinly disguised propaganda. There was the note of friendship without a touch of antagonism, the note of a man who knew America better than any foreigner, and of a man applauded by America. As such, it was a most effective propaganda, and will bear fruit, good or bad, depending upon one's outlook.

PULLING TOGETHER. By John T. Broderick. Schenectady, N. Y.: Robson & Adee. $1.00.

Coöperation of employer and workers through the agency of employee representation within the plant is the theme of this little book. The old device of the imaginary dialogue is used as a medium of presentation, but the setting is modern—the smoking-room of a parlor car. The merits and possibilities of this kind of employee representation are sketchily, but pleasingly, set forth in the course of a conversation led by a broad-minded and optimistic "president of a well-known corporation operating a group

of plants in the middle West employing some thirty thousand people."

Mr. Broderick's book is well worth reading because of the interesting style in which it is written and the fine spirit which it reflects. It is, however, but an introduction to the subject with which it deals, and is a plea for a policy rather than a scientific analysis of a plan of industrial relationship. The anonymity of the "hero" and his company make the story a suggestion of possibilities instead of a record of achievement to which all may turn. It does not dispose convincingly of objections to this type of collective dealing as contrasted with alternative systems of joint action. It is regrettable that there was not an officer of a national trade union present in the smoking-room to compel a more searching examination of some points that were accepted without challenge.

THE EDUCATIONAL IDEALS OF THE BLESSED JULIE BILLIART. By a Member of her Congregation. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 75 cents net.

It was said of Coleridge that his deathless poems might be printed on twenty pages, but that these pages deserved to be bound in gold. Almost as much might be said of this brochure of thrice twenty pages, for under an unpretending exterior are contained the deathless principles of Christian pedagogy, formulated by the Foundress of the Congregation of the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur over a century ago, and only strengthened by the lapse of time.

The first and third chapters contain a biographical sketch of Blessed Julie and a brief history of her Congregation, respectively; the second consists of about thirty-five pages on the educational principles which guided her in founding and directing her Institute. For her the only true educators are they who are all the while upbuilding their own being by deepening and purifying their power of believing and loving. Great ideals propagate themselves best, if not only, through the lives of those in whom they have become incorporate. It was said of old that the orator was a good man who was skillful in speech, and the good teacher no less is one who loves perfection, and labors to achieve it first in himself and then in his disciples. This is the corner-stone upon which Blessed Julie built her "art of arts," as she called education. "One cannot give what one has not got," she writes to her Sisters, "if you are not virtuous yourself, you will not make others so." It is a lesson which can never be too thoroughly assimilated by teachers, and coupled with it is another which makes

for success, a sovereign means to enable them to do well and easily what lies within their powers, a means long since revealed in the pregnant words of the great Augustine: "Where there is love, there is no labor, or, if there be labor, the labor is love."

UP STREAM. *An American Chronicle.* By Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: Boni & Liveright. $3.00.

Another very tired egoist has made his confession and nailed his defiance upon the gates of smug America. Ludwig Lewisohn's book is the story of his soul, working to assimilate and re-fashion, amid the dull, indifferent whirr of American life, the great realities of beauty and thought. Of course, he failed, and his criticism is therefore bitter with indignation that is almost despair. One concedes the terrible truth of much he says, while viewing with a certain pity and astonishment the weakness of his ultimate philosophy. He came to America, as a child, from Germany; his father was an emancipated Jew; no religious belief stirred him except (it is worth noting) a brief response to the æsthetic side of the Church; he studied and toiled to overcome poverty, ostracism, misunderstanding; and as a university professor and literary critic underwent the trial of a war in which he did not believe. It is all very serious and intense, the relief being supplied by heroic enthusiasm for poetry and philosophy. And yet, after this wide experience and education, what has Lewisohn to offer as a remedy for American mediocrity? An impotent egoism, a shabby sex psychology, a form of erotic German romanticism so hollow and so hopeless that no phrases can hide its flabby contours. Under all his bravado, there is no *bravoure;* for the thunder of Carlyle he substitutes, frequently, a screech; and his repudiation of Christianity is purely external. A little faith, a saving sense of humor, even, perhaps, a diligent reading of Don Quixote, would have drummed into his head the saving phrase—*Memento homo quia pulvis es.*

FRENCH GRAMMAR MADE CLEAR. For use in American Schools. By Ernest Dimnet. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.50 net.

It is doubtful if any but a Frenchman could have treated what Father Tabb used to call the *bone dry rules* of speech so humanly and vivaciously as the present book. And it is further doubtful if any Frenchman except the Canon Dimnet could quite have achieved it. For here is the work of an experienced professor—in fact, of an internationally celebrated scholar—a practical working grammar, built up with the main idea of interesting

and intriguing the American student. Obviously, it is bound to succeed. It will succeed, first, because of its conciseness and simplicity, its determination to omit "everything not generally known to an educated Frenchman." And then it will succeed because of its inclusiveness: because to the usual and inevitable groundwork of conjugation, rule and vocabulary, it adds a highly useful and stimulating list of Current Twentieth Century Phrases —and a page of really practical (and polite) suggestions for letter-writing in French—and three amazingly brief, but comprehensive, appendices dealing with French Versification, the Landmarks of French Literature and the Main Periods of French History.

And, perhaps, the little volume will succeed most of all because of the tact and taste with which its information is presented. It is something more than a text-book, since to class-room work or home study it brings both freshness and sympathy.

ONE. By Sarah Warder MacConnell. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00.

We must confess that this, Miss MacConnell's third novel, is a little disappointing when we compare it with its forerunners, *Why Theodora!* and *Many Mansions.* The reason for the falling-off is possibly to be found in the fact that the book deals—unlike the earlier novels—with that dreariest of all things, New York suburban society. We cannot become interested in the characters, and we do not believe that Miss MacConnell is greatly interested in them.

Yet *One* possesses some merits. It is sincere; it has insight; and it is full of courage. The background of the book is cleverly painted. Without attempting definite satire, and delicately avoiding the usual facile, coarse realism, Miss MacConnell gives us the women with "hennaed hair that seemed to scream with pain," the "bizarre clothes that were the wildly colored expression of unhappiness," "the appearance of Husbands as a topic, sent round like the cigarettes."

In such a society Alethea, the heroine of the story, moves, tolerant and contemptuous of its meanness and vice. She marries, with her eyes open, the brilliant Frederick Haviland, notorious as a philanderer. Her problem is how to make her marriage a success, and her method is the renunciation of jealousy. It is a hard job, but she wins in the end.

Miss MacConnell, we understand, is a High Anglican; but she is careful not to use any supernatural argument. Nevertheless, the argument she does use—though upon a purely naturalistic basis—is sound, as far as it goes. The bond of marriage

exists even when romance is dead; her divorced men and women are all fish out the matrimonial water, more desolate in separation than they were together. Even in disaster the tie holds: it was Alethea's difficult business, alone in her precious set, to attempt and to achieve unity.

A FRANCISCAN VIEW OF THE SPIRITUAL AND RELIGIOUS LIFE, being three treatises from the writings of St. Bonaventure. Done into English by Dominic Devas, O.F.M. (New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.50 net.) This is a book that can be highly recommended to all religious superiors or those likely to be superiors. We may go further, and say that it is a book that should be carefully and meditatively read by all such. From its pages, they may learn the qualifications and virtues of the true religious superior, and this knowledge may serve to deter some who otherwise might be ambitious to hold office. It is not easy to be a good superior, as St. Bonaventure makes evident. Yet for those who are chosen to exercise such an office these treatises will afford much light. The twenty-two pages at the end, containing eight general and twenty-five special injunctions in reference to the ordering of one's spiritual life, are all that will be likely to prove of special interest or value to the general reader.

NEW GROWTHS AND CANCER, by Simeon Burt Wolbach, M.D. (Harvard Health Talks.) (New York: Harvard University Press. $1.00.) Perhaps the most serious problem before the medical profession at the present time is cancer. About a million of people die of it every year—nearly 100,000 of them in this country alone. Cancer is on the increase. About two and one-half per cent. more of patients die from it every year. It is easy to understand then that this little book, summing up our most recent knowledge of cancer, is of great popular interest. Certain changes have come in recent times. "Twenty-five years ago the possibility of cancer being caused by a parasite was eagerly entertained and heredity was given a prominent place in all discussions." Today "the parasitic theory of cancer causation is almost wholly abandoned. . . . The statistician has disproved heredity, and insurance companies attach no importance of penalty to history of cancer in the family of an applicant for insurance."

What to do for cancer? On the first suspicious sign of a mole or wart showing a tendency to grow, have it removed. Internal trouble after middle life that persists, should be submitted to a reliable physician. Pain is a late symptom of cancer. Avoid quacks and pretenders. If you have a good watch, you make inquiries before intrusting it to someone for cleaning or repairs. Do at least that much with regard to your body. Look out for remedies that claim to save you from the knife; they will, at the expense of your life. Here you have the Harvard advice on the most important medical problem of the day.

THE EPISTLES AND GOSPELS FOR PULPIT USE. Being the English Version of the Epistles and Gospels read in the Masses of Sundays and Holydays throughout the year, edited by Rev. Ferdinand E. Bogner. (New York: Leo A. Kelly.) We commend heartily this new edition of the *Epistles and Gospels for Pulpit Use* as being at once both scholarly and practical. The volume is of convenient size, admirably printed and bound, and very sensibly arranged. It will be of no little value in assisting priests to read the Gospel intelligently and impressively to the people; and it will be available also for those of the faithful who care to keep the Sunday Gospels at hand for reading or meditation. Father Bogner and Mr. Kelly are to be complimented on the doing of a very fine piece of work. The price is most reasonable, $1.00.

MANUAL FOR NOVICES, compiled from the *Disciplina Claustralis* of the Venerable Father John of Jesus and Mary, the *Vade-Mecum Novitiorum* by a Master of Novices, and other authentic sources. Translated from the Latin. (New York: Benziger Brothers. $2.00 net.) This little manual, as the preface states, was compiled chiefly for the use of Discalced Carmelites; yet it may be used with profit by other Religious as well. In fact, we believe the Religious of all Orders or Congregations will welcome this volume. It is brief in treatment, but full in sense and very thoroughgoing in the principles it inculcates. The specimen acts of the various virtues and the chapters on Prayer, Mortification, the Annual and the Monthly Retreat will be found specially helpful. In the Table of Contents the pagination of the sections up to XIII. is wrong. Otherwise the volume is well printed, and is neatly bound in black cloth.

THE COUNTER-REFORMATION IN SCOTLAND, by Rev. J. H. Pollen, S.J. (St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. $1.00 net.) Father Pollen has rewritten and enlarged the paper on the Counter-Reformation in Scotland, which he read two years ago, before the Catholic Students' Guild of the University of Glasgow. In the brief space of some eighty pages, the writer sketches the circumstances that led to the first Catholic counter-reformation in the coming of Gordon and Crichton in 1584. He describes Scotland's long resistance to the Reformation and her complete collapse; the policy of Queen Mary Stuart; the changing viewpoint of King James in 1579 and 1589; the mission of Edmund Hay and John Dury. We hope some day for a fuller treatment of this period from the hands of this eminent Jesuit scholar.

A GREAT MISTAKE, by Mrs. G. J. Romanes. (St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. $2.00 net.) In days when so many strong-minded wives ignore the wishes of their husbands, it is interesting to compare the result of their independent behavior with that of the young married heroine who so firmly believes it is her duty to obey her husband. Other story-ladies of our acquaintance say, firmly: "I intend

to do so-and-so." But Margot asks: "What do you wish, Philip? If you tell me not to, I will not." It is not hard to guess the effect on Philip.

The title of this book is misleading. There is an old Scotch friend of ours who likes to say, when things seem to go wrong and disappointingly: "Eh, but He makes no mistakes." Readers of *A Great Mistake* may be assured that no mistake whatever has been made, and they will enjoy this wholesome little Catholic story by a convert writer.

THREE of Uncle Pat's Picture Books, "designed, printed and bound in Ireland" (St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. 75 cents each), are: *Tales of the Gaels,* which will hold the attention and delight the hearts of the small adventure-loving boys and girls, and hold a very special charm for them if they be of Irish extraction. In it they will read of the terrible tests to which those who wished to join the Fenians had to submit, and will revel in the marvelous feats of "Finn MacCool," of his adventures in "The Witch's Cave at Kesh," of "Coalty's Rabble," "The Clown of the Ragged Coat," and many other stories, each more fascinating than the last. An added attraction will be found in the numerous and artistic illustrations by Austin Molloy. *Uncle Pat's Playtime Book,* for the very small child, provides a treasure house of fun with its stories, verses, puzzles and jokes. George Monks illustrates this book, both delightfully and profusely. *Credo,* the third of the Uncle Pat books, is also for the small child, and explains the Apostles' Creed, phrase by phrase, briefly and in the simplest language, teaching in connection with it the prayers that even the smallest of our children should know. *Credo* is illustrated quite as fully as the Finn MacCool and Playtime books. Unfortunately these illustrations cannot compare in artistic value with the others, yet the subject matter is worthy of the best. We feel that our religious books should be bound and illustrated at least as attractively and artistically as those simply intended to amuse.

THE GLANDS REGULATING PERSONALITY—a Study of the Glands of Internal Secretion in Relation to the Types of Human Nature—by Louis Berman, M.D. (New York: The Macmillan Co.) The book opens with an introductory chapter on "Attitudes Towards Human Nature." This introduction is quasi-philosophical and, from the point of view of clearness and consistency, is quite hopeless. In fact, the author's exact attitude is beyond discovery.

The value of the thirteen chapters that follow varies greatly according to content. The first on "How the Glands of Internal Secretion Were Discovered" is full of interesting information. So, too, the discussion of the anatomy and physiology of the several glands is good when the author confines himself to the description of experimental results. But, unfortunately, he is not prudent in this regard; very often he goes way beyond the experimental data in hand at present.

He sets down hopes and fears, predictions and admonitions seemingly with all the ease of a novelist. And this condition becomes more evident as the book proceeds.

His description of some historic personages in terms of gland physiology is, I believe, premature. There is still too little known about the subject theoretically to warrant its application in analyzing the life histories of the heroes of the past.

Again, the author's use of the term personality is empirical, *i. e.*, there is no question of a metaphysical concept of person. Very probably the introductory chapter is designed to reduce personality to chemical reaction, but this is a logical absurdity—not to speak of the physical impossibility involved.

On the whole, one can say that the book, good as a summary of experimental results, is vitiated by the introduction of much non-scientific matter of a distinctly emotional coloring.

FOR WHAT DO WE LIVE? By Edward Howard Griggs. (Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.: Orchard Hill Press. $1.00.) In some seventy-four small pages of large print, Mr. Griggs gives us his own philosophy of life. He gives us also fair warning of what we are to expect. "I have no fixed and finished solutions to offer; I do not believe such are possible" (pp. 23, 24). Catholics, then, have nothing to learn from this book. The author, who acclaims the ideal and the noble, maintains a high standard; he strongly condemns the self-seeking and the lust for wealth, which stain present-day society. He regrets that scientific discoveries have dissolved the old faith, and made it, so he believes, impossible. His own religious viewpoint, at least in certain pages, would seem to gravitate towards a vague pantheism.

MORAL EMBLEMS AND OTHER POEMS, by Robert Louis Stevenson. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.) The much-loved, and now well-grown, little stepson of Robert Louis Stevenson has recently re-published *Moral Emblems*, that most delicious and most precious bit of nonsense which helped to alleviate both the sadness and the poverty of his slowly dying father. Obviously, these little rhymes are the work of a humorous master, whose eyes twinkle as he writes, and for the time, at least, he sees himself and the rest of the world only as a subject for fun-making. The book is illustrated by delightfully absurd wood-cuts of the jingler's own, and the introduction, by Lloyd Osbourne, is charmingly informative.

COBRA ISLAND, by Neil Boyton, S.J. (New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.15 net.) In this story of a Catholic scout's adventures, it is the young hero himself who tells the tale. Under his father's care, "Scouty" Gaze sails from Brooklyn for India, anticipating experiences that will be interesting and, perhaps, exciting; but not such a series of adventures as fall to his lot, by sea and land. They pass, as the book's jacket has it, "like a colorful circus rider;" yet

the author makes them seem plausible enough as Scouty chatters on, telling simply and naturally what he did and felt and said. Best of all, is the tactful way in which is indicated the boy's unostentatious fidelity, through all that befalls him, to the ideal of the Catholic scout. Of the incidents that set this forth, one remains in the memory, both from its inherent impressiveness and the picturesque, effective manner in which it is written; the baptism, by Scouty, of poor, faithful, dark-skinned Jim in the hour of his death, caused by a cobra's bite.

BRAZILIAN TALES, by Isaac Goldberg. (Boston: The Four Seas Co. $2.00.) In this book of one hundred and forty-nine pages there are forty-two of introduction and fourteen of sheer padding. The remaining ninety-three pages contain translations of short stories by various Brazilian writers. The volume is called a sample—though rather a costly one—and its aim is clearly enunciated by the translator when he writes, "when the literature of these United States is at last (if ever, indeed!) released from the childish, hypocritical, Puritanic inhibitions forced upon it by quasi-official societies, we may even relish from among Azevedo's long shelf of novels, such a sensuous product as *Cortico*."

"The Pigeons," by Netto, and "Aunt Zeze's Tears," by Carmen Dolores, are the only stories in the book that may hope for a sympathetic welcome among the English-reading public.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF THOMAS O'HAGAN. (Toronto: McClelland & Steward. $2.00.) Canada assists her veterans of the Great War by helping them to establish profitable farms. Frequently, this occurs in sparsely settled territory, and widespread attention follows the work of the pioneers. Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, whose poetry so graphically describes the life they must lead, has recently published his collected poems. Many of them literally breathe the pioneer spirit. Indeed, he is generally conceded to excel in verses of commemoration and elegy. It is also true that some of his simpler verses contain much real beauty.

HEPPLESTALLS, by Harold Brighouse. (New York: Robert McBride & Co. $2.00 net.) This well-written novel describes in most dramatic fashion the century-old feud between the Bradshaws and the Hepplestalls. It begins with a seduction and a murder in the days of the Prince Regent, and ends with a Hepplestall-Bradshaw marriage. The author traces with a master hand the history and development of the cotton industry of Lancashire from the days of the invention of steam, and gives a good sketch of the long-drawn-out fight between Capital and Labor in England during the past century.

THE EVERLASTING WHISPER, by Jackson Gregory. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75.) Jackson Gregory has written another of his thrilling romances of the West. The reader is kept on

the alert every moment, following the hero's strenuous search for a lost gold mine in the California Sierras. Many months of life in the open, molds the character of the wayward and impulsive city-bred heroine, Gloria, who time and time again is saved from death and dishonor by the man of her choice, who never knows fatigue or failure. The bad men of the West figure largely in these pages, and are guilty of every imaginable crime—murder, robbery and abduction.

PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS.

The Methods of a Fanatic, by the Rev. O. R. Vassal-Phillips, C.SS.R. (Catholic Truth Society), is an exposure of anti-Catholic falsehoods contained in a book called *Priestcraft*, by Mr. H. L. Stutfield, and published in the *National Review*. Mr. Stutfield attacks three Catholic theologians, Diana, Escotar and St. Alphonsus. He also makes false statements about Pope Clement XIV. The author of the pamphlet points out effectively the writer's complete lack of knowledge to write on his subject, and his complete misunderstanding of the authorities he quotes.

Treatises dealing with matters of Catholic doctrine are acceptable at all times. The Catholic laity can never be too well informed. In these days particularly, a complete knowledge of the Church's teaching is needed. Answering this need, we recommend three other excellent pamphlets published by the Catholic Truth Society: *The Immaculate Conception*, by J. B. Jaggar, S.J.; *Why We Resist Divorce*, by Herbert Thurston, S.J., and *The True Church Visibly One*, by Rev. H. P. Russell.

The Problem of Evil, by M. C. D'Arcy, S.J., M.A., answers the problem of the ages from the Catholic viewpoint, which shows how God draws good out of all evil, and disposes us to take a happy view of life despite its suffering and sin. A very instructive pamphlet. (Catholic Truth Society.) "To meet an adverse movement with a counter-movement is the only policy which assures success and proves sincerity of purpose," says Rev. George Thomas Daly, C.SS.R., in his interesting pamphlet on the *Sisters of Service*, a new community formed to meet the exigencies of souls in the wilderness of the Canadian Northwest (Catholic Truth Society of Canada). *Freemasonry*, by Rev. Lucian Johnston is a kindly, heart to heart talk with Freemasons as to Masonry and the Church's attitude towards it (International Catholic Truth Society. 5 cents).

From St. Thomas' Publishing Society, Travancore, India, we have a pamphlet appeal for coöperation with Catholic apostolic work in India. The writer, Rev. Cyriacus Mattam, is a well-known native priest and author.

The Committee for the Protection of Animal Experimentation, Boston, Mass., has issued its *Third Statement*, dated February, 1922, in defence of vivisection, answering its opponents. The Tract Commission of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, Cincinnati, Ohio, sends us a Tract on *Jewish Ethics*, by Rabbi Samuel Schulman, D.D., of Temple Beth El, New York City; one of a series of tracts which they are issuing for distribution among "Jews and non-Jews," to "convey information on the Jewish religion and Jewish history."

Recent Events.

France.

As forecast last month, the Conference at The Hague ended in failure, the final session being held on July 19th, with a rejection of the Russian proposals. What really stopped the Conference, from a technical diplomatic viewpoint, was the Russian attitude on private property. The Soviet delegation stood on the ground that it had a right to confiscate any private property under its jurisdiction, and, furthermore, maintained that they were under no obligation to compensate for the property seized. The Powers' delegates took the stand that they were not trying to dictate to Russia what laws she should have; they were merely telling Russia what sort of conditions must exist in a country, with which their countries would do business. When the Russians flatly stated, in reply to a question which could not be dodged, that they recognized no obligation in the premises, the other delegates told them it was useless to continue the debates. Thereupon the Conference ended.

After a month of constant note-passing between the various Allies, particularly France and Great Britain, interspersed with German pleas for a moratorium, the fifteenth Allied Conference on War Debts and Reparations was opened in London on August 7th, with France insistent on strict measures and Great Britain and, to a less degree, Italy inclined to leniency. Three days after this meeting, the British Cabinet, following a two-hour session, announced that the Ministers had approved the policy of Premier Lloyd George and the committee of experts in declining to agree to the Poincaré plan to force Germany to meet the reparation payment. The views of the British Cabinet were sent in writing to all the delegates. They amount to a reaffirmation of the British policy of limiting reparations to the amount Germany is capable of paying, and granting her a moratorium to enable her to recover.

Several weeks previous to the London meeting—on July 20th—the Committee on Guarantees, which had been for some weeks in Berlin working out a method for Allied supervision of German public finances, returned to Paris and informed the Reparations Commission that the German Government had agreed to its project looking to supervision of the German budget, also supervision of exportations and importations, the recovery of evaded capital

and the publication of reliable German Government statistics. The trial of this plan, however, has been postponed by the Reparations Commission till the French and British Premiers have come to a closer agreement on the matter of a German moratorium—a prospect indefinitely remote.

The United States War Debt Funding Commission started the first formal negotiations leading to the funding of the Allied war debt coming to this country, on July 27th, when it met with Jean V. Parmentier, Director of Finance of the French Treasury, and special financial representatives of France. A week later, however, the negotiations were temporarily halted pending further instructions from France to its representatives here. The French debt to the United States is $3,500,000,000, and as the French representative seemed to be without authority to make definite proposals regarding the manner in which payments could be made, it was decided that further communication with the French Government would be necessary before proceeding further.

On August 1st, Lord Balfour, as Acting Foreign Secretary of Great Britain, addressed a note to the Governments of France, Italy, Jugo-Slavia, Rumania, Portugal and Greece, transmitting at the same time a copy to the American Government, in which the British Government declared it was regretfully constrained to request these various countries to take steps to pay what they owe Great Britain, stating, however, that the amount of payment and interest for which it asked, depended less on what France and the other Allies owe Great Britain than on what Great Britain has to pay to the United States. The important feature of the note lay in this last clause, the note going on to say that Great Britain would be willing to surrender her share of German reparations if there could be written off, through one great transaction, the whole body of Inter-Allied indebtedness—in other words, the note was primarily a round-about plea in favor of the cancellation by America of what Great Britain and the other Allies owe her. To this, however, the American Secretary of the Treasury Mellon, the President and American public sentiment generally seems unalterably opposed, and the note only served to bring into actual light what has long been hinted at but never definitely proposed. Negotiations with financial representatives of Great Britain, therefore, for the funding of that country's debt of $4,500,000,000 to the United States are scheduled to begin some time towards the end of September.

The nineteenth session of the Council of the League of Nations began in London on July 17th and lasted for ten days, the

chief action taken being the formal approval of the British and French mandates for Palestine and Syria respectively. These mandates will not come into force, however, until certain questions concerning the Syrian mandate, at issue between Italy and France, are settled. As soon as the Council is notified that this has happened, both mandates will be placed in operation simultaneously. The next meeting of the Council will take place in Geneva on August 30th.

Premier Lloyd George's statement last month, that it was desirable that Germany should be admitted to the League of Nations at the next assembly in September, was received with disfavor in France, which took the stand that Germany should not be admitted till she showed greater good-will in the execution of the Treaty of Versailles. Definite news now comes from Germany that she has no intention of applying for membership in the League, her decision being obviously the result of France's semi-official declaration on the subject.

Movements of the Greek army towards Constantinople, late in July, caused considerable Allied apprehension that a Greek attack on that city was meditated. A force of over 10,000 French, British and Italian troops were rushed to Thrace and stationed south of the Tchatalja line, thirty miles west of Constantinople, along which was drawn a force of 70,000 Greeks. Latest dispatches are to the effect that the Greek commander has notified Brigadier General Harrington, commander of the Allied forces, that the Greeks have begun to withdraw from the Tchatalja line. This action is in compliance with the request of General Harrington, who is endeavoring to establish a neutral zone, that the Greeks and Allied troops withdraw for two miles on each side of the line in order to avoid a clash.

On July 14th, the Turkish Nationalist Cabinet resigned as a result of the adoption by the Angora Assembly of a new law, providing that the nomination of the Executive Council shall be made by Parliament as a whole, instead of by the Presidential National Assembly. The new law is designed to curtail the powers of Mustapha Kemal. Mustapha Kemal's party, which at the beginning of the Nationalist movement numbered more than two-thirds of the Assembly, now has only eighty members. Meanwhile, the Allied Governments have decided to turn the investigation of Turkish atrocities in Armenia over to the International Red Cross as a neutral organization.

Early in July, the Chamber of Deputies adopted a resolution asking the Government to reduce the numbers of military units in France so as to eliminate some of the skeleton organizations

and bring others up to fuller strength. This does not involve any reduction in the general army strength, but affects only the internal organization. The resolution asks for a change from fifty divisions, as at present, to thirty-two.

That the falling birth-rate "dominates all other perils," is the contention of a recent article in the Paris *Figaro*, which goes on to say that "since 1863, a record year in births—1,012,000—we have continued to diminish. As a result of the nuptial abundance of 1920-21, a slight excess of births over deaths was produced. It will not last. In France, which lost three million men since 1914, there was an increase in population in 1921 of 140,000, compared with 590,000 in England for the same year and 720,000 in Germany. The Germans are eagerly proceeding to repopulate their country. What sentiments are animating the French, born upon a fertile area, larger than that of the German Empire, whose tillable soil requires the services of 55,000,000 inhabitants? If the European birth-rates continue in their present ratios, France will have, in twenty years, 35,000,000, or 36,000,000 inhabitants with a majority of old people; Germany will have 75,000,000 with a majority of young men and women. What will happen with the Reich congested by lack of room and empty spaces in France next door? We must use our wits and our strength to protect ourselves. The causes of this voluntary suicide are essentially moral; they betray an obvious impairment of mentality, and post-natal care of mothers and infants must play a part. A plan of defence must forthwith be devised."

Italy.

Italy has been in a state of political, industrial and social turmoil throughout the month. The beginning of the trouble occurred towards the middle of July, when there was a Fascisti outbreak at Cremona. Partly because in this affair the Fascisti burned the house of Deputy Mifliolo, of the Communist Wing of the Popular (Catholic) Party, the Catholic Deputies united with the Socialists on July 20th in the motion of the Popularist Deputy, Longinotti, to overthrow the Facta Government, the motion declaring that "the Government has not attained the pacification of the country necessary for its economical reconstruction." The Government was defeated by a vote of 288 to 102. An idea of the mixed nature of Italian politics may be obtained from the fact that part of the adverse vote included Fascisti, who so voted because of the weakness of Government authority at Cremona. The fact that the Government had maintained the most perfect

order during the Genoa Conference merely served as a contrast to its later apparent delinquency.

In what was practically an *interregnum*, lasting from July 30th to August 1st, various attempts were made by former Premiers Orlando, Bonomi and Nava, successively, to form a new ministry, but without success. Finally, it was necessary to call on Premier Facta to continue in office, with, however, a reconstruction of his former Cabinet. The chief changes were the appointment of four new ministers, the most prominent of whom is Senator Paolino Taddei. Signor Taddei has been Prefect of the Province of Turin for several years, and achieved a great reputation in 1920 by bringing about a peaceful adjustment of the workers and powers of the factories there, when the former took possession of the plants and attempted to operate them in every department.

Hardly had the new Ministry been formed, when renewed conflicts between the Fascisti and other parties broke out all over Italy on a hitherto unprecedented scale. The origin of this outbreak, which amounted virtually to civil war, was the declaration of a general strike by all the labor unions throughout the country on July 31st, instigated by the Communists and Socialists in protest against Fascisti reprisals. Thereupon, the Fascisti began taking measures to break up the strike, calling on their entire force, estimated at over 1,000,000 men, to take action. Trouble between the opposing forces quickly spread from Rome to Milan, Genoa, and ultimately most of the other cities. Scores of persons were killed and thousands wounded in the fighting, during which the Fascisti seized the municipal organizations in various localities, raided Communist newspaper offices, burned municipal buildings, etc.

After a week of disorder, on August 6th the Government declared martial law in the provinces of Genoa, Milan, Parma, Ancona, Leghorn and Brescia, taking over complete control of those territories; and, on the following day, Benito Mussolini, leader of the Fascisti organization, ordered the demobilization of all the Fascisti throughout Italy. In a manifesto issued at the same time, the Fascisti chief declared that the object of the Fascisti uprising had been achieved, namely, protection of the workers' legitimate interests, abolition of the general strike forever, and the defeat of the elements which were "blackmailing" the Government.

The Chamber of Deputies re-assembles about the middle of August. Until then the new Government, whose reception by the Chamber is problematical, will administer by decrees. Those of

the Minister of the Interior, Senator Taddei, will be followed with great interest, for he is now being asked to do for the nation what he successfully achieved for his province two years ago. On him depends the fate of the Government. Should he execute the laws in too drastic a manner, in an endeavor to win favor with the Fascisti, the Government is certain to find itself opposed by all the Socialists and most of the Catholics. On the other hand, should he ignore the red flags, the absence of the tricolor, and local attempts to establish Soviets, he will arouse the wrath of the Fascisti, with their numerous disciplined bands and their growing faith in the support of the nation.

Meanwhile Pope Pius has expressed his deep distress at the increasing hatred between the opposing factions, and has sent a circular letter to the Italian Bishops, in which he reminds them that pacification of the people is a part of their work, and urges all the people to return to "an observance of the Golden Rule." This letter has been commented on by the London *Times* as being especially important, as that journal considers it very rare that the Pope should take direct interest in affairs of State, except when they are closely connected with the Church.

Count Teofilo Rossi, the Italian Minister of Industry, and Count de Neurath, the German Ambassador to Italy, have signed a convention for the purchase of former German property in Italy by the German Government. The German Government will buy back all the confiscated German property as a whole. It will then be restored to its former owners. The purchase price is fixed at 800,000,000 lire, to be paid in instalments, the first falling due after the agreement is ratified. The property already liquidated or nationalized by the Italian Government for political, historical or military reasons, is excluded from the agreement.

The reproduction which the late Pope Benedict XV. ordered made of the famous Madonna of Loretto, burned last year with the altar on which it stood in the Holy House of Loreto, has recently been completed. It is a small, black image of the Blessed Virgin and the Infant Jesus, and, like the original, was carved from Lebanon cedar. The original was popularly supposed to have been sculptured by St. Luke, but the workmanship suggested that it dated from the latter half of the fifteenth century. Pope Pius will solemnly bless the new statue on September 6th. As soon as it is restored to the Holy House, there will be an imposing religious ceremony, at which Pope Pius will be represented by a special committee of Cardinals, including Cardinal Gasparri, who has been appointed Papal legate for this occasion. Large pilgrimages are being organized to visit the Holy House.

Germany.

The internal political situation in Germany during the month was characterized by two important developments. One was the friction that arose between Bavaria and the central Government at Berlin, holding for a time almost the threat of civil war, but which has now apparently been composed. This was the first crisis literally worthy of the name since the Kapp counter-revolution, and in many respects was even more serious because quieter and more fundamental. The trouble arose over the passage by the Reichstag of certain laws "for safeguarding the Republic," immediately following the assassination of the late Foreign Minister, Dr. Rathenau. These laws were so drastic as to amount to constitutional changes, but, being passed by more than a two-thirds majority, they became amendments to the Constitution. Bavaria, however, refused to recognize these changes, principally on the ground that they infringed on its rights as a sovereign State in the defunct federation of the Bismarckian German Empire. Specifically, what it objected to was, first, the creation of a new political Supreme Court or high tribunal for trying political cases; and, secondly, the creation of a new Federal criminal police. After several weeks' negotiation between Berlin and Munich, it was finally announced on August 11th that an agreement had been reached between the Berlin Government and Count Lerchenfeld, Premier of Bavaria. President Ebert assured Count Lerchenfeld that the rights of individual States would not be impaired by the new defence law.

The other important development was the decision of the Centre Party to give up its exclusively Catholic character and endeavor to join to it "Christian Republicans" of all creeds—"Christian Republicans" in this context meaning "anti-Marxian Republicans." What the Centre is trying to do, it seems, is to gather together all the sound bourgeois who are caught, at present, between the overwhelming Socialist majority in the Republican bloc, and the worshippers of gold and iron, who control the parties of the Right. "At the next election a large number of non-Catholic candidates will be nominated by the Centrist Party without consideration as to whether these non-Catholic candidates have the support of their own co-religionists or not." This proclamation may be considered as an invitation to the discontented of all other parties to join the rejuvenated Centrist Party, and there can be no doubt that the call will be answered from many quarters, by persons who joined the Socialists or the German People's Party simply because there was no true Republican Party. The two men to whom this change in

policy is due, are Federal Labor Minister Braun, a priest, and ex-Minister Slergerwald, though they were obliged to meet strong opposition from the powerful Right Wing of the Centrist Party, composed principally of Junkers and big industrialists. It is expected that the change will strengthen Chancellor Wirth, himself a Centrist, and incidentally the Republic, by affording a rallying point for all liberals and constitutionalists.

Still further tending to strengthen the Republic was the unexpected action, early in July, of the Central Committee of the German People's Party (the party with which Hugo Stinnes, the capitalist, is prominently identified), which passed a resolution embodying the clearest pronouncement yet made in favor of the Republic by the People's Party. Among other things, the resolution declared: "We are convinced that the reconstruction of Germany is only possible on the basis of a Republican constitution." The Centrist and Social Democratic Parties had previously addressed a joint appeal to the German People's Party, inviting it to enter the Government coalition, but little hope was entertained that a favorable response would be forthcoming.

On August 2d German marks again suffered a severe slump, being quoted on the London Exchange market at the new low record of 3,840 to the pound sterling. This was primarily due to the foreign political situation described above, and to the Earl of Balfour's note on Inter-Allied debts, which appears to have confused exchange. The latest trade figures, too, show a very unhealthy state of affairs. Exports for June were more than 2,000,000 double hundredweights below the monthly average for the half year. In all that time, Germany's export trade has been shrinking, and the adverse trade balance for six months alone means the loss of 200,000,000 gold marks. The textile industry is refusing all orders, owing to the unstable conditions, and several other industries are doing the same.

On the other hand, according to figures published by the Berlin *Tageblatt* on July 28th, the number of unemployed in Germany has dropped to a level seldom attained even before the War. The total of completely unemployed persons receiving public relief fell from 28,200 in June to 19,900 in July. In 354 of the largest centres only 16,029 were unemployed, as compared with 19,108 for the previous month.

The cost of living in Germany took an unusual leap of thirty-two per cent. in July, as compared with nine and two-tenths in June. The index figure rose from 3,779 to 4,990. The index figure for food alone went to 6,836, representing an increase of thirty-three and five-tenths per cent. over June. The prices of

virtually everything, except rent, rose. This was especially true of new potatoes. The increases were uniform in small and large communities, none showing a rise of less than twenty per cent. The further depreciation in the value of the mark is held responsible for the increase.

On August 10th the United States Government made an announcement that an agreement between the United States and Germany, providing for the determination of the amount of claims against Germany, had been signed in Berlin. The agreement provides for a claims commission to be composed of two commissioners and an umpire. Associate Justice William R. Day, of the United States Supreme Court, it was announced, has been selected by President Harding as umpire. He will have authority to decide finally upon questions on which the two commissioners—one to be selected by each Government—may disagree. The selection of Justice Day, it was stated, was made after the German Government expressed a desire to have an American citizen appointed as umpire. Under the agreement, the commissioners, whose names have not yet been announced, will meet in Washington within two months from the date of its signature, and will pass upon: (1) claims arising from seizure of or damage to American property within the former German Empire; (2) claims arising as a consequence of the War and occurring since July 31, 1914, and (3) debts owed as between the nationals of the two countries.

Early in July negotiations, which had been in progress between representatives of the Belgian and German Governments at Brussels for redemption of 6,000,000,000 marks which Germany circulated in Belgium during her occupation of that country, were broken off by the Belgians because they considered the German proposals inadequate to meet the requirements. The Belgian Government has decided to proceed immediately with liquidation of sequestered German property, in order to raise a fund for redemption of the marks in question.

That the German merchant fleet is creeping back towards its pre-war tonnage is shown by a recent cable to the American Commercial Department from Commercial Attaché C. E. Herring at Berlin. On June 30th, Mr. Herring reported the German merchant fleet was estimated at 1,618,000 gross tons, as compared with a pre-war tonnage of 5,459,000 gross tons and with 1,500,000 gross tons for the calendar year 1921, figures for June 30, 1921, being unavailable. During June eight ships were launched in Germany, aggregating 66,600 tons; eight ships were completed, totaling 48,600 tons, and seven ships were purchased, amounting to 22,200 tons.

Russia.

Endorsement of the stand taken by the Soviet delegations at The Hague Conference was made in resolutions adopted by all the All-Russian Communist Party which began a five-day conference in Moscow on August 5th. The programme included chiefly economic affairs and questions of international policy. Leo Kameneff, the Acting Premier, welcoming the delegates, said that Premier Lenine's health continued to improve, and he would soon resume his duties.

Though the famine seems to have been definitely checked in the greater part of Russia, conditions are still bad in Ukrainia and Southern Russia. According to a bulletin published late in July by the Famine Relief Commission of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee, 247,000,000 gold rubles were devoted to the relief of the famine, Russia herself having contributed 170,000,000 of that amount. American aid was given as $35,910,000 or 69,640,000 gold rubles. The English total was given as exceeding 2,500,000 gold rubles.

On July 25th the members of the Papal Relief Mission were received in the throne room by Pope Pius before their departure for the stricken regions. Pope Pius has ordered a special section in the Papal Secretariat of State for dealing with the Russian relief activities of the Vatican, and has addressed a letter to the Patriarchs, Archbishops and Bishops, urging renewed efforts to aid Russian famine sufferers. The Holy See, it states, will make a further contribution of 2,500,000 lire for relief work in Russia.

Meanwhile, the crop prospects are unusually good. The areas sown this year, perhaps, were less than last in many provinces, but the crop itself is so good that the yield is expected to be more than three and a half billion poods (a pood is thirty-six pounds) of grain for all Russia, a billion more than last year. On August 5th the Soviet Government announced that, owing to the excellent crop prospects, the Foreign Trade Department was instructing its bureaus abroad to cease buying flour and sugar. Despite the splendid harvest reports, however, food prices in Russia have increased thirty to forty per cent. since the first of August, Moscow being the chief sufferer.

On August 2d the Japanese Government made official announcement of the beginning of the promised withdrawal of Japanese troops from the maritime province of Siberia. Advices state that on July 28th the Japanese General Staff ordered the Commander-in-Chief of the Japanese Army in Siberia to send home two infantry battalions and one company of engineers stationed at Nikolaievsk and De Castre.

Late in July Japan invited representatives of the Far Eastern Republic and Soviet Russia to a conference at Harbin or Dairen. In a joint note the Foreign Minister of the Far Eastern Republic and Leonid Krassin, Acting Foreign Minister of Soviet Russia, replied with an acceptance, but suggested Chita, the capital of the Far Eastern Republic, or Moscow for the place of meeting. Great importance is attached by the Moscow Government to this conference, which is expected to open about August 21st. That the Japanese should have requested it, despite their having broken off the previous discussion with the Far Eastern Republic, is taken in official Russian circles as even greater assurance that they intend to evacuate the maritime provinces than their repeated promise to do so.

On August 9th, fourteen of the thirty-four Social Revolutionaries accused of high treason against the Soviet Government, were sentenced to death by the Soviet tribunal which has been trying the cases for many weeks at Moscow. Among the condemned were several who had turned informers. Three of the other defendants were acquitted, and the remainder sentenced to from two to ten years. The death sentence against twelve of the first group of defendants was upheld later by the Central Executive Committee, but an indefinite stay of execution was ordered, upon the condition that the Social Revolutionary Party cease its counter-revolutionary activities against the Soviets. Otherwise the sentenced leaders are liable to the Court's judgment. Meanwhile, all those sentenced to death or to various terms in prison are to be held in strict confinement.

Two days previous to this decision, the Central Executive Committee denied the appeals of the Petrograd Metropolitan Benjamin, Archbishop Shane, Professor Novitsky and a layman, Kosheroff, who had been sentenced to death by the Petrograd tribunal for interfering with the seizure of church treasures. Death sentences brought against seven clergymen, who were tried simultaneously with the Metropolitan, were commuted to long terms of imprisonment.

Late in July, reports were received of renewed fighting in the suburbs of Vladivostok. Partisan bands were said to be operating on the very outskirts of the town, and in Nikolsk-Ussurisk, one hundred versts from Vladivostok, they entered the town and attacked the guard defending the railway station.

The dispatch stated that railway bridges were being destroyed daily and that the Suchan coal mines were surrounded by partisan bands. It was added that the Japanese forces stationed at Vladivostok had attacked many of these partisan detachments.

Conditions in Vladivostok are reported to be very bad, and unemployment in the district is particularly menacing, more than 20,000 persons being out of work and practically on the verge of starvation. Emigrants in large numbers are making their way to the north to Kamchatka and the Okhotsk Coast in the hope of finding employment.

From recent dispatches it appears that, despite certain modifications of the original system, the Soviet Government maintains what is virtually a complete monopoly of foreign trade. With two exceptions, all classes of import and export operations must be submitted to the control of the Foreign Trade Office or its representatives abroad. The exceptions are, first, that Russian coöperatives may trade, either as to imports or exports, with properly registered coöperatives abroad; and, second, private individuals in Russia, whether foreign concessionaires, Russians, or a combination of the two, may receive contracts permitting them to do an import or export business. It is to be noted, however, that, in the first case, by Russian coöperatives is meant the big coöperatives or coöperatives' unions officially approved by the Government. The so-called private coöperatives, which are in reality partnership associations of two or more persons who have formed a coöperative for their own convenience, must deal through the larger official organizations or through the Foreign Trade Bureau. In the second case, it appears at first sight, as if the monopoly had been considerably relaxed, or at least as if the door were open to relaxation. In practice, all contracts permitting export or import trade without the control of the Foreign Trade Bureau, must be approved by that Bureau, which thus enforces control at the outset.

As a matter of actuality, imports into Russia, as well as exports from it, are declining steadily as a result of the dwindling gold reserve and the inability to pay with Russian exports for goods purchased abroad. The second is the more serious influence of the two. The approaching exhaustion of the gold reserve, has been all along inevitable but, whereas, in 1921, Russian exports amounted in quantity to 13,500,000 poods, exports during the first quarter of 1922 were only 1,600,000, or only 6,400,000 per annum.

August 13, 1922.

With Our Readers

DIPLOMATS and soldiers seem to have a natural contempt for historians. Talleyrand called history "a conspiracy against the truth," and Napoleon declared it to be *"Une fable convenue."* The diplomat, presumably knows a lie when he sees one, and is quick to recognize a conspiracy against the truth. Such things are in his line. If he be a typical diplomat, it is part of his daily work to deceive. He is an adept in the "charlatanism of words." He recognizes a likeness between the historian's work and his own. Therefore, he distrusts the historian.

And the soldier, who makes history, is perhaps privileged to despise the historian who only writes history. The soldier knows that history as it is made and history as it is written are vastly different. He knows that at least that part of history which is made on the field of battle is wholly sordid, and ugly, and brutish. But when the horrible fact has been worked over by the historian, it becomes beautiful, stirring, romantic, perhaps even poetic. It is indeed a "fable." We wonder if Napoleon would have recognized the Waterloo of Victor Hugo.

Of course, Hugo was a poet and a romancer. But we have had professional historians with a style as brilliant and as graphic as his, and not one of them has used his power to show warfare as it really is. If it is only for the way that the historian writes of battles, the soldier laughs at him.

* * * *

BUT the rest of us, who are neither behind the scenes with the diplomat, nor on the field of battle with the soldier, have been accustomed to take history unsuspectingly, as a record of facts—until recently. We shall do so no longer. Our eyes have been opened. Our suspicions have been aroused. We have become sophisticated—and skeptical. We who have read the "news," day after day, before, during, and after the War, can never again naïvely credit the historians. Histories, perhaps, are not written from newspapers. But the sources of information used by historians are hardly more trustworthy. The best of the special correspondents in the War, a writer who has every claim to be considered not merely a journalist, but an historian, has given

us, under the title *Now It Can Be Told,* a large volume of important facts that were deliberately suppressed from his first account of the conduct of the War. And he has still further supplied the omissions from what we thought to be a substantially complete and sincere story, with a third volume, *More That Must Be Told.* How are we to know when we have the whole story? For our part, we find a deliberate suppression of the truth almost as irritating as a lie.

* * * *

WE have heard from the lips of a professor of Louvain, who was in that stricken city when the Germans came, an anecdote that is apropos. Meeting a German officer whom he had known in his student days, he said to him: "What will the world think of these atrocities when the history of them is written?" "Germany is going to win this War," was the brazen answer, "and when Germany has won the War, Germany will write the history of the War. In that history there will be no account of German atrocities." But the Allies have won the War. And the Allies are writing the history of the War. But will the histories, written by the victors, contain "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?"

* * * *

THERE is an amusing confirmation of our skepticism in the recent revelations concerning the text-books of history used in the public schools in the city of New York. Mr. William L. Ettinger, Superintendent of Schools, after receiving a number of complaints that "some of the histories used in our schools contain matter disparaging the accomplishments of noted characters in American history," suggested to Mr. E. D. Shimer, associate superintendent, the formation of a committee to investigate the charges, and to make a careful and complete report upon the matter. Their report, consisting of one hundred and seventy-five pages, has been printed. The facts must be rather surprising to the older generation of public school graduates, and to American citizens in general.

With every appearance of collusion, a number of the writers of authorized text-books have largely re-written American history in accordance with a new principle. This new principle seems to be, that nothing must be permitted in our text-books that may be offensive to other nations with which we are now friendly, and in particular that nothing must remain that could possibly be unpleasant to England. Working upon that principle, the writers

have gone so far that they have offended and irritated many good Americans.

* * * *

IT may be asked whether any new evidence has come to light in recent years to necessitate a revision of American history. It would seem not. The change has been thought advisable, not because of the discovery of new data, but because, as one of the writers in question explains: "The momentous events of the last five years have demonstrated that our history text-books must be written from a new viewpoint. The American Revolution is no longer to be studied as an isolated event, resulting from British injustice. On the contrary, it should be placed in its true light as one phase of a larger revolution against kingly usurpation. So with the War of 1812, which takes on a new aspect when viewed as an incident in the Napoleonic Wars, rather than as a British-American contest."

This is interesting, but not very illuminating. The "momentous events" must be the War, and the Versailles Treaty. But what is there in the War, or in the Treaty, to show that the American Revolution did not "result from British injustice," or that the War of 1812 was an "incident in the Napoleonic Wars?" What the author (Guitteau) means is that the international alliance between Great Britain and the United States has made it advisable to re-write the whole story of our former quarrels. In other words, we may, and must, re-write the history so that it will not offend our Allies. But this is a curious concept of history. We should be pleased to consider a revision if we had some "momentous" new information, but why revise facts, simply because of some more recent "momentous facts?"

Another author (West) puts the principle a little more plainly. He says that in his book he has "emphasized the historical ground for friendship between America and England in spite of old sins and misunderstandings." And he declares that "throughout" he "has not hesitated to portray the weaknesses, blunders and sins of democracy." He goes so far as to say that "democracy is the meanest and worst form of government." With these two guiding principles in his mind he has written a text-book for American children.

* * * *

THE revision as might be expected has been fairly radical. In the new accounts, the American Revolution is described not as a war between America and England, but as a civil war which

was won by "Britons fighting for liberty." In our own school days, it was not customary to refer to the Americans as "Britons." Even now it rather puzzles us.

Furthermore, the Revolution was really uncalled for. One author (Hart) says: "To this day it is not easy to see just why the Colonists felt so dissatisfied." "Dissatisfied" is excellent! We had been led to believe that the Colonists were driven to desperation as a result of continuous oppression. But it seems that they were only dissatisfied, and without apparent reason. The investigating committee remarks, rather rudely, that "one who does not know why the Colonists were dissatisfied, is not equipped to write a text-book."

Another work, that of McLaughlin and Van Tyne, also trying to promote good will between America and England, declares that "there is little use in trying to find whose fault it was that the (Revolutionary) war began."

* * * *

THE story of detailed events in the Revolutionary War has also been largely reconstructed. We are informed that at the Battle of Bunker Hill, "British pluck triumphed." Even so, the battle was apparently unimportant. One text-book gives it only three lines, another six, another ten, and "many books give no account of the battle!" George Washington considered the Battle of Bunker Hill important enough to be an augury of the final triumph of the American arms. All England was in amazement over the valor of the "irregular peasantry," who had stood their ground and had twice repulsed "the best troops in the world who had often chased the chosen battalions of France." But the new books scarcely think it worth mentioning, or if they do mention it, they do so to call attention to the "triumph of British pluck."

On sea as well as on land, it would appear the victories of the Americans did not amount to very much. John Paul Jones' victory over the *Serapis* turns out to have been something of an accident. "The *Serapis* had the better of the fight," says Barnes, "and would have won had not a sailor on the *Richard* happened to throw a hand grenade down a hatchway on the *Serapis*, where, in exploding, it fired a large lot of powder which blew up the ship." Again the same author refers to that event simply as an "accidental explosion." The actual fact, according to Fiske, is that "one bold fellow, crawling out to the end of the *Bon Homme Richard's* mainyard, just over the main hatchway of the *Serapis*,

dropped one of these mischievous missiles through the hatchway." It seems to us that Barnes might at least have given the sailor credit for what the boys would call "a good shot." To talk about "accident" when the sailor was actually aiming for a vulnerable spot and went to such extremes to get one, and to talk about the other fellow having "the better of it" and saying he "would have won if," is too much like what the modern youth calls an "alibi."

* * * *

IN the revised text-books some of our heroes and, indeed, some of the "fathers of the country," get rather rough treatment. Washington escapes almost unrebuked, though he is called "a born aristocrat" and "rather stiff," but "Jefferson," says Hart, "was looked upon by the Federalists as an atheist, a liar and a demagogue." The committee opines rather mildly that such a statement is out of place in a text-book. John Hancock is called a "smuggler," Samuel Adams "a political boss," guilty of "intrigue" and "cunning," and there are similar derogatory statements concerning other heroes of the Revolution. With regard to Nathan Hale there is almost a conspiracy of silence. Out of six books particularly under investigation, four do not even mention him, though they all have room for the "gallant" and "unfortunate" André.

* * * *

NOW the animus in all this re-written history is only too obvious. If the American Revolution is said to have been uncalled for, if the victories of the American soldiers on land and on sea, are pooh-poohed, if American heroes are ignored and criticized, if the importance of all events hitherto considered glorious to America, is consistently denied or discounted, if British pluck is repeatedly praised while American pluck is called an "accident," it is plain that we are in the presence of "propaganda" in the sinister sense.

* * * *

SPEAKING of propaganda and of pro-British writers of American history, we wonder if there is any author today who would care to insert in a text-book for American schools the following extract from that indubitably loyal and patriotic American historian, John Fiske: "The stupid George II., who could see in Prussia nothing but a rival of Hanover, was preparing to join the alliance against Frederick, when Pitt overruled him, and

threw the weight of England into the other side of the scale. The same act which thus averted the destruction of Prussia secured to England a most effective ally in her struggle with France. Of this wise policy we now see the fruits in that renovated German Empire, which has come to be the strongest power on the continent of Europe, which is daily establishing fresh bonds of sympathy with the people of the United States, and whose political interests are daily growing more and more visibly identical with those of Great Britain. As in days to come, the solidarity of the Teutonic race, in its three great nationalities—America, England and Germany—becomes more and more clearly manifest, the more will the student of history be impressed with the wonderful fact that the founding of modern Germany, the maritime supremacy of England and the winning of the Mississippi valley for English-speaking America, were but the different phases of one historic event" (Fiske, *The American Revolution*, vol. ii., pp. 23, 24). That was written in 1896 when Harvard was proud of its intellectual debt to Germany, and when it was thought advisable to accentuate all things German and strengthen the bonds of sympathy between Germany and America. *"Nous avons changé tout ça."*

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Benziger Brothers, New York:

Mariquita. By John Ayscough. $2.00. *The Summa Theologica of St. Thomas Aquinas.* Part II. (second part) QQCI.-CXL. Literally translated by Fathers of the English Dominican Province. $3.00. *Holy Souls' Book.* By Rev. F. X. Lasance. $1.50.

P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York:

Christian Spirituality. By Rev. P. Pourrut. $4.20. *The House Called Joyous Garde.* By Leslie Moore. $2.00.

Robert McBride & Co., New York:

The Old House. By Cécile Tormay. $2.00 net.

Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York:

Four and Twenty Minds. Essays by Giovanni Papini. Selected and translated by Ernest Hatch Wilkins. $2.50 net.

Alfred A. Knopf, New York:

Early Civilization. An Introduction to Anthropology. By Alexander A. Goldenweiser. $5.00 net.

George H. Doran Co., New York:

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